THE BOOKMAN

October 1931

VOLUME LXXIV NUMBER 2

THE RATIONAL IMPERIALISM OF ERNEST SEILLIÈRE

AND THE AMERICAN HUMANIST MOVEMENT

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The significance of the sudden emergence of the works of Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More into the focus of the national attention has not yet been fully realized. The recent popular discussion of the Humanist Movement which was echoed even by the columnists was of course but a sudden wave of partly superficial interest bound to recede almost at once. What is more important is that the fundamental challenge of Irving Babbitt to the whole naturalistic trend of thought from the eighteenth century to our day has now been widely broadcast. As this challenge had attracted European attention even before it became fully appreciated in this country and had linked at once with a half-century of continental criticism bearing on the same points, it was brought to the notice of international intellectual circles that American thought had at last ceased to think itself advanced when it echoed the French naturalism of the seventies or the impressionism of the nineties, and that American criticism was now fully abreast and even in some respects ahead of the more recent European critique of the chaotic conceptions of human nature which characterized the nineteenth century. Much remains to be done to make us thoroughly understand in turn that the limitations of the pretended realism of Zola or of the disillusioned mood of Anatole France are as keenly realized in France as those of the romanticism of George Sand or of Hugo, and that French thought has long been working its way to that genuine positivism Babbitt speaks of, which would restore the sense of the dualism of man's nature and bring about the final rejection of monistic conceptions of man which an uncontrolled imagination and a pseudo-positivism had fastened upon us. At least, enough critical work has been accumulating on both sides of the Atlantic to lead us to think that the position of monistic modernism has already become untenable.

Among the French critics who have laboured for the last thirty years to pile up data on this question, a foremost place must

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be given to M. le Baron Ernest Seillière. His last volume credits him with forty-seven works and even that list is not complete. Most have more than 300 pages; a good many are in octavo. A small collection of notes on his principal works has lately been published in English by Cargill Sprietsma which though very loosely put together may help readers to gain an idea of the width and depth of his inquiries, but a thorough synopsis of his surveys remains imperatively needed. In the meantime, what I should like to do in the space available is to show how the work of Ernest Seillière links up with and corroborates that of Irving Babbitt. The comparison may also serve to bring out the psychology of both and point to the further studies needed to make the most of their labours.

Baron Ernest Seillière began his work about the same time as Irving Babbitt, and though they proceeded on parallel lines their approach is sufficiently different to show their independence of each other, a fact which adds to the value of their concordant findings. Born in 1866 of a distinguished Lorraine family, Ernest Seillière passed through "Polytechnique", but his independent means permitted him to consecrate his whole life to uninterrupted study. This explains how he was able to publish some twenty volumes between 1893 and 1917, and some thirty since. The fact that he became a literary chronicler on the *Journal des Débats* immediately after his first works, and that his books are largely made up of these chronicles further accounts for his publication, at times, of as many as three books a year. Another factor in his favour was that after "Polytechnique" he went directly to Heidelberg where he stayed two years studying history and philosophy, and learning enough German to be able to write in that language a study of the Styrian novelist Peter Rosegger (1905), and just before the war a study of Goethe. But especially it enabled him to become one of the most indefatigable analysts of German thought, a fact of the utmost value in the development of his life's work which was to be, to use his own words, "the philosophical history of romanticism" or "the origin of contemporary ideology".

He began it, in 1897, by a study of Ferdinand Lassalle, the founder of the German socialist party, followed in 1899 by *Literature and Ethics of the German Socialists*. Four years later he begins a series of volumes under the general title of *The Philosophy of Imperialism* which show that he has perfected his method and developed his psychological approach to the study of history and literature. These include studies on *Gobineau and Historical Aryanism; Nietzsche, or Apollo or Dionysos; Democratic Imperialism: Hobbes, Rousseau and Proudhon; The Romantic Malady: Stendhal and Fourier*. From time to time, he will sum up his results and deepening convictions: *Introduction to the Philosophy of Imperialism* (1911); *Toward Rational Socialism* (1923); *For the Centenary of Romanticism: An Examination of Conscience* (1927). Thanks to these recapitulations, to studies of his philosophy by others which he has republished at the end of several of his volumes, and to the half-dozen books published on his work,* it is not only easy to get at his thought but it is even impossible to sum it up without repeat-

* Studies of the work of Baron E. Seillière: Prof. E. Kretzer: *Imperialismus und Romantik* (Berlin, 1907); L. Estève: *Une nouvelle Psychologie de l'impérialisme* (Paris, 1913); R. Gillouin; *Une nouvelle Philosophie de l'histoire moderne* (Paris, 1921); O. Grautoff: *Die Maske und das Gesicht Frankreichs* (Stuttgart, 1923); *La Pensée d' Ernest Seillière: douze études* by MM. Dominique, Lote, Boisse, Héritier, Lichtenberger, Lacroix, Viatte, Joussain, Dr. Papillault, Estève, Gillouin, Autin (Paris, 1923); J. M. L. Boudeau: *Ernest Seillière* (Paris, 1925); Pierre Lacroix: *Mysticisme juridique et mysticisme social* (Toulouse, 1925); Alberto Consiglio: *Itinerario Romantico* (Naples, 1930); Cargill Sprietsma: *We Imperialists, Notes on Ernest Seillière's Philosophy of Imperialism* (Columbia University Press, 1931). The most complete bibliography available is that published in Boudeau's study, (1925) which, besides the books of M. Seillière, lists 225 miscellaneous articles by him in French and German magazines and 88 articles on his work.

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ing others. I might add that since the publication of *Le Mouvement humaniste aux Etats-Unis* (1927), which M. Seillière commented on in his chronique in *Les Débats* and utilized in one of his latest books, I have been in correspondence with him and that he has kindly enlightened me on several aspects of his doctrine.

I

What then is his method and his psychology? Like Irving Babbitt, he perceives clearly that behind a literary product there is a philosophy, and that a history of literature which does not concern itself with the philosophical background is wholly superficial. Likewise, he does not pretend that his philosophy or psychology is a complete system. He too utilizes only such items as are immediate data of consciousness and can be judged by their fruits through the literary and historical record. It is therefore not strange that, like Babbitt, he finds in man natural impulses that need to be directed, checked, or harmonized, if man is not to fall into excesses, and that he often finds in literature expressions of these excesses. Now, one of the first data of consciousness, and the most evident recorded tendency of man, is what the Middle Ages called the *libido dominandi*, the lust of power, which in its essence is but the primordial and indispensable will to live, to make the best of one's environment, the most of oneself. Like all human impulses it has therefore a legitimate purpose. This instinct M. Seillière calls "imperialism". It is clear that, though essentially good at its source, like all other human urges, it needs to be disciplined, else it will make man tend to ruthless domination. At least let us be realistic, objective, and recognize this "imperialism" as an integral and necessary part of human nature. Such is the first principle of M. Seillière.

The next characteristic item of his philosophy is reached less from self-examination than from the record of history. Is it not true that everywhere and at all times man, in his will to live and prosper, and even in his excessive tendency to dominate, has sought a supernatural ally, has tended to believe that the gods, or that God, is with him and against his enemies? Thus "imperialism" becomes what M. Seillière calls "mystical". Here again we may have a most legitimate natural tendency. Man may reason his way to the idea of God, of God's will, and of the necessity to make his will conform with God's. This is the essential element of true religion. But what M. Seillière calls "mysticism" is the perverted opposite of this: to imagine God's will to coincide with one's will to power, to think oneself messianic. How frequently men have fallen into this delusion of "Gott mit uns"! This delusion to which M. Seillière applies the term "mysticism", to be taken in the sense of pseudo-mysticism, may therefore be defined as the emotional certitude of an alliance between the will of God and one's will to power. Thus man is revealed to be inveterately "mystico-imperialistic".

But there is another libido which the Middle Ages also objectively isolated: the *libido sentiendi*, the lust of feeling, especially of sexual feeling. Now feelings in general are evidently also an integral and essential part of human nature. The sexual feeling in particular may merge with the *libido dominandi*, as its satisfaction adds to the sense of power. But it is also a matter of observation that, singly or combined with the will to power, the will to passion is susceptible of the grossest abuses. And yet the race record is there to show that here again man tends to legitimatize his indulgence by making it coincide with God's will, even if to do so God must be merged with nature. In this fashion we get what M. Seillière calls "passional mysticism", "naturistic mysticism" or "the romantic malady".

Thus we see that while M. Seillière agrees with Irving Babbitt in noting that man's natural energies are ever prone to excess, he further notes very shrewdly that man ever

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tends to justify these excesses by mystically confusing them with the will of God. He will therefore expect to find in the record of man's history every type of "mystical imperialism".

For Seillière, as for Babbitt, the turning point in the history of man's conception of his nature is to be found in the generation of Rousseau and chiefly in the latter's work. It is with Rousseau that "mystical imperialism" becomes "naturalistic mysticism". That is, man's constant tendency to assert himself and to justify the excesses of this self-assertion by considering them to be God's will, became much more acute in the eighteenth century, when God was finally merged with nature: man should follow the dictates of his nature because his nature is good; because, as Rousseau's disciples will further develop, nature is God; because man, God, and nature are inseparable. This merging of God, man, and nature will give us, as opposed to humanistic dualism, the monism of the naturalistic age which Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More have so boldly challenged. What they call Naturalism, M. Seillière calls "naturistic mysticism", thus stressing further the emotional messianic drive behind the movement.

II

Another distinctive and peculiarly valuable feature of Seillière's work is that he goes much farther back than Irving Babbitt in tracing the genesis of Rousseau's thought. This is specially valuable as it helps to restore an historical perspective that has been sadly distorted by naturalistic prejudices. A radical separation is commonly made between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance in such generalizations as the following: "The Middle Ages had scorned the body. Hence all the follies of asceticism. And if the body was curbed by the spirit, the spirit itself was held in suspicion and submitted to a severe discipline. . . . But instead of this sombre asceticism, the Renaissance proposes as an ideal to man the full and free development of all his faculties. The body is rehabilitated. . . . Man again begins to love life. It is this panegyric of Nature, this hymn to life which the philosophy of Rabelais entones. Nature is essentially good, etc."* Until the misrepresentations latent in such antitheses are cleared up, Humanists and Naturists must continue to talk at cross purposes, for Humanism and Naturism are here utterly confused. The author just cited goes on to quote as proof of his thesis the rule of Rabelais's Abbaye de Thélème: *Fais ce que voudras,* "Do as you please", and even its explanation: "for people of noble minds, well born, well instructed, conversing in honest company, have, by nature, an instinct and a goad which ever urge them to virtuous deeds, and keep from vice: the which they call honour". Now far from having here a praise of natural goodness, we clearly have a praise of acquired goodness, a confidence in the effects of aristocratic culture. The "by nature" here means "habitually", "as a result of humanistic discipline". In fact, the upshot of the Renaissance was the taking on of the classical disciplines to such a point that the naturistic revolt of the eighteenth century against discipline came partly as a reaction. On the other hand, it is not true that mediaeval civilization as a whole represented religious disciplines. The religious ideals scarcely appear in secular literature outside of the nobler *Chansons de Geste.* Instead we have the cynical realism of the *Fabliaux* and the *Roman de Renard,* and in the second part of *Le Roman de la rose,* in the very days of St. Thomas and St. Louis, a naturalism far less counterbalanced than the grosser side of Rabelais. But especially we have, almost as early as the *Chansons de Geste,* the development of the "courtois spirit" which leads to a code of morals which Rabelais evidently did not tolerate in his Abbaye. His knights and ladies are not Lancelots and Guineveres.

* Marcel Braunschvig: *Notre litterature étudiée dans les Textes.* Vol. I. p. 189.

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Now the all-important fact, the fact which must come to be fully appreciated before we recover the perspective of literary, social and even philosophical history, is that the development of social life in what we call the Renaissance period, and all the literature which expresses this development, is for the greater part a direct continuation of this mediaeval "courtois spirit" and of the social life of twelfth-century Provence. T. F. Crane's *Italian Social Customs in the XVIth Century* would suffice to establish this. The Renaissance, far from liberating the mediaeval knight and lady from an asceticism which they had never accepted, on the contrary largely killed their lyrical romantic spirit. It was in spite of the Renaissance, in spite particularly of the stern Stoic spirit of discipline which it brought in, and because the current of mediaeval romance was continued in the pastoral novels of the early seventeenth century which Rousseau knew, that it lived on to be worked by him into a new "passional mysticism". The truth is that one whole aspect of the Middle Ages was romantic, and that the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century *mal romantique* was largely a renaissance of this side of the mediaeval temper. Thus is our perspective of history fundamentally distorted.

It is precisely this perspective which Baron Seillière helps to restore, by tracing the genesis of one aspect of Rousseauism back to its mediaeval sources in his book *The Romanesque Origins of Romantic Ethics and Politics*. The origin of the Provençal love lyric is by no means clear. Whence came this peculiar "courtois" love, neither erotic nor conjugal, Ovidian nor Christian, but the inspiration of knightly deeds and courtly manners? Ultimately, no doubt, from Plato and the neo-Platonists, whence it could seep into the Western world through Dionysius the Pseudo-Areopagite, Boethius, some of the Church fathers, till, through the southern clerics, it would reach the troubadours, as much of the matter of the *Chansons de Geste* had reached the trouvères through the monasteries. In any case, the elaborate code of "courtois love" is fully exemplified in the Knights of the Round Table as Chrétien de Troyes pictures them, and through him it will conquer all of Europe.

Its vogue spread throughout the Middle Ages; it passed to the Italian courts, as Crane has shown, and explains one side of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio. The Spanish romances revived its themes and returned them to France in the sixteenth century, in the story of Amadis. So that the Renaissance with its study of Plato only reinforced the current, explaining Boiardo, Ariosto, Tasso, and Marguerite de Navarre. Acquaintance with Theocritus and Longus also helped to introduce it into the pastoral, and the *Diana* of Montemayor, the *Galathea* of Cervantes, the *Aminta* of Tasso, the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, as well as the *Amadis*, in turn explain *L'Astrée* of d'Urfé, which will inspire the French society of the first half of the seventeenth century, and which exercised on Rousseau, as he himself tells us, a decisive influence. Whether in mediaeval romances or Renaissance tales, the point is that the tendency is to pass gradually from platonic idealistic sentimentality to completed seduction, so that Rousseau's Julie but follows a long tradition. Into the same current of love tales the ancient myths of the Golden Age had also been rewoven. They were moreover reinforced by the accounts of the natural goodness of the savages of the New World. Montaigne already glorifies *le bon sauvage*. Even Jesuit missionaries oppose his ways to the corruption of civilized peoples, a development which Rousseau again will but amplify and which will have an influence in the development of the "natural religion" of the Deists and Naturalists in general. There are of course many distinctions to be made in this long story of the mediaeval currents continued in romanticism, and M. Seillière does not fail to indicate some, as in his *La Calprenède et le roman classique* (1922).

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III

M. Seillière opens another entire field of further research in his studies of *Quietism* and of the place to be assigned to Fénelon in the development of Rousseauism in his *Mme Guyon, and Fénelon, Precursors of Rousseau* (1918). These studies bring up a general question of great interest, that of the relation of Protestantism to Rousseauism. Baron Seillière opposes the rationalized mysticism of the Catholic Church to the irrational mysticism of idiosyncratic and isolated individuals perpetually tending to break out in new heresies. He notes how for some twelve centuries the Church, with its continually selected sacerdotal élite, canalized and organized the tumultuous religious aspirations of man, establishing an equilibrium between his rationalistic and mystical tendencies. Both the Renaissance and the Reformation broke this equilibrium. Luther represents an irrational mystic reaction to the anti-mystical rationalism of the Renaissance, so that his faith in direct inspiration, with its utter trust in the individual, led to a mystical imperialism not only destructive but autodestructive, with the possibility of endless dissociations in Protestantism, as each mystic, left unchecked by anything above himself or by the normalizing influence of a corporate body, could set up his own mysticism into a doctrine. This tendency will remain in the Protestant movement and break it up into numberless sects with its left wing perpetually tending to pure naturalism, but it was so one-sided that it could not but produce an early reaction among the Protestants themselves. This is well represented by Calvin and the currents stemming from him, which are attempts to rationalize again into doctrinal churches the Protestant mystic movement.

Now Baron Seillière cannot see that "Rousseauism" can possibly follow directly from Luther or even Calvin. For the mysticism of both took the form of exaggerating the tendencies to evil of human nature. How then, asks Seillière, could "Rousseauism", whose essence is to proclaim man naturally good, be derived from Protestantism which declares him radically bad? The truth is, according to M. Seillière, that Rousseau's mystic exaltation of the goodness of the natural man and particularly of his emotional life—which, it may be held, was but one side of Rousseau's contradictory thought, but which is the side taken up by his disciples because it was in the general trend of a long evolution—goes back to the "passional mysticism" of the "courtois" current. But here Baron Seillière makes an important contribution in calling our attention to a more immediate antecedent of "Rousseauism", namely, "Guyonism" and "Fénelonism", which themselves link with the "courtois" current.

For, within Catholicism itself, mysticism ever tends to break out of bounds. Still disciplined within orthodoxy in St. Theresa, François de Sales, or Jeanne de Chantal, it lost all *"mésure"* in the doctrines of other Spanish and Italian mystics, notably in the "Quietism" of Molinos, condemned by Rome. It culminated in France in the Semi-Quietism of Mme Guyon and her group of followers in the diocese of Annecy, where Rousseau was to meet Mme de Warens, herself affected by this doctrine which is a curious mixture of religious aspiration and sentimentality easily leading to sensualism. M. Seillière defines Rousseau's *"maman"* and mistress as "a provincial *précieuse*" who would introduce into religion the itinerary of the "Map of Tenderness", that amorous guide which Mlle de Scudéry published in her *Clélie*. Nor is the imperialism natural to man absent from her character, as is indeed the case with all individualistic religionists proud of their direct alliance with the divine. Mme Guyon tended to disparage the part of human reason and will in the work of salvation in favour of a complete abandonment to the grace of God. Religion became a mere expansive emotion. Righteousness is not to be conquered by man in a struggle with the

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evil in his nature, concupiscence, and with evil powers outside him represented in "Satan", but in a direct relationship between man and God, established precisely by man's ceasing to make efforts that God may act the more surely in him. Temptations are held to come from God himself and will cease when man thus lovingly surrenders to God. Such was the source of the pseudo-Catholicism of Mme de Warens and the doctrine which Rousseau could learn from his stay in Annecy, a religious sentimentality and "natural religion" which like the platonic sentimentality of *l'amour courtois* could easily lead, as it did in the case of Mme de Warens and Rousseau, to sensual indulgence through its destruction of the virile elements in spirituality. Now Fénelon, torn between the imperialistic impulses of his aristocratic nature and his Christian humility, found in Mme Guyon a sister soul. Just how far he reacted against her on the side of orthodoxy is a disputed point. The great Bossuet, as naturally virile as Fénelon was feminine, made an issue of the question and the doctrine of Fénelon was promptly condemned by Rome. Fénelon submitted—though M. Seillière doubts that his sincerity was complete—but "Fénelonism" was none the less to continue to exercise an influence both directly and through Rousseau, who tells us that he became at Annecy "devout almost in the way of Fénelon".

Here then is another proof that anyone who would understand the first thing about the naturalistic age cannot escape doing precisely what Irving Babbitt has done: center his attention upon Rousseau. Into Rousseau's work centuries of development of pseudo-mystic love-making and religion have poured their influences. His works are the great reservoir which gathers the sentimental currents of the past and from which will flow to our own day those of the naturalistic age.

The life-work of Baron Seillière which at first disconcerts by its very amplitude is thus seen to possess a splendid unity, and the rapidity of its production, much accentuated in the last twelve years, becomes intelligible when we note that these volumes but add material to a central inquiry and that this material largely consists of reviews of books bearing upon it and making available a vast amount of documentation. Whether we agree or not with Baron Seillière's philosophy or with his conclusions, we cannot escape the necessity of examining all this material in detail and, whether we wish to combat his work or add to it, of retracing his steps and investigating further the numerous leads he has given us. His works added to those of Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More make any apologies for Naturalism which do not take their data into consideration appear puerile and futile.

IV

Returning then to Rousseau, after tracing the genesis of "Rousseauism" back to the twelfth century, Baron Seillière proceeded to study the several streams of development of the "mystic imperialism" which flow from him. We thus come again to the questions Irving Babbitt has investigated through a different approach. As M. Seillière sees it, "Rousseauism" is the fountain-head of the various types of "modern mysticism" through which in the Occident individuals and social groups justify their imperialistic tendency, their love of power and self-assertion, by an alliance with a "God-Nature" of which Rousseau was the prophet. These types he classifies as "passional", "aesthetic", "social", and "racial" mysticism. Catholic critics, l'Abbé Brémond of the French Academy in particular, have objected to the use in this sense of the term "mysticism", which in Catholicism is alien to sensuous feelings, flows from Grace, remains in touch with reality and intellect, and is above all humble. What M. Seillière wishes to call our attention to, however, is that man's tendency to recognize divine powers above nature, to enter into an alliance with them, and to justify his actions by considering them the will of these gods or

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of God, has persisted when God was merged into nature. Baron Seillière's various types of Rousseauistic or romantic mysticism are then more clearly described by the term "naturistic mysticism" which he also uses. "Naturistic mysticism" is then the mysticism of the naturalistic age, and what precisely characterizes this age is its indulgence in forms of a mysticism so irrational, so hopelessly sentimental, so wholly out of contact with reality.

In its "passional" form, this mysticism makes the seducer say with the St.-Preux of Rousseau: "An eternal decree of Heaven destined us for each other". This will be re-echoed by the Werther of Goethe with the defense of love as a divine impulse, by the René of Chateaubriand: "Thou alone, Supreme Being who made me as I am, can understand me", by the Byronian heroes who mix their appeals to God and to Satan, by the heroes of Mme de Staël: "It is Nature, it is your lover who speaks to you". In George Sand, whose work M. Seillière studies in detail, we have the defense of the divine right of woman to love again and again the worthy and the unworthy, with lovers considered as the gift of God. Musset in turn makes constant appeals to God to justify his loves. Dumas *fils* not only rehabilitates the courtesan but makes passion, even when due merely to physical attraction, justify repeated adultery. With the passing of this third romantic generation, however, if we take the first to be that of Rousseau, and the second that of Chateaubriand, the name of God tends to disappear, the secularization of "passional mysticism" is completed and the God-Nature appears as natural instinct. We have Flaubert with his: *"Mme Bovary c'était moi"*, and finally Zola, imperialistic in temper and pseudo-scientific, who considers "thought a function of matter" and is particularly interested in "decomposition".

The "aesthetic" type of "naturistic mysticism" makes the writer in general, but especially the poet, an ally of God or of God-Nature. Running through German thought from Klopstock to Nietzsche, brought into France by Mme de Staël and Liszt, it becomes a theme of the French Romantics with Hugo and Vigny. "This will kill that", writes Hugo, and Balzac explains: "The writer has replaced the priest". It might be more reassuring if the priest had been less of a rational mystic and the writer promised to become one. Balzac himself sees the danger, but his words remain as a description of the mystic conception the romantic writer has of himself: "He consoles, he cures, he prays, he prophesies. Humanity is his flock and meditates his words. The pontiff of this terrible and majestic power holds his mission, not from kings nor the great, but from God". Flaubert himself used the expression "aesthetic mysticism". He declares that it is his religion and that art is his country. At least it can be said for him that he reacted against the conception that the artist has only to let himself go to be great. His tireless self-discipline made him a veritable ascetic for art's sake. The curious Barbey d'Aurevilly offers the case of a romantic who, converted to Catholicism, finally tries to convert Catholicism to Romanticism and returns to "Satanism". But in Stendhal, in particular, M. Seillière finds a typical devotee of the religion of Art, wholly given to the indulgence of the *libido sentiendi*. For him, if the maximum of enjoyment is to be found in the contemplation of the beautiful, the beautiful is passion in the natural state, which means as violent as possible. Hence his aesthetic cult becomes an admiration for the absolutely impulsive *lazzarone*: "the eldest son of nature". He has no patience with the civilized Scotland which furnishes but one capital crime in six years. He calls the sentiment of duty the torturer of the northern people—especially of the English, who tremble at its very name. He is haunted by the idea of the beautiful crime of passion. Oscar Wilde but re-echoes his words: "Crime is to the inferior classes what art is for us aesthetes, simply a method of procuring extraordinary sensations".

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V

If "passional" and "aesthetic" mysticism have thus led to the inversion of all values, to a veritable "Satanism" with the cult of sensual indulgence and the exaltation of crime as a proof of *virtu*, "racial mysticism" has bred the irrational exaltations which helped to bring on the Great War. Mediaeval France believed in the *gestas Dei per Francos*; revolutionary France believed in its mission to spread "liberty, equality, and fraternity". But if French patriotism is very real, it is nationalistic rather than racial. The reason is perhaps that France is a geographic and historical rather than a racial unit. It should be noted also that in republican France, the "nationalists" and even the *Action française* have never been as strong as the socialists. There is certainly no such thing as "pangallicism". Baron Seillière finds a mystical racial imperialist in Cecil Rhodes, who sought to fulfil the purpose of God in working for the happiness of humanity through the superior white race, and more specifically through the Anglo-Saxon race, which he considered the furthest advanced in working for justice, liberty and peace. But "racial mysticism" is eminently the special characteristic of Germany, perhaps precisely because, as opposed to France, Italy, Spain, and England, it lacks a natural geographic unity. Baron Seillière traces the beginning of Germanic "racial mysticism" through Klopstock, Lessing, the *"Sturm und Drang"* group, Herder, the young Goethe, Fichte, Kleist, Arndt, Koerner, Jahn, Savigny, Mueller, Haller, with Hegel giving it its philosophical prestige. Our modern era was for him the specifically Germanic period of humanity. Numerous historians followed his lead: Gervinus, Niebuhr, Strauss, Lassen, Movers, Feuerbach, Klemm, and many others. M. Seillière quotes the following characteristic sentence from the Hegelian Leo: "The Celtic race, whether in Ireland or France, is always moved by a bestial impulse (*ein thierischer Trieb*), while we Germans never act but under the impulse of thoughts and inspirations truly saintly". But, quite ironically, the development of Pan-Germanism received a powerful impetus from a Frenchman, the Comte de Gobineau, and from an Englishman, Houston Stewart Chamberlain.

Gobineau was an aristocrat with a mania for genealogy. He traced his own, to his satisfaction, to the German invaders and even beyond. Hence his interest in Germany. He knew German, and read the Hegelians who were reinterpreting world history in terms of Germanic ambitions. Hence his *Essay on the Inequality of Human Races*. The Aryans but especially the German branch had been destined by God to be the organizers of human societies. Gobineau considered however that these original Germans had all disappeared —except himself!—as Germany had become Celtic in the West, and Slavic in the East. His Germanism was a pessimistic retrospection, natural enough about 1850, the dangers of which he did not foresee, in spite of the warning of the scholarly Tocqueville.

About 1880, a few months before the death of both, Gobineau and Wagner met. Wagner, himself an Hegelian, became deeply interested in Gobineau's work and had it highly recommended in the *Bayreuther Blaetter*. Thus it came to reinforce the mystical Pan-Germanism in process of development, and Gobineau, merely an enthusiast for the past of the Germans, was made a prophet of their future. Among his commentators M. Seillière mentions Heinrich von Stein, Ludwig Schemann, but especially Chamberlain, who had married a daughter of Wagner and become a German citizen. In his *Grundlagen des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts* he utilized Schopenhauer and Wagner and taught that the Vedas are the sacred books of Aryan Europe and that the metaphysics of Brahmanism has been continued by German thought. He ignores the genuine Germanic religions and picks up instead Jewish prophetism and original Christianity as an Aryan and therefore Germanic

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influence in Palestine. This is continued by mediaeval Germanic mysticism through Eckardt, Tauler, Suso, Thomas de Kempen, and Jacob Boehme, one of the direct inspirers of the German romantics. Thus the primitive Aryan thought, once expressed in the Vedas, had been continued in the Occident by the Germanic race and had flowered in Kant and Goethe. Hence the mission of the Germans to work out a new religion as a help in their vital struggle. For the sublime teaching of their "racial brother" Jesus came to them distorted by a degenerated Judaism and by the Mediterranean nations, a mere "chaos of peoples". Jerusalem and Rome are to be replaced by Benares, Koenigsberg and Weimar. Let the German race in the twentieth century perfect this mystic creation of a new religion, else the Judaico-Mediterranean contagion will bring about its decadence.

Chamberlain had continuators, Ludwig Woltmann for instance, who took up his hint that the great Italians of the Renaissance were geniuses because descendants of the Lombards and Goths and pretended to demonstrate by their physical characteristics that all the great men of southern Europe had German blood. An interesting proof that the thesis of Chamberlain was taken seriously is that the ex-Emperor William II personally assisted in having his book placed in public libraries. It is not surprising of course that Germany, once it had attained to national consciousness, should feel it irksome to admit that its center was first touched by civilization some twelve hundred years after Pericles. That its racial mysticism could find a way to invert history so as to annex Brahmanism, Christianity, and the Renaissance is truly startling, but M. Seillière has a right to point out that such mysticism springs so spontaneously from human nature that it may well continue to be a factor to be reckoned with. Paul Elmer More had already shown that German biblical criticism had boasted of raising religious thought from the lower reaches of Greek intelligence to the purer altitudes of Teutonic spirituality, transmuting the ideas of Plato into the ideals of Hegel. This but corroborates how far racial mysticism can colour national thought and even scholarship. Who would dare to deny that this same mysticism did not influence the German *Welt-Politik* before the Great War and that it may not continue to do so? Evidently if we are to have an intellectual Locarno, we shall have to get rid of such methods of approach to the study of history.

VI

As for "social naturistic mysticism", the history of its excesses as studied by M. Seillière is no less of immediate interest. It starts with the contention that as the man of the people is closer to nature he is less spoiled by civilization than the aristocrat or the bourgeois, and hence nearer divine inspiration. Evidently we have to distinguish between the "democratic mysticism" of the French Revolution and the "proletarian or plebeian naturistic mysticism" of the Russian. M. Seillière studies the first in Edgar Quinet, who sees in the French Revolution the realization of the gospel of "the eternal plebeian Jesus Christ", whose doctrine he holds the Church distorted. France as the Messiah of the revolutionary spirit was crucified at Waterloo, but at the Revolution of 1848 the "pure Gospel" won the day. "Let us show the world", Quinet cried, "that the times we thought to be postponed for centuries have dawned and that we now possess forever the Republic of the children of the same Father, the true City of God." Mme Quinet, writing about the audiences at his lectures and those of Michelet and Mickiewicz at the Collège de France, reveals the truly mystic exaltation of his followers: "The three professors and prophets incarnated the divine ideal of the society of the future. As soon as they appeared an immense acclamation arose from this idolatrous audience, hungry for justice and right, to which they brought the bread of life". Quinet went into exile with the Em-

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pire and for a time receded considerably from his faith in the people; but, acclaimed on his return as a patriarch of democracy, he was elected as a radical deputy from Paris, and though he died before the triumph of his party, he bequeathed to it the anticlericalism which dominated the republican régime to the eve of the Great War.

M. Seillière studies in even greater detail the history of that "proletarian mysticism" which is now inspiring Russia. Developed after the French Revolution by Babeuf, Saint-Simon, Lamennais and Leroux, it fills the novels of George Sand until 1848. She mystically conceives the people as filled with divine inspiration, and as possessing reason and goodness as special gifts of God. M. Seillière studies particularly Fourier, Proudhon and Karl Marx. Fourier would substitute instinct for reason as the guide of man in the securing of social harmony because God's Providence speaks to man through instinct. But which instinct is primordial? At first Fourier selects the sexual. He would rehabilitate polygamy and promiscuity as being much more social than egotistic monogamy. When he meets opposition, he looks for a substitute until man shall have become more enlightened, and proposes gastronomy as a means of developing a community feeling which will impel all men to any type of work. But what about scavenging? Well, children love filth. Let them do it: "They will find in the career of scavenging a vast field of industrial glory and unitary philanthropy". The theory is that each will work according to his instinct, the Providential urge in him. But the contradictions soon appear. Fourier comes to doubt that all necessities for social life can be thus easily insured. Because the instinctively virtuous man has been spoiled by civilization, in the first stages of the establishment of the new order force will have to be used. Finally he sees the need of a long preliminary transition period between our corrupted bourgeois society and the communistic utopia, so that he would begin merely with the regulation of commerce. A mystic approach, then utopian dreaming, coercion, finally compromise before the facts of human nature—still denounced however as perversion due to civilization—such is the course which "proletarian mysticism" seems bound to run.

Proudhon likewise starts as an extreme plebeian mystic, speaking of the absolutely equal capacities of all men, for Nature so willed it. Individual differences are but accidental and transitory. Geniuses? "Well if they think they are different, let them live apart. Workers, you can and you have the duty to dispense with them." Social inequalities are due to fraud. "Property is theft." Indeed the street-sweeper should be paid more than the doctor, for his work is rougher. All services are equal. Yet finally Proudhon, too, escaped from his mysticism. In fact M. Seillière credits him with many realistic observations. He even opposed universal suffrage on the grounds that the discovery of law is a matter of science in politics as well as in physics. Hegelianism helps him to feel comfortable before antitheses, and in his *Economic Contradictions* he confronts lucid statements of rationalistic individualism or bourgeois political economy with those of romantic equalitarian socialism, leaving the synthesis for the future—forgetting that there can be no synthesis of contradictory elements. Karl Marx broke with him for having so fairly stated the bourgeois point of view. The Revolution of 1848 threw Proudhon back into a new "frenzy"—to use his own word—of plebeian proletarian mystical exaltation. This time he maintains, on the basis of the equal dignity of all in spite of differences of capacities, the right of all to all functions. The wars of Italy led him to sing an Hegelian paean to war. He recognizes that competition is a normal element in society. He foresees that economic wars will follow more purely political wars. Antithetically, he speaks of universal and perpetual peace as an ideal to be attained. He remains inconclusive on all issues, but at least he sums up the many con-

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tradictions which remain for us to solve and his books still vividly set forth the problems of our day, social and international.

In Karl Marx also, M. Seillière traces the Hegelian influence. His "mysticism" takes the form of setting up "Productive Force" as a form of God-Nature which inexorably shapes history. In the Occident it incarnated itself in Feudalism during the Middle Ages; in the Bourgeoisie with the French Revolution; presently it will do so in the proletariat. Hence the inflammatory power of Marxism. Not only is a proletarian order about to be inaugurated, but it will bring heaven upon earth, a kingdom of man, in which the struggle of economic classes will cease and there will be a rapid multiplication of instruments of production for the good of all. No wonder that Marx's mystical *Communist Manifesto* has remained the gospel of proletarian imperialism. But M. Seillière is ready to credit Marx personally with having, even as Proudhon, gone a long way toward rationalizing his mysticism. There is much obscurity in his *Capital* because of the fragmentary way in which it was published, but his *Letter on the Gotha Program* (1875) shows that toward the end of his life he too realized that the communist state could not give the worker the integral product of his work but would have to keep so much for social improvements and the upkeep and development of industry that, as M. Seillière remarks, except for the amount awarded to the leadership responsible for the perfecting of production, Marxism would practically do what is done under the bourgeois régime, with the difference that all these subtractions from the product of work would be done by the state.*

* The principal works of M. Seillière bearing on the above and not mentioned in the text are: *Jean-Jacques Rousseau* (1921); *Les Etapes du mysticisme passionel* (Rousseau, Chateaubriand, Mme de Staël, Byron) (1909); *Le Mal romantique* (Stendhal, Fourier) (1908); *George Sand, mystique de la passion, de la politique et de l'art* (1920); *Balzac et la morale romantique* (1922); *L'Avènement du mysticisme passionel au théâtre* (Alexandre Dumas *fils*) (1921); Barbey d'Aurevilly (1910); *Le Romantisme des réalistes* (Flaubert) (1914); *Emile Zola: le romantisme des naturalistes* (1923); *Mysticisme et domination* (1913); *Schopenhauer* (1910). *Les Mystiques du néoromantisme* (Marx, E. Rohde, Tolstoy, The Pan-Germanists) (1910); *L'Impérialisme démocratique* (Hobbes, Rousseau, Proudhon) (1917); *Apollon ou Dionysos* (Nietzsche) (1905); *H. S. Chamberlain, le plus récent philosophe du pangermanisme mystique* (1918); *Les Pangermanistes d'après-guerre* (Thomas Mann, H. Keyserling, O. Spengler) (1924); *Le Péril mystique dans l'inspiration des démocraties contemporaines* (1918); *Edgar Quinet et le mysticisme démocratique* (1920); *Auguste Comte* (1925); *Du Quiétisme au socialisme romantique* (Victor Hugo) (1926).

VII

Thus has M. Seilliére surveyed in all domains the tendency of the mystico-imperialism which he finds inherent in human nature and which so easily leads to irrational excesses. More recently he has again turned his attention to German thought: *New Religions and Ethics in Germany* (1927); *Freudian Psychoanalysis* (1928); *The Wisdom of Darmstadt* (1927); *From the Goddess Nature to the Goddess Life* (1931). In his *Romantic Religion and Its Conquests* (1930), he recapitulates much of his work and begins to turn his attention to the United States, analyzing the Humanist movement, the economic doctrine of Henry Ford, the hundred percent Americanism of Mr. Feather, the works of Siegfried and Romier. He has also published studies on *Les Goncourt* (1927); *Edmond Scherer* (1930); and *Marcel Proust* (1931). This more recent group of works would themselves require a special study, but perhaps even such an inadequate survey of Baron Seillière's works may help to show how directly they bear on all our problems and discussions, and give an idea of the almost inexhaustible mine of information they bring together and of the further studies they suggest. His early books, like those of Irving Babbitt, now appear almost prophetic. At least, we have seen the curve which they outlined continued to our own day. "Passional mysticism" is still with us, though secularized into the deification of instinct; "aesthetic mys-

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ticism" still has adepts both in literature and life; "racial mysticism" has had its logical culmination in the World War, but Hitlerism, Fascism and the *Action française* we still have, nor are we in the United States wholly free from their counterpart. As for "proletarian mysticism", Russia is even now staging its full development. Nor is it yet certain whether Occidental civilization can survive all these mystico-imperialistic aberrations. For, as Irving Babbitt has reminded us, Nemesis is ever ready to punish irrationalistic and inhumanistic excesses.

M. Seillière, then, would agree with the whole of Babbitt's critique of the naturalistic age. He challenges with him the naturalistic merging of God, man, and nature. He believes with him that human nature is *sui generis*; that it is a double nature irreconciled; that man is not naturally good in the sense that he attains balance, proportion, righteousness, or even sanity, instinctively; that he must work spiritually to achieve an harmonious life; that he is ever prone to excess; but that, on the other hand, there is within him wherewith to refrain from excess, in other words, a checking power upon the disordered impulses of human nature. In short, M. Seillière might be called a Humanist, and it has even been proposed that his doctrine be called Humanism. It is evidently difficult to deny the right to this designation to a doctrine which thus distinguishes a law for man distinct from a law for thing. Yet there is no doubt that the attitude of M. Seillière toward the imperialistic tendencies of man differs from that of Irving Babbitt and that the process by which he would correct their possible excesses is essentially different from the one proposed by the leader of the American Humanist movement.

For, while Babbitt opposes to the natural appetites, reason and will of man, a Higher Will, ultimately divine, and is thus forced into an apparent opposition to every purely human aspect of man, Baron Seillière looks upon man's subconscious imperialistic impulses, together with their tendency to present themselves in a mystical alliance with the divine, as the essential motive-powers of man. But furthermore, if M. Seillière recognizes with Irving Babbitt that these impulses are prone to excess, and that they must be checked, the check he would oppose to them is merely reason. In short the process of his humanistic control is that the subconscious imperialistic impulses should be brought to the focus of consciousness and their tendencies to excess be examined critically, tested, organized and canalized by reason. It should be added that reason for him cannot be dissociated from the carefully treasured and consciously held synthesis of the experience of the race to which man must ever be ready to add the data of new experiences. Still M. Seillière would be satisfied with a "rationalized imperialism".

With this we remain evidently on dubious ground. For instance, M. Seillière quotes the following from Premier Mussolini's speech in the Italian senate in May, 1926: "Our (Italian) imperialism is not an aggressive explosive imperialism which leads to war. . . . I believe—and in this I am sustained by my studies and by books which are the common patrimony of cultivated men—I believe that every being who wishes to live possesses imperialistic tendencies and that, in consequence, the peoples who represent the coördinated and conscious ensemble of living human beings must, if they wish to live, develop a certain will to power. Otherwise they will vegetate and become the prey of stronger peoples who will have developed further the means of this will to power". We evidently have here an echo of M. Seillière's doctrine, as he himself seems to believe. If the imperialistic tendencies are good, in so far as they are the human energy to be canalized, the question remains whether they can be canalized or, if need be, restrained, except in the name of principles that have their source in something superior to man. Recent events seem to show, for instance, that Mussolini

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conceives no such principles above the State, and therefore above man, in the name of which the State should curb its will to dominate the individual. Irving Babbitt has met this issue squarely: "The essential contrast for me", he wrote, "is not, as for M. Seillière, that between a rational and an irrational imperialism, but between imperialism and that quality of will in man which is, in every possible sense of the word, anti-imperialistic". He then declares that M. Seillière would run together Stoical and Christian Ethics, while he himself would separate them as incompatible: "Stoicism", he further writes, "in both its ancient and modern forms I regard, at least in its total trend, as false and impossible; whereas I hold that at the heart of genuine Christianity are certain truths which have already once saved Western civilization and, judiciously employed, may save it again".

Here we come evidently to the very center of all our discussions about Humanism. If Irving Babbitt's psychology is humanistic, then M. Seillière's and the Stoicism which it recalls is sub-humanistic. If M. Seillière's doctrine is Humanism, then Irving Babbitt's is a super-Humanism. I was therefore led in the course of our correspondence to ask Baron Seillière a direct question on this point and to add that the question also arose whether his doctrine, like that of Humanism, might not be accused of pretending to replace "revealed religion". He very kindly answered: "Does imperialism introduce us to the essence of the human soul? Perhaps not. At least, it has such an importance in the behaviour of man that I believe it worth while to analyze its various manifestations so as to increase that treasure of synthetized experience of which human reason is made in so great a part. Reason thus understood remains for me the principal check of the *libido dominandi*". But he hastens to add: "My doctrine has no pretensions to replacing religion but would be its ally by throwing light upon human behaviour. Christianity, for me fully rational in its ethics, seems to me to be still called to form the surest framework of human effort for social betterment. My works testify to my admiration for its highest expression in Nicole, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Du Greet, in France, and for the great ethical results of Puritanism which gave such stability and power to Anglo-Saxon nations and which may well continue to do so though it may need readjustment in the light of the increased experience of humanity". And again: "My philosophy is directed against irrational imperialism, unfortunately so universal—as indeed might be expected, for who can flatter himself that he submits perfectly to reason the essential impulses of his being? But if it is to the will enlightened by a reason more or less developed that I appeal to insure social progress, I hope for the crowning of the work by 'grace' for those who have faith, although, like Mr. Babbitt, I wish to remain within a positivism worthy of the name, and you know that I am far from considering as such in all its aspects the naturistic mysticism of which Comte was the prophet". M. Seillière's exact position on this point is further seen in a statement published in J. M. L. Boudeau's study of his work: "To the Christian author of these pages I wish to state again my firm adherence to the healthy pessimistic psychology of Christianity which warns us to curb the imperialistic instinct of our being—as well as to the lofty ethics of its great doctors and to the wise conduct of the Catholic Church in its canalizing of mysticism and the direction of souls, grounded on an admirable knowledge of man. This moral discipline teaches us to orient our action toward rational ends of Order, of Justice, and of Peace and to develop in our hearts the beneficent social impulses whose fair name is Charity. *Religio Christi Caritas*".

To which Mr. Babbitt would evidently retort: "What about those who have not the Christian faith?" Thus, I believe the study of Baron Ernest Seillière's work may well help us to appreciate more fully what the American Humanist movement represents

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under the leadership of Irving Babbitt. M. Seillière is writing in a Catholic country whose intellectual élite remains in such intimate touch with "revealed religion" that it can, like Descartes, take up purely rationalistic approaches to the study of problems of human conduct and yet know that its ethos will continue to include the Christian point of view. Irving Babbitt, on the contrary, has realized that in Protestant countries, and in particular in America, with the wane of Puritanism, with what he calls the capitulation of many Protestant churches to humanitarianism, and the spread of an undiluted naturalism among the intelligentsia, if man has in him something ultimately divine which links with the Will of God, it must be reasserted, even though on purely positivistic principles, if we are to avoid the punishment which always follows upon naturalistic excesses.

Hence his insistence that the Humanism we need is not merely the assertion of rationalism as opposed to irrationalism, but the vivid realization that there is effectively in man something superior not only to his imperialistic appetities but even to his natural reason and will. What Mr. Babbitt would have us note within man, within at least every man of good will, every man who yearns to discipline what he feels are the unharmonized urges of his nature and even the tendency to excess of his natural reason and will, is the presence in man of a Higher Will which, since it may enable man to control this natural reason and will, is evidently supernatural and hence ultimately divine. In short Irving Babbitt would note experimentally the possibility of the presence in man of the equivalent of Christian grace not only in those who have the Christian faith but in all others, an assertion which it seems even Catholic theology would approve, since it recognizes that God's grace is freely given to all men, "even to the heathen".

At any rate, it should be evident how the life's work of Baron Seillière links with that of Irving Babbitt. Not only are they one in their challenge to Naturalism, but they unite in the reassertion of the soundness of Christian Ethics and genuine Christian modes of thought, the more interestingly because they both approach the question as positivists. The difference beween them outside the most important one of their treatment of Grace, seems to be that M. Seillière puts more trust in reason than Mr. Babbitt does, though it should be noted that for the former reason includes the experience of the race Babbitt also makes so much of, and that, besides, the latter also gives an important place to reason since he would submit to it, if not the elaboration, at least the application, of the standards to be acted upon with the help of the Higher Will, on the basis of the intuitions of what he calls the Higher Imagination.

In short Baron Seillière occupies in French thought the same position that Irving Babbitt does in American thought. Both are opposed to Naturalism, point to the need of Religion, but would remain wholly positivistic. Aesthetically and socially the doctrine of M. Seillière rejects the naturistic mysticism of romanticism. Politically, it makes the old anticlerical radical party and every form of Jacobinism obsolete. Economically, it looks fearlessly forward to any necessary readjustment of the capitalistic system. Internationally, it warns against nineteenth-century racial mysticism and every form of irrational imperialism. It calls for a virile development of character, for social peace and for international coöperation. Whether or not it may aid us in the solution of our own problems, there seems to be no doubt that, developed as it has been for over thirty years in one of the most influential Parisian papers and in numerous magazines, disseminated permanently through so many works, and frequently commented upon in the most diverse circles, it has profoundly affected the temper of twentieth-century France.

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THE OTHELLO OF P. G. W–D–H––S–

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF PARODIES

by Hugh Kingsmill

CLUBS ARE TRUMPS

A Sequel to "The Purity of the Turf"

(NOTE:—*In "The Purity of the Turf", Bertie Wooster tells how Steggles, who is at Twing Vicarage as a member of the Reverend Heppenstall's reading party, makes a book on the Twing Village Sports. Guided by Jeeves, Bertie's famous valet, Bertie and his friend Bingo Little, both of whom are staying with Lord Wickhammersley at Twing Hall, place various bets with Steggles. There is foul play by Steggles, and a counter-move from Jeeves, which leaves Steggles heavily in debt over Prudence Baxter, the unexpected winner of the Girls' Egg-and-Spoon Race.*)

You'd have thought that when, thanks to Jeeves's ready resource, that blighter Steggles came unstuck over the book he'd made on the Twing Village Sports, he'd have paid over to our little syndicate without a murmur. And been bally well grateful for the lesson, too. I mean to say, if ever Providence gave a young fellow in the morning of his life the straight tip that crime doesn't pay, Steggles got it when he stubbed his toe on a long-priced outsider like Prudence Baxter, after nobbling a couple of fliers like Harold, the page-boy, and Mrs. Penworthy, the Sack Race speed fiend. And yet, by Jove, instead of weeping in pure thankfulness that he wasn't chipping flints on Dartmoor, the low hound—but, there, what's the use of hotting oneself up over the frightful depths to which human nature sinks when it gets itself tied up inside a Steggles. I mean to say, punishment enough without other people rubbing it in. What I mean is, fancy always going about with a chap like Steggles, which is what a chap would bally well *have* to do if he was Steggles . . . where was I? Oh, yes . . . I was saying you'd have thought Steggles would have paid over without a murmur, and that's what Bingo Little and I were thinking, too, when we bumped into the blighter the morning after the sports.

We were passing the Twing Arms when we met him, being engaged in shaking up the jolly old gastric juices before lunch with a smartish to-and-fro between the Hall and the village. And poor old Bingo was just beginning again on his scenario of what he proposed to do with his share of the winnings. I think I mentioned, didn't I, that he was tutoring old Wickhammersley's male heir at the moment, and the first item on his program was to push that somewhat scaly infant into the ancestral pond, and then beat it nor'-nor'-east for the metrop., complete with sack of gold.

So you can understand how it took him when he saw Steggles's face. He just stood there giving out a low whuffling noise, like a hedgehog at bay. Like one of those stories

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where the chappie in the dock looks at the foreman of the jury, and reads his doom slap off. I mean to say, no words needed. And I don't mind telling you I was shaken myself. But we Woosters are chilled steel in a crisis, and I handed the man Steggles a cheery "Hallo-allo-allo", which held him for a moment. Nonchalant bonhomie, if you know what I mean. Party of the first part standing by with easy grace while the party of the second part unbelts with a smile. Gentlemen all, in a word. And I daresay it might have worked, too, if that poor fish Bingo hadn't cracked under the strain, and wanted to know what the devil Steggles thought he was looking at.

"I'm memorizing the pair of you," said Steggles, with a slow nasty smile. "Not that I like the job, but duty before pleasure, and when Scotland Yard wants your descriptions I'll be able to supply them."

At which Bingo unleashed a scream like a hyena having a tooth stopped. "So that's your game, is it?" he yelled. "You bally bilking bookie! I'll hound you off the Turf! I will, by Gad! I'll show you up at every race-meeting in the country. I'll . . ."

Altogether a painful scene, and, if you don't mind, I'll skip the details, never having been one of those chappies who get much juice out of the fouler aspects of human nature. The fact is, we weren't in a frightfully strong position when it came to menacing Steggles with a show-up. To start with, we couldn't prove that it was Steggles who had jammed old Heppenstall's sermon amidships by dropping a beetle down young blighted Harold's back during evensong. And, anyway, as Steggles pointed out, what action could Heppenstall take except hoofing him out of his reading party? And we didn't need Steggles's word for it that the old top was coaching him for cash and not for love. I mean to say, coaching Steggles for love!

So what with one thing and what with another our parley began to look as if it had blown a fuse out, and I was about to signal Bingo that the hour had struck to beetle off in silent scorn, when Steggles had the infernal crust to come back with a show-up of his own. Said that he proposed, in the interests of clean sport at Twing, to lay the facts about Jeeves's action in connection with the Girls' Egg-and-Spoon Race before Lord Wickhammersley. Now the wheeze by which Jeeves had lofted Prudence Baxter into the proud position of Twing's leading Egg-and-Spooner undoubtedly displayed intelligence of a very ripe order. But, if looked at from the wrong angle, it might show a crack or two, and something seemed to tell me that if Steggles moved further in the matter old Wickhammersley would be handing me my hat right speedily, not to say eftsoons, and Bingo would be legging it nor'-nor'-east with the imprint of the baronial boot on the seat of his pants.

You know those stories where a fiend in human shape keeps on worrying a blameless chappie who's got a foul deed in his past, and then one day something goes crack in the blameless chappie's bean, and he reaches for the meat-axe and soaks the fiend good and proper. Well, read Steggles for the fiend in human shape, and Bertie Wooster for the blameless chappie, and you've got the posish when Steggles stopped talking measured to a hair. Except that there wasn't a meat-axe handy. So there was nothing to do but stand there emitting lofty scorn, while privately wishing that the good old Wooster pride would let up for a moment so that I could ask the blighter to call the dog off.

And then Steggles raised his hat. Funny the bally rot that zips through under the hair when something unexpected happens. I mean to say, I actually thought it was remorse. Uncovering in shame and all that sort of thing. Then I heard a fizzing noise on my right. Somehow I knew what it was without looking, and, good enough, when I turned round there was Bingo, the human celluloid, in flames again.

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The couple to whom Steggles, imitating the procedure customary among gentlemen, had just raised his hat were rather out of the ordinary for Twing. The man especially. One of those swarthy sheik-like chappies, you know. Untamed, if you get me. A word and a blow, on off days. Otherwise just a blow. Altogether a bit under measure as a boon companion, though doubtless a dashed useful fellow to keep in front of one in a mix-up with Fuzzy-Wuzzies. As for the girl with him, I'm bound to admit that this time there really was some excuse for Bingo. Rippling gold hair, you know, and large blue eyes with a sort of soft appealing look as if she was flashing a chappie a message, and hoped he'd understand. Nice figure, too, willowy and all that. And hands a fellow wouldn't mind stroking.

Well, they passed on, faded down the village street, and I was looking after them with a kind of empty feeling when I heard Steggles saying: "I don't know which of you it was. But one of you has made a hit. I wonder she had the nerve to give a glad eye like that. Lucky her husband didn't see it".

"That's a bally rotten remark," I cried, with some heat. "She just gave me a friendly smile, and only a bally pot of poison like you would . . ."

A nasty tearing sound on my right cut me short. It was Bingo, trying out a scornful laugh. "Gave *you* a friendly smile!" the poor prune croaked. "That's ripe. *You!* My hat!" and he turned to Steggles, fawning loathsomely. "I say, Steggles!" he babbled. "Who is she, Steggles? Did you say that chap was her husband? Where are they staying, Steggles? Who is he?"

I had a dashed good mind to walk straight off. A dashed good mind, by Jove!

"It's General Raikes," said Steggles. "Heppenstall's cousin. The old boy's putting Raikes and his wife up at the Vicarage for a week or so."

"Heppenstall's cousin? Why, the fellow's a Dago. A bally Dago!"

"A touch of the tar-brush. Grandfather married a Creole. But I don't advise you to remind him of it. He's a fizzer."

"Is she—Steggles, old son, is she h-happy with him?"

I didn't wait for any more. Heel and toe at five m.p.h. to the Hall, and the deaf ear for Bingo babbling by my side. Outraged, by Jove! And then some.

Jeeves received the news about Steggles with his usual calm. "I had anticipated something of the kind, sir," was all he said.

"But, dash it," I cried. "It's a heavy loss!"

"Not a loss, if you will pardon the correction, sir. As I read the situation, sir, no money is passing in either direction between you and Mr. Steggles."

"In other words, a bally wash-out all round."

Jeeves inclined his head.

"But if the blighter stirs things up with Lord Wickhammersley? What-ho for the young master then, eh, Jeeves?"

"I should be disposed to regard such an eventuality as a very remote one, sir."

"Bluff, eh?"

"An ebullition of chagrin, sir. Understandable in the circumstances."

"Well, I hope you're right. Jeeves?"

"Yes, sir."

"Know anything about General Raikes?"

"May I enquire, sir, if you are referring to the Reverend Heppenstall's cousin?"

"That's the chappie."

"I understand, sir, from such information about the gentleman as has come my way, that his career in the army has given uniform satisfaction."

"Happen to know his wife's name?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what is it?"

"Mrs. Raikes, sir."

I looked the fellow square in the centre of the eyeball. A single flicker, and I'd have been through him like tissue paper. Not a hope, of course. But I wasn't jolly well going

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to leave it at that, so, bracing myself a bit, I put it to him straight.

"Jeeves, what's her Christian name?"

"Mrs. Raikes's full name, sir, is Mrs. Violet Raikes. Would you require anything further at the moment, sir?"

"No, I bally well wouldn't."

"Very good, sir."

Bingo and I didn't see much of each other for the next few days. Tension and all that. So I used to swing a solitary shoe Twingwards, feeling somewhat mouldy, and rather hoping I'd get a sight of Mrs. Raikes. Not that I had designs, or any bally rot of that sort. I've never been one of those chappies who spend their days doing a bit of no good to the sacred bond and what-not. As a matter of fact, even if I wanted to, I wouldn't be much of a hit as a snake in the matrimonial grass. Women rather frighten me, especially pretty ones. I sort of go unstitched when they smile at me. The jolly old legs try to take cover behind each other, if you know what I mean. And I make roopy noises with the throat, not unlike the sea lions at the Zoo when they go whooshing round as sick as dammit to think what they're missing at the North Pole. You may say it was funny I should want to see Mrs. Raikes again, if it was going to take me like that. If so, it only shows what a bally lot you've got to learn about human nature.

Well, one afternoon I was hoofing it past the Vicarage, thinking how jolly it would be if Mrs. Raikes suddenly popped out. It was one of those hot summer days when there's a sort of humming all round one, as if about a million bees and things were sleeping it off after a heavy lunch. Soothing, you know. I slowed down a bit as I passed the Vicarage gate, and peered up the gravel drive, thinking how bally all right it would be if Mrs. Raikes should happen to come round the bend. Which made it all the more of a jar when Bingo suddenly curved into view, came down the straight in half a dozen bounds, did a handspring over the gate, and shot up the road towards the Hall. Before I could begin to wonder what it all meant, General Raikes had taken the straight in one bound under Bingo's, and vanished in a cloud of dust. And at the end of the procession came Steggles, moving with comparative languor. As soon as he saw me, he slowed down to a walk. "Anyone passed this way?" he asked with a foul leer.

"Yes, there bally well has," I yelled. "And you bally well know it! I don't know what's up, but whatever it is you're in it, you low wart!"

White-hot, by Jove! But wasted, of course. The blighter just leaned on the gate, and looked thoughtfully up the road.

"They ought to have reached the Hall by now," he said. "I'll bet Bingo's been running straight for once. Pity there aren't any gentlemen in these parts. It might have been rather interesting to make a book on the result. But, of course, with all these crooks about. . . ."

"You'll hear from me later," I shouted, and legged it up the road. Chump or not, Bingo was my pal.

The Hall looked devilish peaceful and deserted as I charged up the avenue. A general absence of retainers and what-not, due no doubt to old Wickhammersley being in the next county for the day, at one of those Boy Scout jamborees. Not a soul about as I sped upstairs. For a moment I was afraid that I'd been wrong to bank on Bingo's homing instinct. The next moment a frightful hammering sound, fighting for first place with a maddened roar, told me I needn't worry.

Bingo had been parked in a somewhat distant wing, and as I drew near I let out a yell. More by way of introducing myself than in any unfriendly spirit. The hammering stopped dead, likewise the roar, and when I rounded the last corner there was the general, a whacking big club at the ready, crouching for a spring.

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"Hullo-ullo-ullo! What! What! What!" I babbled. Matey, you know.

The general gave a low growl. You know, they say a chappie's whole life whizzes past him in a flash when he's drowning. Well, it wasn't quite as bad as that with me, but as the cudgel swung back I distinctly remembered a hymn I used to prattle at nurse's knee, beginning "Now I lay me down to sleep".

While I was waiting for the end, eyes closed and general attitude one of prayerful meditation, I heard a sort of a snort. Hitching the left eyelid up a peg, I peeped out and there was the general goofing at something behind me. "Jeeves!" he murmured. "Good old Jeeves, by Gad!"

"Thank you, sir. I trust you are in good health, sir." A flicker, a kind of faint stir in the air, and Jeeves was by the general's side.

"If you will pardon the liberty, sir." Jeeves's hand floated over the general's hair, collecting a twig, a couple of leaves, and a large spider, which was looking pretty peaceful. I remember wondering if it was dead or just stunned.

"Thanks, Jeeves. Efficient as ever. We must have a pow-pow. But", and the general began to blow out again, "I've got a job of work to do first." And up went the club.

"Stop him, Jeeves!" Bingo yelled from the other side of the door. "It's all a bally mistake, Jeeves! It's that hound Steggles! Call him off, Jeeves! I can explain. I swear I can explain."

"If you have no objection, sir," murmured Jeeves, resting the club against the wall.

"But, Jeeves! Dammit man! Look at that!"

The general opened his left fist, uncovering a bit of paper. "Take it! Look at it! Dropped outside my room! Is it that young blackguard's writing, or is it not? Show it to that blithering waster behind you, and tell him to deny his friend's writing if he dares!"

Jeeves smoothed the paper out. Feeling it was more or less expected of me, I slithered forward and bent over the document with an air of zeal.

"Read it out, Jeeves! Dammit, read it out, man!" the general bawled.

"Very good, sir. The contents are as follows: 'Don't worry, Vi. I'll settle with Steggles. Toujours Bingo'."

"Toujours Bingo! Jeeves, I knew her a year before I called her by her Christian name, and this post-war pup . . . ! What does it mean, Jeeves? What does it mean? Youth to youth, eh? eh? But I'm not old, Jeeves! Jeeves, I'm not old! No, by Gad, she took me with her eyes open, and, by Gad . . ."

"Thank you, sir." And Jeeves rested the club against the wall again. "There can be no question, sir," he rippled on, "that this document is a forgery. Mr. Little does not form his B's in this manner. And the downward stroke in the capital V is too heavy. There are other indications with which, suggestive though they are, I need not trouble you at the moment, sir."

"Then who the . . . ?"

"If you would be so very obliging, sir, as to afford Mr. Little an opportunity of laying such facts as are within his knowledge before us, I have no doubt that we shall quickly arrive at the solution of the mystery."

"Have it as you like, man! Have it as you like!"

It took some doing, but at long last Bingo unbolted the door, nipping to the far side of the bed as the committee filed in. Proceedings were held up for a moment while Jeeves shimmered back into the corridor, bearing the club. Then Bingo began.

Boiled down, what it amounted to was that Steggles had lured Bingo into the Vicarage to play contract with Mrs. Raikes. The poor egg had been there about five times. "Mrs. Raikes and I always played together, Bertie, old man," he bleated. "Steggles said it ruined contract to swop partners, and Baynes, the other chap, agreed. A low hound Baynes, Bertie, old man. Another bally Steggles."

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"Do you suggest, sir," barked the general, "that Mr. Steggles and Mr. Baynes are card-sharpers?"

"I don't bally well suggest anything else!"

Jeeves gave a faint cough. "I have heard, sir, from various sources, that Mr. Steggles is uniformly successful with the cards."

"Very well! Very well! But, sir," turning on Bingo, "the letter! Why did you run, sir, if it wasn't yours? Dammit, answer me that!"

"And why did you come at me with that bally club? I thought it better to explain later."

"Might I put a question to Mr. Little, sir?" Jeeves bowed courteously to the general.

"Wk!"

"I thank you, sir. Mr. Little, may I enquire if anything passed in writing between you and Mr. Steggles?"

"Er—what do you mean? Er—one or two I O U's of course. Which reminds me, by Jove, that's where that bally list of French words must have gone. It was on the back of one of them. For dictation to Wickham-mersley's young hopeful, dash him! And I spent an hour sorting them out, too."

"By Gad, Jeeves!" I burst forth. "I see it. That's how the low hound got Bingo's fist. Jeeves, you stand alone. I've said it before, and I say it again. Jeeves stands alone. Jeeves stands . . ."

"Will you stop, sir!"

". . . alone." Dogged, by Gad!

The general threw me a "Pah!" and turned to Jeeves. "All highly ingenious, Jeeves, but . . ."

"Might I ask you to excuse me for a few minutes, sir? An idea has just occurred to me, which I confidently believe will convert supposition into certainty."

"Jeeves! I say, Jeeves!" Bingo yelped, but Jeeves had already faded from the room.

There was a kind of a heavy silence after he'd left us. Brooding, you know. Being more or less out of the ring myself, I thought it might be a good wheeze to help things along with a bit of patter. So I turned to the general, beaming somewhat.

"Dashed odd, sir," I said, "old Jeeves having been with you. One of those what-do-you-call-its. The long arm and all that sort of rot."

"Hold your tongue, sir!"

"Well, I mean to say, what!"

After which, there was silence till Jeeves returned. He opened out at once.

"I have just been on the telephone, sir, to Brookfield who, as you are doubtless aware, is the butler at the Vicarage. My surmise, I am happy to say, has proved correct. A rapid examination of the contents of Mr. Steggles's waste-paper-basket has revealed a number of trial attempts at Mr. Little's Christian name, and at other words figuring in the letter under consideration. The contents of the waste-paper-basket have been impounded by Brookfield, and await your detailed examination, sir."

"Thanks, Jeeves, thanks!" The general looked across at Bingo. Conflict of emotion and all that. "Forget anything I may have said," he growled, and stamped out of the room, followed by Jeeves.

Jeeves's voice came rippling back to us, blending with the crisp sound of crackling paper.

"Thank you, sir. I am very much obliged, sir. One moment, sir. I think you will be requiring this."

"The club! I will, by Gad!"

"You hold a strong hand, sir, if I may be permitted the pleasantry."

"Poor old Steggles!" murmured Bingo.

Bingo always was so dashed weak, you know.

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WILLA CATHER

by Louis Kronenberger

If one were asked to name, not the most brilliant, nor the most influential, nor the most original, nor the greatest American novel of the past twenty years, but the most human and solid, surely one would answer with something by Willa Cather—with *My Ántonia* or *The Song of the Lark*. Nothing else is quite like these books in their associations with the American (although a vanished American) scene, or in their solid, deep-coloured human strength. And at the time they were written they were all the better by comparison with what other novelists were writing. Willa Cather gained recognition when a period of patently shoddy literature (1905-15) had given way to one of consciously better writing—an age which, with its Hergesheimers and Cabells and Imagist poetry, now strikes us as one of romantic escape. The sense of art, striking America with all the force of a new idea, struggled, in the novels of that period, to get itself expressed; and the sense of art far outweighed the sense of life. Willa Cather, at the moment of Poictesme and art-photography old Salem, by recreating the Middle West of her childhood with sturdy vigour, and setting living women against a living background, seemed by contrast with romancers a peculiarly valuable American novelist. She seemed native without being crude, womanly without being feminine, cultivated without being refined. She was picturing, it is true, an America of an older, a more idealistic day, but it was an America she had known and seen and honestly loved; and her work seemed, quite apart from its own merits, a start in the right direction.

More than ten years have passed, romantic dozing has lost its savour, the American scene is now considered worth studying, and Miss Cather with the publication of a new novel* offers us the chance of ascertaining how far she has kept moving in the right direction. Has she, who while writing of pioneers was once a pioneer herself, kept pushing on; has she found fertile acres and settled down to plow them, or has she drifted back to civilization and settled down in a comfortable arm-chair in a firelit, book-lined room? Now that she has a long career behind her, we may begin to search out the direction it has taken and the importance it has achieved.

The novels of Willa Cather may roughly be assigned to three periods. Passing two early experiments, we may say that the first period begins with *O Pioneers!* and ends with *My Ántonia*; that the second begins with *One of Ours* and ends with *My Mortal Enemy*; that the third begins with *Death Comes for the Archbishop* and continues—one cannot say whether it terminates—with *Shadows on the Rock*. There is, of course, nothing absolutely decisive about these three periods, and one period is likely to provide us with a partial throwback into an earlier

* *Shadows on the Rock:* Knopf. $2.50.

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one or an adumbration of a later. But it is equally evident that each of these periods has its own special feeling about life, and even its own special approach to life. *The Song of the Lark, The Professor's House* and *Shadows on the Rock* all have something, I suppose—the flavour of the author's personality, perhaps, or something else equally vague—in common; but they have very little else. The dominating spirit of *The Song of the Lark* is affirmation; of *The Professor's House*, unrest; of *Shadows on the Rock*, tranquillity.

Miss Cather's whole first period is one of affirmation of life and is as much unified by its single-toned philosophy as by its similarity of subject-matter. *O Pioneers!*, *The Song of the Lark* and *My Ántonia* are stories, set in a fresh and open world, of women en route to their proper destinies. They may be sidetracked—Ántonia moves to town, where she does not belong and is beset by difficulties, Thea gets involved in a sentimental attachment with Fred Ottenburg—but they eventually arrive, eventually they fulfil themselves: live, give forth life, find that life has a meaning for them. Alexandra wrests victory from the soil, Ántonia becomes the center of a farm and a family, Thea achieves a great career. Everything about these women is affirmative; they possess strength and love of life. And they move against a life-giving background, an America that was vitally real, whatever added warmth Miss Cather's own emotion may give to it. It is the America of Willa Cather's childhood and girlhood—the spacious world of the old Middle West—and it is what she knows best and understands best. In these women there is much of her; if one finds René Rapin's remark in his book on Miss Cather, that Ántonia is Willa Cather "without her unrest and her genius" a rather glib remark, at least one feels that Thea Kronborg, who had the genius and the unrest, is very much Miss Cather. Miss Cather, like Thea, must have felt the reality and yet as time went on the inadequacy of a provincial background, and been counselled and helped forward by the same kind of sympathetic friends, and never wavered in her pursuit of a career.

Yet it is not the realism, it is scarcely the affirmation in these books that makes them as good and as emotionally satisfying as they are. For this they are indebted to something else, to a tone of lyrical nostalgia. Willa Cather knew this life at close hand, but she presents it to us at a distance—only the distance is in time, not space. Her memory is of more than utilitarian value to her; it is the instrument through which all the notes of these are blown, and it sets the tone for them. The memory-sense and the time-sense play as great a part and command as peculiar an effect with Willa Cather as in a different way they do with Proust. Thea and Ántonia, even while we are in the thick of their experiences, seem part of the past rather than of the present; and Miss Cather, in maturity, is conscious of the great gap between it and her (which was Thea's or Ántonia's) youth. The most effective part of these books is the final part, when Thea looks back and commemorates her striving and growth, when Jim Burden rediscovers Ántonia and realizes that they share "the rare, the incommunicable past". And this memory of a full, happy youth regarded in the perspective of a lifetime gives to these books, at the close, a sunset haze. There is something Virgilian about them (it is not for nothing that Miss Cather's fiction is full of Virgilian tags and echoes); Miss Cather, like Virgil, has treated essentially Homeric material, not with straightforward vigour, but with a peculiar nostalgia and humaneness and sense of retrospection, the very overtone of *forsan et haec olim* and *optima dies . . . prima fugit.*

The nostalgic charm at the end of these books makes them seem better than they really are; for we are made to remember the books with the same sense of transfiguration

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with which Thea and Jim are made to remember their pasts. However, they are imperfect novels: *The Song of the Lark* is not always well, and never economically, written; and in particular Thea's relationship with Ottenburg—ill-defined to begin with, and fumbling and self-conscious throughout—is a bad blemish. *My Ántonia* shows finer sensibility, but it suffers from a defective narrative sense—it is, in a way, all breadth; and if one took Ántonia out of it (which would not be quite the same thing as taking Hamlet out of *Hamlet*) we should find remaining not a composite setting but a series of pictures: for, unlike *The Song of the Lark, My Ántonia* is not a novel but a chronicle.

After *My Ántonia* the feeling of affirmation disappears from Miss Cather's work and a sense of unrest, maladjustment, frustration creeps in. The people in *One of Ours, A Lost Lady, The Professor's House, My Mortal Enemy* get waylaid, misplaced, broken, out of joint with life; and though this is, if anything, the material for even more significant art than the earlier books, Miss Cather—except in one noteworthy case—fails to make it anything like so significant. It would seem that she works best where there is the greatest correspondence between herself and her characters; the closer their aim to hers, the clearer their motives, the simpler their choices, the better Miss Cather can deal with them; she is a success with success, a failure with failure. (*A Lost Lady* is the only exception to this rule.) In *My Mortal Enemy,* attempting to portray a complex, unhappy woman, via the dangerous method of having what is left out count for more than what is put in, the complexity becomes mere mystery, the woman mere disjointedness; the book implies so much that its meaning comes to little. Similarly Claude Wheeler, the frustrated, rather pathetic idealist of *One of Ours* is, like his story, ultimately unsatisfactory. Some sparks do fly off, but ten years after the book was written one may dare to say that it has the same flavour and touches the same midway level as those many recent autobiographies which young men have composed and called novels.

The other two novels of this period—the two which are most important—are on a different level and must be judged as achievements in themselves. *A Lost Lady* is partly a throwback: in background and feeling it is a return to Miss Cather's first period, and in at least one sense its tone is as much affirmation as unrest. But the theme of the book, the problem of character involved, is definitely one of maladjustment and frustration. Like Thea and Ántonia, Marian Forrester affirms life; demands it, indeed, on any terms. But unlike Thea and Ántonia she confronts it without a proper mission. Ántonia finds herself in family life, Thea in a career; but Mrs. Forrester is a lost lady. And the pathos of *A Lost Lady* springs from the fact that Mrs. Forrester would not accept her rôle in life: she deteriorated because her cramped position as Captain Forrester's wife, with all its limitations, and later as his widow, with its even worse limitations, was not enough for her; and her deterioration is painful as well as pathetic because the only means of escape at hand were extremely unworthy ones. But the tragedy of *A Lost Lady* springs from the fact that she never played the right rôle. Even in her best Sweet Water days Marian Forrester's qualities—her charm, her vivacity, her loveliness—merited a wider stage, a subtler audience. Captain Forrester was nobler than his wife and Frank Ellinger coarser than his mistress; but neither man belonged in her proper scheme of things; she should have lived in a cosmopolitan society. Mrs. Forrester may have leaned on her husband, but she was never fulfilled in him, and never could have been. The maladjustment of *A Lost Lady* is inevitable because it is implicit in the material, because Mrs. Forrester's character being what it was, and circumstances

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being what they were, there had to be a conflict.

A Lost Lady really belongs in Miss Cather's second period because it is fundamentally a study in maladjustment. Ántonia and Thea went temporarily awry because they were inexperienced, but Mrs. Forrester went permanently awry because she was misplaced. The book gains immeasurably in a kind of remote irony and pathos because, even though its background is wrong for Mrs. Forrester, it is a charming, romantic background. There is the ample, lordly life of the great railroad pioneers, the spacious hospitality of the Forresters at Sweet Water, the rough but heroic courtliness of its fortune-building visitors; and to see all these things vanishing from the American scene coevally with the loveliness and charm of the disintegrating Marian Forrester is to feel the old nostalgia for an uncapturable past with double strength. The idea of courtly and scrupulous railroad men may be false (one can hardly fail to remember the James J. Hills of the period), but it is consonant with the idea of the book itself. Everything, indeed, harmonizes with everything else—background and theme and heroine and the trick of seeing her through the eyes of young Niel Herbert; everything is conveyed at a little distance; and everything is successful.

A Lost Lady is the best, *The Professor's House* the most "interesting" book of Miss Cather's second period; in it, for the first and last time, she struck at what we may call the problem of modern life, for the tragedy suggested rests principally with the age rather than with the man. Professor St. Peter, successful, wordly, mellowed, finds himself out of joint with life, and for a better reason than the peculiar *Weltschmerz* of middle-age. The symbols of sophisticated modern living that he sees around him bring home to him how his own zest and ardour, which amounted to a kind of idealism, have dried up. His soul is less sick (your usual *Weltschmerz*) than starving; in the presence of material abundance, it is the simple figure of Augusta the seamstress, the open, youthful adventurousness of Tom Outland, that bring refreshment and health. The problem is made real and the professor is well portrayed; but the book is not a success. Its failure is not ignoble, for the problem of the soul—always the hardest of problems—becomes even more difficult when set against modern civilization; but at least part of the failure springs from a curious unwillingness on Miss Cather's side to deal fully with the easier end of the problem—the modern world itself. Elsewhere she never treats of it at all, which is perhaps in its way her criticism of it; but there is an inadequacy about Miss Cather's encounter with contemporary problems in *The Professor's House* which makes us ask questions. Is she, perhaps, ignorant of what much of it really means? And has she not, perhaps, a certain persistent distaste for it which prevents her from making further investigation?

After this single cautious excursion into contemporary life, Willa Cather retreated even farther than she had advanced. *My Mortal Enemy,* a mere trifle touching upon frustration, was still to come; then, in 1927, *Death Comes for the Archbishop* appeared. At the moment it scarcely seemed the beginning of a new "period"; thinking how other novelists had paused in their careers to try, just once, something quite apart from the rest of their work, one thought of this historical chronicle as a kind of noble vacation for Willa Cather: an opportunity to combine her love and knowledge of the frontier Southwest with her desire to write something in prose which, as she herself has said, would be like Puvis de Chavannes's frescoes of the life of Saint Genevieve. As such an interlude, *Death Comes for the Archbishop* would be beautiful and colourful work; from any standpoint, no doubt, it is beautiful and colourful work. In the persons of Bishop Latour and Father Joseph Vaillant, Miss

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Cather has recreated the lives of Bishop Lamy and Father Macheboeuf, two missionaries of vastly different make-up—Latour calm, scholarly, urbane; Vaillant passionately energetic and devout, naïve and slightly comical —who carried the Word to the Southwest and helped mould order out of chaos. Their adventures provided Miss Cather with the chance to draw exquisite pictures, recount vivid legends, describe pueblo customs, Indian superstitions, regional manners, frontier personalities in a prose that surpasses anything Miss Cather had previously written. These things really constitute the book—they are foreground, not background; and the Church, which in the fifties attempted to give unity and order to this welter of traditions, performs the same mission in this book by giving unity and order to Miss Cather's chronicle. The two priests are less real than their careers, for they are pictorially rather than organically alive; we *see* Latour's dignity or Vaillant's zeal displayed in their actions; but though the one man is as transparently simple as the other is nobly serene, we never feel their presence. We know them for (rather than by) what they do.

The book ends on a note of serenity with the dying Latour, now an archbishop, drawing up into his mind the memories of a lifetime, but chiefly those of his days in the Southwest, and imparting to them a warmth, a delight, a nostalgia that transfigure; the same warmth and nostalgia and delight that Thea imparted to the past, and Jim Burden and Niel Herbert: once more the old days are made to seem, not only to those who lived them but to those who read about them as well, better than they were. It is not a religious light which bathes the end of *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, not the spiritual ecstasy of a dying priest, but an idyllic one.

And so, on a sustained note of the highest tranquillity, ends a book in which the stress, the harshness, the downright brutality we associate with frontier life have been absent from the start. It is not reality, we say, but something idealized for a purpose; and in capturing the spirit of the religious fresco, it is worth reading for what it is, and for what Miss Cather can do on a kind of noble holiday.

The publication of *Shadows on the Rock*, however, proves beyond doubt that *Death Comes for the Archbishop* cannot be regarded as an interlude. For Miss Cather has done the same kind of thing again, and in the same spirit. She has turned to Quebec in the last year of Frontenac's life, and the picture she has painted of Quebec has the same fresco qualities as her picture of the old Southwest —delicate colouring, beautifully sustained tone, an admirable instinct for detail. But where the atmosphere of the Southwest is merely that of legend, the atmosphere of Quebec is one of fairy-tale. Again there is no story, and this time there is even less of incident. The book centers itself in a cultivated apothecary named Euclide Auclair, who came to the New World in the service of Frontenac, and his little daughter Cécile who keeps house for him. Their home life is tranquil and trim and gracious, in keeping with the tradition Auclair brought with him from France; and in showing that even early colonists can live privately with all the grace of long-settled places Miss Cather has done something which is plausible enough and even, perhaps, a little original. But she makes outdoor life in Quebec just as ordered and serene. Indians, hating the whites and loving rum, do not appear at all; the quarrels between the old bishop and the young are shaded down to bickerings; and the only *coureur-de-bois* to appear, far from swearing, swilling or wenching, is merely affectionately in love with Cécile and wistful about his childhood. The tempo of life has not merely slowed down; it has stylized itself into that of the minuet.

The book is beautifully written; it has fine finish, and harmony of tone. Much more, even, than *Death Comes for the Archbishop* it breathes tranquillity, and like its predeces-

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sor, it is gently bathed (rather than passionately steeped) in the atmosphere of the Church. It is pervaded by the feeling that piety is not only noble but also efficacious, the feeling of

> . . . More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of.

Little Cécile, throughout, seems en route to sainthood; in the epilogue, however, one finds her married to the tender *coureur-de-bois*. The idea of the goodness in life which runs through the book does not disturb us aesthetically—there is no undue sentimentality; the book is simply never real. It is without life, without even that semblance of life which can sometimes pass temporarily for reality. There is no blood in it, no muscle, no bodily emotion. It does not dispense with the commonplace to create the heroic, to give us the feeling that life is purer than doubtless it is, but also larger; there is plenty of commonplace, but it is commonplace flavoured with lavender, domesticity without domestic strife, old Quebec swept clean and fresh by human hands, but unpeopled by human beings. It is a genteel book; but since no other book of Miss Cather's has deserved that epithet in the past, we must look further to find out why this one does.

We need not look too far. One can scarcely mistake the reason for this period of what I have called tranquillity, which began with *Death Comes for the Archbishop* and continues in *Shadows on the Rock*. Miss Cather, in her past few books, has less and less conveyed to the reader a sense of life, a sense of reality. One can see now, with her long career falling into perspective, that the only novels of hers which contribute genuine experience are those concerned with childhood and girlhood or with the Middle West of a vanished generation. She has herself confessed that an artist's experiences as a child are the most valuable he can have; she has approved, in *The Song of the Lark*, Wagner's dictum that all art is merely a way of remembering one's childhood; and on this theory she went legitimately and successfully back to the past and produced *O Pioneers!*, *The Song of the Lark* and *My Ántonia*. This world, that she knew so well, she has managed with great success to make the reader share; he believes in it, he participates in it. Trying other milieus thereafter, Miss Cather has been far less convincing, her picture has far less reality, her treatment far less significance. In *Shadows on the Rock* this lack of reality becomes more noticeable than ever before, and for a very definite reason.

For the world of *Shadows on the Rock* is a purely idyllic one. It is a world of serenity, indeed, but not of serenity after storm, with "all passion spent"; storm is not admitted to that world. Reality has been deliberately ruled out; being an idyll, the book takes a quiet happiness for granted; it depends, for its very existence, upon the right to ignore those things in life which upset harmony; it presupposes charm of expression, grace of gesture. In terms of the idyllic Miss Cather has done a pleasing job, and an almost but not quite consistent one—for here and there, with an incident, an allusion, a minor characterization she brings us, for just a moment, into touch with reality. But on all important counts, *Shadows on the Rock* establishes a pretty and placid world of its own.

Obviously, in the hierarchy of fictional art, the idyll occupies a low place. Not even pretending to treat of real life, it can teach us little about human character, can penetrate to little permanent truth, can stimulate few really deep emotions. It can never be, in other words, much more than charmingly untrue and aesthetically pleasing. A certain type of writer may succeed with the idyll form though he fails with more ambitious fiction, but a novelist of Miss Cather's stature, who in the past has triumphed on so much larger a scale, must inevitably disappoint us by making use of it. She adds nothing to her reputation with *Shadows on the Rock*: not quite perfect enough of its kind to survive

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in its own genre, it merely strengthens our feeling that Miss Cather is moving in the wrong direction. For, to answer the question raised at the beginning of this essay, she has not gone forward, she has gone back; she has preferred to construct an orderly, gracious world of her own rather than to deal with life as men, in their collective experience, understand it. It can safely be said that the only environment which has permanently interested first-rate novelists is that of their own day; but passing this by, it is still true that a novelist may write "historical novels" and make them true and important chronicles of human experience. In our own time Sigrid Undset, in her two imposing novels of the past, has treated of people whose lives, like those of Miss Cather's men and women in *Death Comes for the Archbishop* and *Shadows on the Rock*, are penetrated by the Church, and has charged them with a humanity and strength it would be difficult to over-estimate. But Miss Cather's break with reality is not in her mere choice of the historical novel; it is in her using the historical novel as the vehicle for an altered point of view—as a way of permitting distance all the more to suffuse the dream with light, soft, serene colouring. This makes it impossible for her to give any sort of valid interpretation to life; and as vision it never captures our imagination nor stirs our emotions; it is simply pretty.

It seems a pity that Miss Cather's recent books, so much better written, so much shapelier in form, so much surer in aesthetic sensibility than her early ones, should give us nothing beyond good style, shapely form, delicate sensibility. All her later work is distinctly minor, pale beside the rich earthiness of the earlier novels, thin beside their vibrant sturdiness, sterile where they were fecund. This sterility cannot, of course, do damage to her past achievements: she remains, by past performance, the best American woman novelist of her time. *The Song of the Lark* and *My Ántonia* are books that one will want to read tomorrow; and *A Lost Lady*, real and romantic both, with its bouquet compounded of evanescence and frailty and regret, is well-nigh perfect: one of the few distinguished novelettes written in America.

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OUR POST-WAR NOVEL

by Gorham Munson

Since the war the American novel has been mainly under the influence of four men,—Messrs. Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway. It will be noted that these men are divided between two generations, Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Lewis leading a middle-aged generation, the one that was triumphing around 1920, and Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Hemingway leading the younger generation which bled in the trenches and returned home young in years but cynical and bitter in disillusion.

If we are seeking some generalized description of the contemporary American novel, then a brief scrutiny of these four writers and a comparison of one with another ought to be fruitful.

Mr. Dreiser is a naturalist. His temperament is sombre and brooding and finds a philosophy of determinism congenial. His determinism, however, is tempered with pity, and it is not proof against outbursts of moral indignation. Mr. Dreiser was once a newspaper reporter, and the reportorial element is bulky in his novels. He reports on American life, its *mores*, its political and commercial aspects, its gloomy sides. I think his strength lies in his documentation of the social background, his weakness in his clumsy style and inability to portray individual character. Types of people—the ruthless materialist, the weak sensualist—he can create, but character in the round is beyond him.

Mr. Dreiser then is a fact-teller on a rather large scale, and his novels are a species of fictitious journalism, as one readily agrees to call them after thinking of Balzac's *Comédie humaine*, which was, Mr. Dreiser informs us, an inspiration in his youth. He represents a strong impulse in many Americans since the war to see the facts of our society, not through English lenses or through our own rose-coloured genteel glasses, but starkly and in all their crudity.

The same people welcomed Mr. Sinclair Lewis. Unlike Mr. Dreiser, Mr. Lewis is a realist but a realist *manqué*. I mean that he is crippled by a misapprehension as to his real gifts which are for caricature and satire. He is of the race of Dickens but he has tried to naturalize himself among the Flaubertians, and to photograph with an anti-bourgeois camera. It is in *Babbitt*, not in a poor imitation of *Madame Bovary* like *Main Street* nor in *Arrowsmith*, that we can see what Mr. Lewis's real gifts are. They are for exaggeration, or as I should prefer to call it, for perfecting a grotesque type formed by nature. George F. Babbitt surpasses the embryonic Babbitts of nature as Malvolio exceeds all natural approximations to his type. This is a remarkable achievement, the sending forth from a book of the comic-pathetic Babbitt to ride up and down our land in Pullman smoking compartments, but Mr. Lewis trusts his creative power too much. That sounds like a peculiar charge but creative power needs to

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be supplemented by data and by thinking. Mr. Lewis is only a second-rate observer of American life, less good it seems to me than Mr. Dreiser, and what we would like from him is not meticulous observation but the development of his thought about life. He is a strange case in that he is a satirist with hardly any elevation to his viewpoint, scarcely any definition even. He knows what he does not like: there is a note of anger in his writings. But what is the good life by which he measures American life? We make it out dimly: it seems to be merely the amenities of wine, conversation, art, manners. And this is not enough for powerful satire. Behind Mr. Lewis's books stands a very inferior "philosopher", Mr. H. L. Mencken.

Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald sprang into celebrity with his first novel, *This Side of Paradise,* in 1920, inaugurating "the jazz age". It was succeeded by a better novel, *The Beautiful and Damned,* and in 1925 Mr. Fitzgerald gave us his little *chef d'oeuvre, The Great Gatsby.* Mr. Fitzgerald is a romancer but of a very special kind. He writes the sinister romance, and writes it with intensity, with intelligence, with skill. More sensuous, more colourful than Mr. Lewis or Mr. Dreiser, cynical and yet youthfully enthusiastic, demonic in his appreciation of life and yet clear-sighted about the sinister undertow of time, Mr. Fitzgerald seems to me more radiant with promise than any other younger novelist we have. He came very near to crystallizing the mood of post-war youth in America as Aldous Huxley actually did crystallize it for English youth. His intelligence has not been cultivated as much as the Englishman's but he has more emotional power, a blessed faculty of being strangely keyed-up when he writes. There is more art in *The Great Gatsby* than there is in the whole shelf of Mr. Dreiser's works, and there is much less entanglement of his aim with unaesthetic impediments than Mr. Lewis exhibits. Fired by Mr. Fitzgerald's example, young American writers might have broken free of the canons of naturalistic and realistic fiction (canons that in reality are stultifying to art) and the course of our post-war novel might have been from documentary fiction toward poetic fiction (so I designate fiction containing an element of representation and somewhat enigmatic in its purport and akin in spirit to the tragic poem).

This was not to be. Mr. Fitzgerald has not published a novel since 1925 and his vogue has been succeeded by the vogue of Mr. Ernest Hemingway, beginning with the sensational reception of *The Sun Also Rises* in 1926. Mr. Hemingway brings us back to naturalism, to fact-telling. He is at one with Mr. Dreiser in seeking the concrete and the actual, in setting down the straight fact. But instead of Dreiserian pity, we are asked to take the "hard-boiled" attitude toward the straight fact, to look it brazenly in the eye. This means to assert physical values and to distrust all others: to write in a colloquial style and resort to under-statement for emotional crises: to perpetuate the psychology of the American soldier on leave in Paris. Strength and narrowness are the qualities we associate with Mr. Hemingway, and the latter, of which Mr. Fitzgerald cannot be accused, is now strangling the potentialities of many young writers attracted by Mr. Hemingway's strength.

At the moment it looks as if Mr. Hemingway's vogue is just commencing to wane, and a new star is arising among the younger generation of American novelists. He is Mr. William Faulkner. The late Arnold Bennett remarked breezily that Mr. Faulkner "writes like an angel", and we may accept the hyperbole as befitting the enthusiasm his strange declamatory style usually arouses. We can see his indebtedness to Mr. Sherwood Anderson, Mr. Waldo Frank and Mr. James Joyce: it doesn't matter. He has enriched his own gift for prose, he is a stylist in his own right, far superior to Mr. Hemingway and in respect to power and atmosphere the surpasser of Mr. Fitzgerald. In style lies his strength, but in form he does not do so well; and he is

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attracted by lurid subject matter, by melodrama, by horrors, by pathological characters. *Sanctuary* is a breath-taking book, but only on the second reading does one see how heavily, how unnecessarily too much, Mr. Faulkner has relied on the exceptional. He is a Grand Guignol naturalist, and this makes one wonder whether his vogue will not be fleeting. If it lasts for several years, we shall have one more biting commentary on the taste and judgement of our time, for while it is true that great art deals with the exceptional, the exceptional is of two kinds, the superhuman and the sub-human. In contemporary fiction the truly heroic character is not to be found, but only our familiars, ordinary people; and now there is to be, if Mr. Faulkner is indicative of a change, the coming of cretins; idiots, drug fiends, perverts, lynchers and other horrifying specimens as the principals and majority of the dramatis personae. But this is only a prospect, and it is better to keep our judgement of Mr. Faulkner in abeyance for a while.

To return to our quartet of actual leaders, it is clear that it is not ability alone that gives them leadership and makes them infectious novelists. Each happens to be an articulator of impulses, feelings, opinions that a great many of their countrymen share, and a fair number of their fellow-craftsmen are ambitious to voice. Each, that is, has appealed to a large public and each has had plenty of imitators. Account for the works of Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Lewis and Dreiser, and you have accounted for almost all of recent American fiction. I will set down some of the general observations that may be made. Our post-war novel is, to use Mr. E. M. Forster's phrase, "sogged with humanity". This is true of the novel in general: it is a secular form developed in a secular spirit. The province it has almost entirely confined itself to has been inter-human affairs and relations. The religious novel (that is, the novel of man's cosmic affairs and his relations with a creator and maintainer of the universe) scarcely exists, and there is hardly an inkling of the possibilities of such a novel. For centuries religion has been declining, or perhaps it is more accurate to say, passing into pseudo-religion which in turn has decayed. The interesting thing is that concurrently mythology, the very essence of art, has fallen: the root of art which flourishes on myth has shriveled and the artist now draws his sustenance altogether from the earth.

Our post-war novel approximates journalism. Observe how closely Mr. Dreiser sticks to "things that have happened", and how Mr. Lewis frequently writes journalese, and how Mr. Hemingway caters to the newspaper reader's unconscious values. Only Mr. Fitzgerald gets all his writing on a plane above the factual. The trend is to naturalism, to art conceived of as a descriptive process, which is what naturalism is and which is what bringing art altogether down to earth results in. Our post-war novelists concentrate on fictitious journalism, and we must, while realizing that fictitious journalism has its justification, also realize that it is the lowest and easiest form of fiction. It differs from classical art in that while classical art had an element of representation, naturalism is desirous of being completely representative, and while classical art borders on mystery, the thesis or problem of the naturalist is always perfectly intelligible, neat, un-mysterious. There are a few critics even today who feel that naturalism is a violation of the very soul of art, that it represents a pitiful diminution of the imagination.

I should say, too, looking at our leaders and casting an eye toward Europe, that we have no genuine masters in the novel, for surely none of ours is in competition with real masters like Proust or Joyce or Mann, and further I think it can be safely said that the contemporary American novel is mediocre. Is not that the conclusion we must arrive at when we compare it with the novel of today in England or in France?

I doubt if one can go further in an analysis

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of our novel on the data supplied by Dreiser, Lewis, Fitzgerald and Hemingway. There are about fifteen other novelists to take seriously (an appallingly low number, by the way) but all combined they do not alter very much the picture of our novelistic production thus far outlined. We have a few satirists and fantasists (Mr. Robert Nathan, Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart, for instance), but every one admits our weakness in satire and fantasy. We have a few psychological novelists (Mrs. Edith Wharton of the school of Henry James and Mr. Glenway Wescott, one of several promising talents), and more of a group I call, after Mrs. Virginia Woolf, the character-mongers and comedians (Miss Willa Cather, Mr. Booth Tarkington, Miss Isa Glenn, *et alia*). Experimenters, too, and in rather high proportion (Mr. Dos Passos and Evelyn Scott are notable examples). I fancy I hear some reader say, why are not Mr. Hergesheimer, Mr. Cabell and Mr. Wilder being set up on pedestals? Because, it seems to me, each is in a special way an example of the *faux bon*. My intention here precludes entering on an exhaustive survey but a rapid glance here and there is confirmatory of the general charge of mediocrity brought against our novel.

It is regrettable we have had no novel from Mr. Waldo Frank since his *Chalk Face* in 1924. It will be disputed but in my judgement he is a far more important figure than the late D. H. Lawrence. He includes in his work the revolt of Lawrence but did not become imprisoned by his recoil from moribund values. This, because he did not embrace Lawrence's fallacy of instinctive unification (there is no unifying principle in our biological selves), but instead he looks for an integrating principle in our latent psychology. And this is the religious search. Mr. Frank has a special claim to critical attention in that he alone among us tries to write the prophetic novel. He saves the honour of our guild of novelists in doing so, for while only very few are ever called to prophesy in fiction, it is not honourable to a national literature to offer no candidates whatever—the more dishonourable for us who count a Herman Melville on our roll of great artists.

But Mr. Frank, as noted, has not published a novel since 1924. Much depends on what has matured in him in the interval, for it cannot be said that thus far he has encompassed the great difficulties of his way.

Has this appraisal of our post-war novel been rather too cool? It must be remembered that our critical fault today is too easy praise, an enthusiasm of the moment; an attempt in the other direction is pardonable by way of restoring balance. The American novelist is no longer colonial in spirit. The tie to English literature has been loosened, a blessing but not unmixed. We want to treat our own themes, our own people, seen with a native vision, and this is well and good. But temporarily we are adrift, without traditions to stabilize us or standards to steer by or models to emulate. We need to be American but we must be conscious that there are phases in the development of a national literature, and so not overestimate the phase of naturalistic fact-telling we are now involved in.

A low opinion of our achievements—a creative dissatisfaction—these would be the signs of our health, and these signs I do not find. Criticism sleeps and so doing encourages monotony of production. It is for criticism, impotent itself to perform feats of creation, to point out what the creators are not doing and to demand greater exertions toward the unattainable goal of art. It is legitimate for criticism to do this, for after all what is the critic but the advanced reader, the best audience available to the artist? The excellence of the critic is in reading and judging as the excellence of the artist is in imagining and creating, and the final thing I wish to say is that there is lethargy among our critics, our best readers, on the subject of the novel, its principles, its theories, its history and future; and this lethargy is partly to blame for the comparatively slow progress and low ambition of American novelists.

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CHARLES DICKENS

AND HIS

OLDEST FRIEND

BEING the lifelong correspondence of Charles Dickens with Thomas Beard, recently discovered and now published for the first time, with a commentary by Bernard Darwin. In four parts.

Part One

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CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS OLDEST FRIEND

NEARLY a hundred years ago, in 1832, Charles Dickens began a correspondence with his friend Thomas Beard, which was destined to be carried on without interruption till Dickens's death in 1870. The two had first made friends when they were young reporters in the Gallery of the House of Commons; they remained ever afterwards on the warmest and most affectionate terms and in his letters to Beard Dickens discussed freely and intimately the events of his public and private life.

These letters have never before been published. Sir Henry Dickens, the only surviving child of the writer, has now approved of their publication, and in this and forthcoming issues of the BOOKMAN there will be printed a selection of the most interesting of them, together with some, likewise never before published, to Thomas Beard's brother, Frank Carr Beard. Those who already know Dickens's letters know that they are among the most racy and delightful in the English language and that as a letter-writer he kept throughout his life that natural bubbling spontaneity of high spirits which marked his earlier books. They know what to expect and will rejoice accordingly at the chance of reading more, but there are also many people who love Dickens's books and yet have never read his letters. Here is their chance to repair these shortcomings. They will soon realize that Dickens's genius was so profuse that he could on the spur of the moment and for the pleasure of a single friend dash off little pieces of inimitable description, any one of which would have made the fame of a lesser man.

The letters begin a few days before Dickens's twentieth birthday. He was nineteen when he first entered the Press Gallery, where his father, John Dickens, was already a reporter. He worked first for the *True Sun* and the *Mirror of Parliament* and in his twenty-third year he joined the *Morning Chronicle*, of the staff of which Beard also became a member. The two constantly worked in double harness on the occasion of reporting some important speech outside London.

Dickens seems in general to have been rather reserved with his fellow reporters and Beard was his one intimate friend in the Gallery. Their relations were never afterwards affected by the fact that one of them attained, while still very young, an astounding fame and popularity and the other remained comparatively obscure. In these letters we find Dickens always cordial and affectionate, regularly pressing Beard to dine or stay at his house and trying, when he can, to put work in his way, notably in asking him to be his secretary and companion on a projected reading tour in Australia. Beard was often present at the festivities with which Dickens loved to celebrate such events as his birthday or the finishing of a book. Forster, in his *Life*, especially mentions him at the cottage at Petersham which Dickens took for summer holidays. Jolly parties were invited to play at various outdoor games and "Dickens held his own even against such accomplished athletes as Maclise and Mr. Beard".

Beard was godfather to Dickens's eldest son Charles and when in 1886 this son was proposing to publish a jubilee edition of *Pickwick* he asked leave to dedicate it to Beard in these words:

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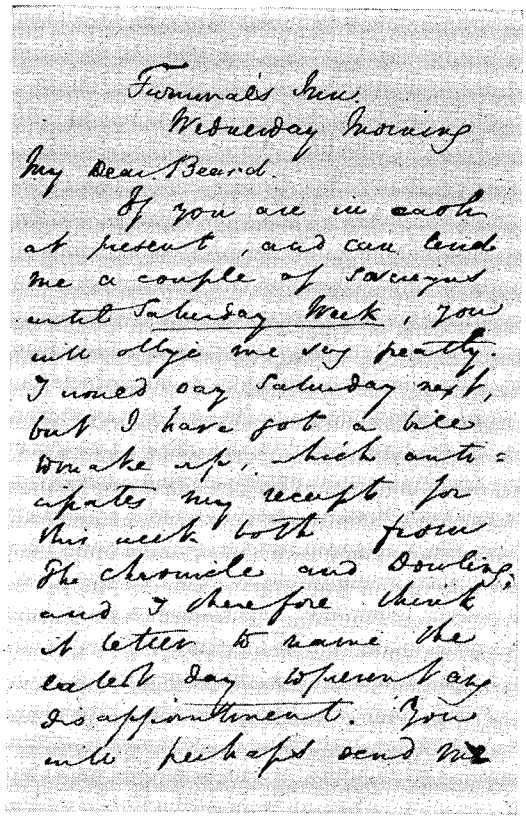

Furnival's Inn,
Wednesday Morning

My Dear Beard.

If you are in cash at present, and can lend me a couple of sovereigns until Saturday Week, you will oblige me very greatly. I owed my Landlady rent, but I have got a bill to make up, which anticipates my receipt for this week both from The Chronicle and Bentley, and I therefore think a letter to name the earliest day you can appointment. You will perhaps send me

One young reporter touches another for ten dollars to tide over an emergency. Later, when Dickens was rich and famous, he repaid many times over the kindness he received from Thomas Beard. In a future instalment of this correspondence we see Dickens trying to furnish work for Beard when Beard had lost his job and was in difficulties.

---

to Thomas Beard
my father's oldest friend
and my godfather
I dedicate the
Jubilee Edition
of the Pickwick Papers
With sincere regard
CHARLES DICKENS THE YOUNGER.

The brother, Frank Carr Beard, was not only a close friend but was also Dickens's doctor during the later years of his life and was regularly consulted by him when his health began to show signs of failing under the strain of overwork. The letters to him run from 1859 to the year of Dickens's death, 1870, and will appear in a later number.

Now let us begin on February 4, 1832, when Dickens was within three days of his twentieth birthday and hard at work in the Gallery. This was two months after his first article, *A Dinner at Poplar Walk*, had appeared in print in the *Monthly Magazine* and filled him with overpowering pride and pleasure. He was living with his father and mother, and this letter is from their house:

70, Margaret Street,
Cavendish Square.
Saturday, February 4th, 1832.

Dear Beard,

I intend keeping the anniversary of my Birthday, which occurs on Wednesday next the eighth instant, by asking a chosen few to join a friendly quadrille.

THE VILLAGE OF PICKWICK, NEAR BATH

A shrine for Dickens lovers and the origin of the name of his famous character, although Dickens took the name not from the town itself but from a coach bearing it. It is not known that Dickens ever visited Pickwick, but in their newspaper journeys he and Thomas Beard frequently went to the neighboring town of Bath, and Pickwick was typical of the villages met in his books.

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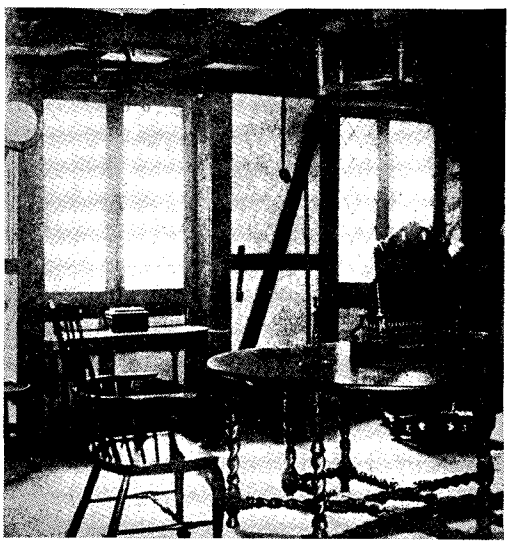
If you will make one of our family circle by seven o'clock, or as early as the house will allow you, it will give us the greatest pleasure to see you.

Believe me,
Yours truly,
CHARLES DICKENS.

Thomas Beard, Esq.

As a matter of precise fact Dickens's birthday was the 7th and not the 8th of February. Probably it was celebrated as nearly on the



A scene in the Doughty Street house, where Dickens spent the early years of his marriage. The house has been restored to its condition in Dicken's time, and was recently opened to the public as a Dickens memorial.

right day as was at various times convenient, for in the next year there is a similar invitation to his birthday party—a coming of age this time—on February 11th. With the letter is enclosed a solemn invitation from Dickens's mother:

Mrs. Dickens requests the pleasure of Mr. Beard's company at an evening party on Monday the 11th instant.
Quadrilles. 8 o'clock.
18, Bentinck Street, Manchester Square.

The next year we find Dickens on the point of setting up on his own account in chambers. The reason was that his father after a period of comparative prosperity found himself once more in those "difficulties" which are familiar to us as Mr. Micawber's. John Dickens had retired from the Navy Pay Office in 1825 and his pension together with his earnings on the Press seem to have made the family more comfortable than ever before. Mr. Micawber's rule for happiness—annual income £20, annual expenditure £19.19.6—was not however one that John Dickens was likely to keep forever. At any rate the family had to give up its house and separate in different directions and Dickens's individual resources were, as was natural enough, temporarily straitened in consequence. As a single young man he was by no means badly off. He was paid a salary of five guineas by the *Chronicle* and this he had begun to supplement by his writings. The *Monthly Magazine*, being in low water, could no longer afford to pay for those sketches that we now know as *Sketches by Boz*; Dickens had thereupon looked out for another market and found one in the *Evening Chronicle*, an offshoot of the *Morning Chronicle*. George Hogarth, afterwards his father-in-law, was in charge of it. Dickens proposed to contribute some "light papers in the style of his *Street Sketches*". These gained for him another two guineas a week; the sketches instantly became popular and led to the invitation to write for Seymour's drawings the letterpress which we now know as the *Pickwick Papers*. Meanwhile, however, his moving was expensive and he had to borrow a little money from Beard. On "Thursday morning" in 1834 he writes from Bentinck Street:

Dear Tom,

With some difficulty I have fortunately persuaded the Bill Broker to renew the bill for two months on paying the usual *moderate* bonus tomorrow.

My salary for a week or two is so completely

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mortgaged by the expenses consequent on our removal, that I really have no resource but your kind offer. If your expectation of receiving some money has been realized, will you lend me £5 for a short time? If you have been disappointed, I shall esteem your kindness quite as highly as if you had had the money, and if you have not, it will be of the most essential service to me.

In another letter of much the same date he discloses the troubles of the Dickens family, at the request of his mother:

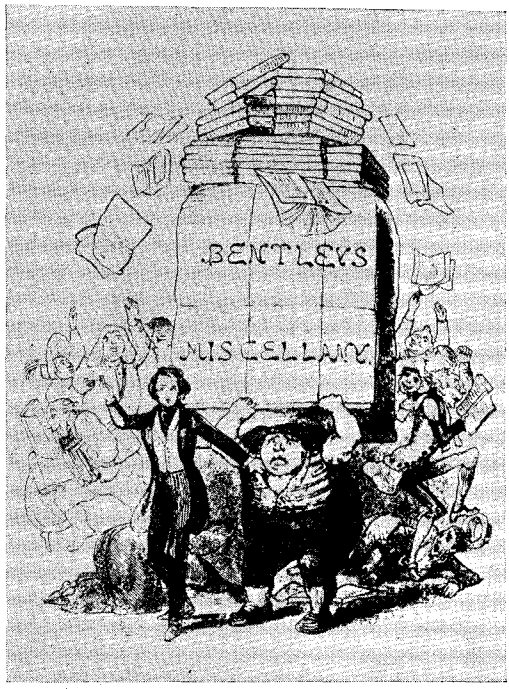
Bentinck Street,
Saturday Evening, 1834.

Dear Tom,

I arrived from Birmingham at 7 this morning and remained at the office until 10, correcting the proofs of the whack for a second Edition. I am rather fagged, as you may suppose, having perpetrated four columns in as many hours before I left the town of dirt, iron-work, radicals and hardware.

If I had not a little business to transact on my own account tonight, I should, tired as I am, run the chance of finding you at home, for the purpose of saying a few words to you on a very distressing subject. My mother appears most anxious that your sister and yourself should be made acquainted with the situation in which she is placed. Knowing the anxiety of her feelings on this head, and concurring most sincerely with her in valuing the friendship of yourself and family most highly, I think it better to spare her the pain of making any communication, by writing to you myself at once. I do this with the less reluctance as I have already, more than once, hinted to you my fears that the state of my father's affairs, and his want of attention to them, would render a change in our situation, imperative.

The fact is simply this—for a time, at all events, we must disperse ourselves as best we can, consistently with a reasonable hope of consulting the interests of all. My father, I apprehend, will not re-join his family for some time; my mother and two sisters will reside in the immediate neighbourhood of our present lodgings—I hope in comfortable quarters, where they are not strangers—and I, taking Frederick with me, to instruct and provide for as I best can, shall repair to Chambers in Furnival's Inn.



"AN EXTRAORDINARY GAZETTE"

From a leaflet issued (March, 1837) by the publisher Bentley for the monthly magazine of which he had just made Dickens editor. The young man in the picture is Dickens, who had just turned twenty-five and was hard at work keeping up the monthly instalments of two novels, "Pickwick" and "Oliver Twist", the latter appearing in Bentley's.—The leaflet bore the legend "An Extraordinary Gazette".

This is no great mystery after all, and perhaps will prove a source of but little surprise to you; but as I wish you to know the real state of the case without delay, and as I know my Mother does the same, I have no hesitation in confiding it to you, to disclose just as much, or as little of, as you think proper. There may be something of selfishness in this: for one never values friends so highly as in seasons of adversity, when their loss would be most felt. You may attribute this communication to what cause you please—as far as I am concerned I can have no wish for concealment, and to my mother and sisters I know it will be a relief to find that you, and yours, know the worst.

I will conclude this long and gloomy epistle by saying that after much trouble and anxiety,

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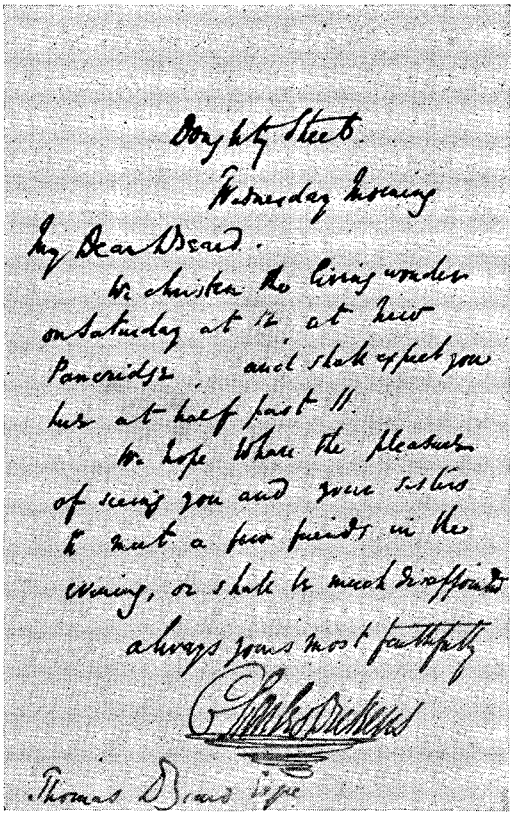
I think I have, in conjunction with a friend of ours, succeeded in making the best general arrangement that could possibly be effected. We have much more cause for cheerfulness than despondency after all: and as I for one am determined to see everything in as bright a light as possible, having, thank God, little at present to fear on my own score, and not much on theirs, I will not add another word on the subject.

The move to Furnival's Inn was shortly afterwards made and we soon find Dickens asking Beard to dine with him there, as soon as his rooms become habitable. It is one of many such invitations, most of them written in more cheerful and flamboyant spirits:

On returning from the city today, I found, contrary to my expectations, that my man had not sent. As I have *no dishes*, no curtains, and no french polish, I think we had better, for all our comforts, defer the projected flare until Saturday—on one condition: namely that my seeing you on that evening, will not prejudice your dining with me on Sunday.



Dickens tells Beard the hour for the christening of "the living wonder", his first child. Beard was to be the godfather.

The difficulties still continued to some small extent in 1835 as we see from the next letter dated from Furnival's Inn on "Wednesday morning". He had moved there after a short period of Buckingham Street in the Adelphi where David Copperfield lived under the tyranny of Mrs. Crupp.

If you are in cash at present, and can lend me a couple of sovereigns until Saturday Week, you will oblige me greatly. I would say Saturday next, but I have got a bill to make up, which anticipates my receipt for this week both from *The Chronicle* and Dowling: and I therefore think it better to name the latest day to prevent any disappointment. You will perhaps send me a reply by the Bearer.

I am in great distress of mind just now. Both Catherine and Mrs. Hogarth are laid up with the scarlet fever, which they both took in an extraordinarily sudden manner on Sunday last, after spending the preceding evening with me. I suppose in the ordinary course of things, I shall have it next, as I am, you will readily believe, by the bed-side of the former every day.

Catherine is of course Miss Hogarth, to whom he was now engaged. Dowling is Mr. Vincent Dowling, an acquaintance in the Gallery of whom Dickens always spoke warmly. He was the Editor of the famous *Bell's Life in London* to which Dickens contributed some *Scenes and Characters*.

The next three letters, also in 1835, tell something of Dickens's arduous life in dashing about the country on his reporting errands. Mr. Beard was never tired in later life of saying that "there never was such a shorthand writer" and this was the opinion not only of the other reporters in the Gallery but of Dickens himself. The work, when he went to report in the country, had to be done in circumstances of difficulty that today sound

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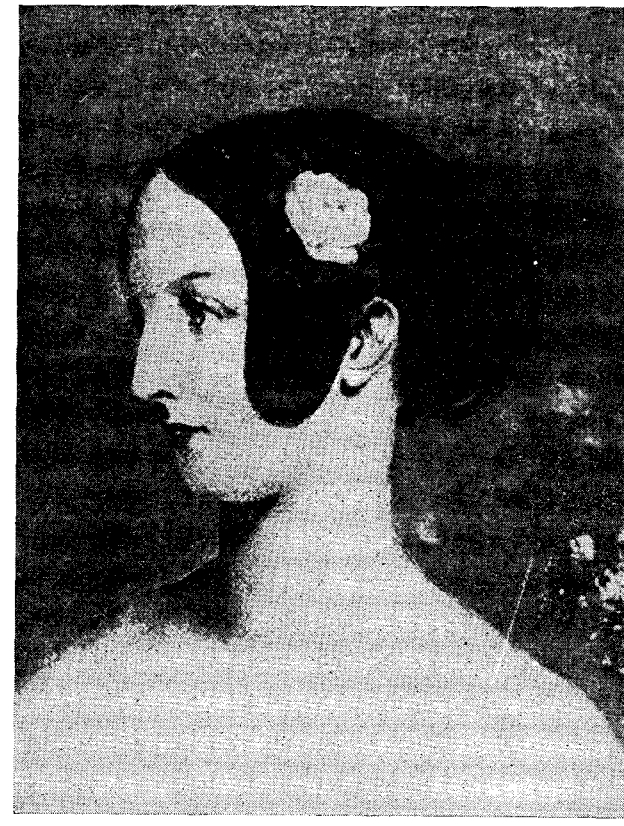

MARY HOGARTH

from the painting by Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz"). She was the original of all Dickens's gentle heroines—Agnes Wickfield, Kate Nickleby, Little Nell, among others. Mary Hogarth was the younger sister of Dickens's wife, and her death was, by common consent of Dickens's biographers, the greatest sorrow of his life. On the second and third pages following will be found the letter in which Dickens told Beard of the tragic occurrence.

laughable but must sometimes have been nearly heart-breaking. Years afterwards in 1865 he told something of them in a speech. "I have often", he said, "transcribed for the printer from my shorthand notes, important public speeches in which the strictest accuracy was required, and a mistake in which would have been for a young man extremely compromising, writing on the palm of my hand by the light of a dark lantern in a post-chaise and four, galloping through a wild country, and through the dead of night, at the then surprising rate of fifteen miles an hour." Miry roads, wheelless carriages, drunken post boys—he suffered from them all and was no doubt thinking of those terrific journeys when he described the pursuit of Jingle and Miss Wardle.

Two letters in May, 1835, show something of what he had to endure. The first he writes from Wincanton:

Dear Tom,

I arrived here (57 miles from Exeter) at 8 yesterday evening having finished my whack at the previous stage. I arranged with Neilson, whom I occasionally saw on the course of my journey, that I would stop where he did: and finding him housed here, I ordered dinner, beds, and breakfasts for two. I am happy to say that our friend Unwin, when on duty, is the most zealous, active, and indefatigable little fellow I ever saw. I have now, not the slightest doubt (God willing) of the success of our Express. On our first stage we had very poor horses. At the continuation of the second, *The Times* and I changed horses together; they had the start two or three minutes; I bribed the post boys tremendously and we came in literally neck and neck—the most beautiful sight I ever saw. The next stage, your humble caught them before they had changed; and the next, Denison preceded Unwin about two minutes, leaving Neilson here to return to Exeter tomorrow evening and I to get up by the Telegraph at 11. The

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roads were *extremely heavy,* and as *they* had 4, I ordered the same at every stage and empowered Unwin to do the same until he met his horses; indorsing on the parcel that the rain rendered it a matter of *absolute necessity.*

The second shows how he got home again and neither of them needs any comment, except perhaps that *The Times* and the *Morning Chronicle* were particularly deadly rivals and were in the habit of attacking each other with the splendid venom of the two Eatanswill editors, Mr. Pott and Mr. Slurk.

We are reminded of Eatanswill by the next letter which should actually have been placed before those two, for it is dated "Sunday Morning 9th Jan. 1835". Dickens had gone down to Chelmsford for the Election and his letter is written from the Black Boy Hotel:

I wish of all things that you were with me. Barring the grime of solitude I have been very comfortable since I left town and trust I shall remain so until I return, which I shall do about the latter end of the week, unless I receive orders from the office to the contrary.

Owing to the slippery state of the roads on the morning I started, I magnanimously declined the honour of driving myself, and hid my dignity in the Inside of a Stage Coach. As the Election here had not commenced, I went on to Colchester (which is a very nice town) and returned here on the following morning. Yesterday I had to start at 8 o'clock for Braintree—a place 12 miles off: and being unable to get a saddle horse, I actually ventured on a gig—and what is more, I actually did the four-and-twenty miles without upsetting it. I wish to God you could have seen me tooling in and out of the banners, drums, conservative emblems, horsemen, and go-carts with which every little green was filled as the processions were waiting for Sir John Tyrell and Baring. Every time the horse heard a drum he bounced into the hedge, or to the left side of the road; and everytime I got him out of that, he bounded into the hedge on the right side. When he *did* go however, he went along admirably. The road was clear when I returned, and with the trifling exception of breaking my whip, I flatter myself I did the whole thing in something like style.

If any one were to ask me what in my opinion was the dullest and most stupid spot on the face of the Earth, I should decidely say Chelmsford. Though only 29 miles from town, there is not a single shop where they sell Sunday Papers. I can't get an *Athenaeum*, a *Literary Gazette*—no not even a penny Magazine, and here I am on a wet Sunday looking out of a damned large bow window at the rain as it falls into the puddles opposite; wondering when it will be dinner time, and cursing my folly in having put no books into my Portmanteau. The only book I have seen here is one which lies upon the sofa. It is entitled *Field Exercises and Evolutions of the Army, by Sir Henry Torrens.* I have read it through so often, that I am sure I could drill a hundred recruits from memory. There is not even anything to look at in the place, except two immense prisons, large enough to hold all the Inhabitants of the country—whom they can have been built for I can't imagine.

This letter seems to be simply full of anticipations of Pickwickian delights. The banners and the drums are those of Horatio Fizkin, Esquire and the Hon. Samuel Slumkey; the horse is Mr. Winkle's and that imprisonment by the weather in an inn is exactly what Mr. Pickwick suffered in Birmingham in company with Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen after his depressing interview with Mr. Winkle Senior, save that they had not even Sir Henry Torrens to read, only the evening paper which was "read and re-read with an intensity of interest only known in cases of extreme destitution".

These exhausting and enjoyable adventures were soon to end, for with the next year, 1836, we come to *Pickwick* and that tremendous popularity which sprang up like Jack's beanstalk. It was in February of that year that Mr. Hall of Chapman and Hall knocked at Dickens's door in Furnival's Inn and proposed to him the book in serial numbers that was to be *The Pickwick Papers.* On March 31st the first number appeared and on April 2nd he was married to Catherine Hogarth. With the fifth number in August

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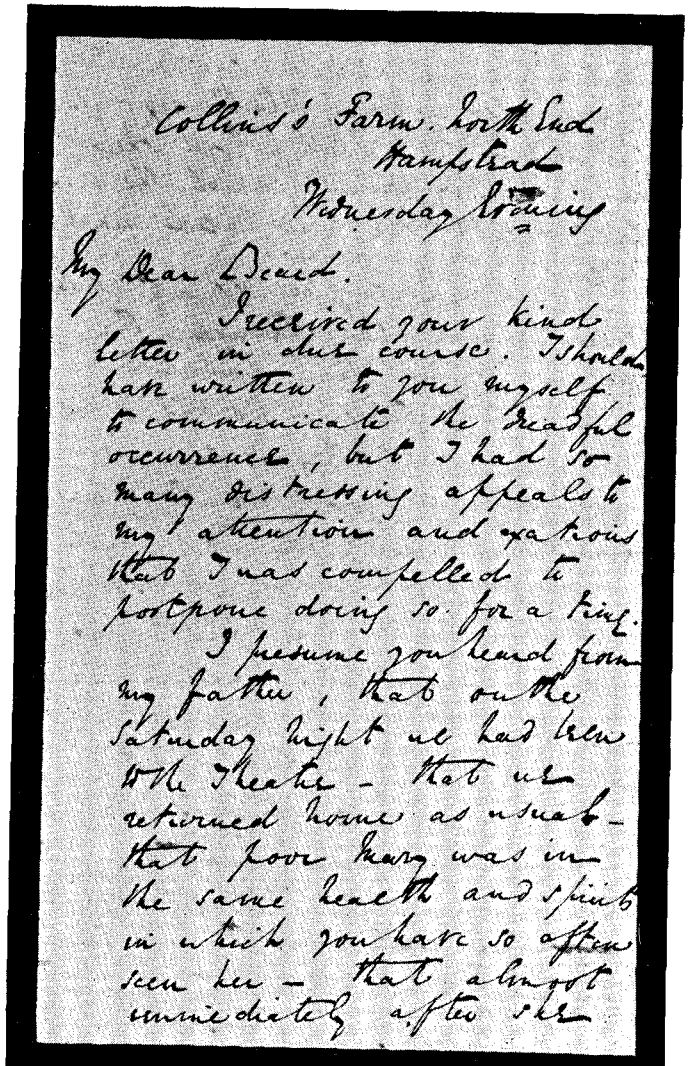

Collins's Farm. North End
Hampstead
Wednesday Morning

My Dear Dear.

I received your kind letter in due course. I should have written to you myself to communicate the dreadful occurrence, but I had so many distressing appeals to my attention and exertions that I was compelled to postpone doing so for a time.

I presume you heard from my father, that on the Saturday night we had been to the Theatre - that we returned home as usual - that poor Mary was in the same health and spirits in which you have so often seen her - that almost immediately after she went upstairs bleak she was taken ill - and that next day she died. Thank God she died in my arms and the very last words she whispered were of love.

Of our sufferings at the time, and all through the dreary week that ensued, I will say nothing - no one can imagine what they were. You have seen a good deal of them, and can feel for us, and imagine what a blank she has left behind. The first burst of my grief has passed, and I can think and speak of her calmly and dispassionately. I solemnly believe that so perfect a creature never breathed. I knew her innermost heart, and her real worth and value. She had not a fault.

Mrs Hogarth has suffered

and still continues to suffer most deep and bitter anguish. Kate, I am glad to say, made such strong efforts to console her, that she unconsciously summoned up all her fortitude at the same time, and brought it to her own assistance. She knows that if ever a mortal went to Heaven, her sister is there; she has nothing to remember but a long course of affection and attachment, perhaps never exceeded. Not one cross word or angry look on either side, even as children, rises in judgment against her; and she is now so calm and cheerful that I wonder to see her.

I have been so shaken and unnerved by the loss of one whom I so dearly loved that I have been compelled to lay aside all thoughts of my usual monthly work, for once; and we have come here for quiet and change. We have a cottage of our own, with large gardens, and everything else on a small but comfortable scale. Kate is very anxious indeed to see you, and as I can assure you that you will derive anything but pain from seeing her, I hope you will join us in the old way. Name your own time, and believe me that there is no one whom it would give us so much pleasure to welcome as yourself.

Believe me my Dear Beard
Ever Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esqre

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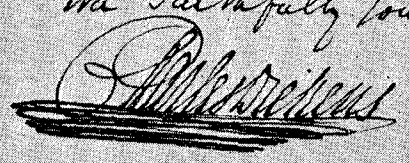


Sam Weller made his appearance to send the sales soaring up and to make his creator famous once and for all. With the last parliamentary session of the year Dickens left the Gallery for ever. His letters do not tell us much of this most exciting and momentous year. There is one in which he says as a postscript: "I want a walk: we can have a stroll on Monday if you are not engaged. The top of the Monument is one of my longings: the ditto of Saint Paul's another". There is nothing in the letter itself except an allusion which has some historical interest.

"Perhaps," he writes, "if you should be coming into town on that day you will have no objection to enquire for me at Bentley's at about quarter to twelve—I send you herewith the forthcoming *Miscellany* with my glance at the new Poor Law Bill."

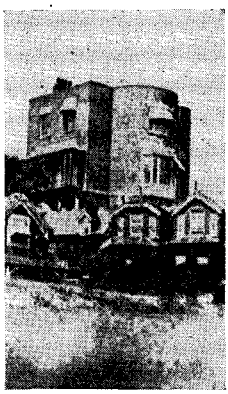
Bentley was a publisher and had instantly seen that in this new author there was to be gained a prize of the first magnitude. He made a bid for him and got him. Dickens in the first flush of triumph and an exuberant confidence in his strength and power of invention undertook more than mortal man could do. He agreed to edit the *Miscellany*, mentioned in the letter, for Bentley; to supply a story for it, which he did in the shape of *Oliver Twist*, and two more stories into the bargain. This too while he was contracted to Chapman and Hall for yet another story, destined to be *Nicholas Nickleby*. It became apparent later that such a bargain as that with Bentley must be revised and Dickens felt bitterly that he was working himself to death for the benefit of others and declined to go on. In the end he bought back the copyright of *Oliver Twist* from Bentley, while the contract for *Barnaby Rudge* and the third story were cancelled.

With 1837 we may be said to start on a new era in which Dickens is an established literary personage. Among the letters in this year is an invitation to the christening of his eldest child, Charles Culliford Boz Dickens, born on January 6th, to whom Beard was godfather. The letter is written from Doughty Street, whither Dickens and his wife had moved from Furnival's Inn:

My dear Beard,

We christen the living wonder on Saturday at 12, at New Pancridge, and shall expect you here at half past 11.

We hope to have the pleasure of seeing you



BROADSTAIRS

The charming house in Kent which Dickens had discovered in 1838 and which remained always his best loved holiday house.

and your sisters to meet a few friends in the evening, or shall be much disappointed.

Always yours most faithfully

CHARLES DICKENS.

This was a happy event. The next letter refers to a sad one, the death in May of his young sister-in-law Mary Hogarth, which so prostrated Dickens with grief that for two months there was no number of *Pickwick* published, and he moved for change and rest to a farm at Hampstead.

Collins's Farm, North End,
Hampstead.
Wednesday Evening.

My dear Beard,

I received your kind letter in due course. I should have written to you myself to communicate the dreadful occurrence, but I had so many distressing appeals to my attention and exertions, that I was compelled to postpone doing so for a time.

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I presume you heard from my father, that on the Saturday Night we had been to the Theatre —that we returned home as usual—that poor Mary was in the same health and spirits in which you have so often seen her—that almost immediately after she went upstairs to bed she was taken ill—and that next day she died. Thank God she died in my arms, and the very last words she whispered were of me.

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Mrs. Hogarth has suffered and still continues to suffer most deep and bitter anguish. Kate, I am glad to say, made such strong efforts to console her, that she unconsciously summoned up all her fortitude at the same time, and brought it to her own assistance. She knows that if ever a mortal went to Heaven, her sister is there; she has nothing to remember but a long course of affection and attachment, perhaps never exceeded. Not one cross word or angry look on either side, even as children, rises in judgement against her: and she is now so calm and cheerful that I wonder to see her.

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At the same time came a short letter from Dickens's father, full of genuine sorrow and conceived in a style in which it is not, I hope, unkind to trace something of Mr. Micawber's solemnity of language.

Dickens wrote the Epitaph for Mary Hogarth's grave, which was greatly admired by Leigh Hunt: "Young, beautiful and good, God numbered her among his angels at the early age of seventeen".

After this comes a gap in the letters of more than two years, from May, 1837, to September, 1839. During this time Dickens's fame had steadily increased and he had worked prodigiously. While *Pickwick* was still running its course *Oliver Twist* had begun to appear in *Bentley's Miscellany*. Before *Oliver Twist* was finished the first number of *Nicholas Nickleby* had appeared in April, 1838. It ended in October, 1839, and this was celebrated by a dinner to which Beard was asked in a letter dated September 21st. The letter is further interesting as being the first from Broadstairs, which was to be afterwards Dickens's beloved holiday home. He had discovered it some two years before.

The next letter is also from Broadstairs, written in tearing spirits and with a delightful expectation of conviviality and friendliness.

37, Altron Street,
Broadstairs.
June 1st, 1840.

My dear Beard,

With that tremendous energy which characterizes the proceedings of this establishment, we thought of coming here one day last week, and accordingly came this very morning. We have been in the house two hours, and the dining-parlour closet already displays a good array of bottles, duly arranged by the writer hereof—the spirits labelled "Gin", "Brandy", "Hollands" in autograph character—and the wine tasted and approved. The castors already boast mushroom ketchup, harvey, cayenne and such like condiments; the writing table is set forth with a neatness peculiar to your estimable friend; and the furniture in all the rooms has been entirely rearranged by the same extraordinary character. The sea is rolling away, like nothing but the sea, in front of the house, and there are two pretty spare bedrooms waiting to be occupied.

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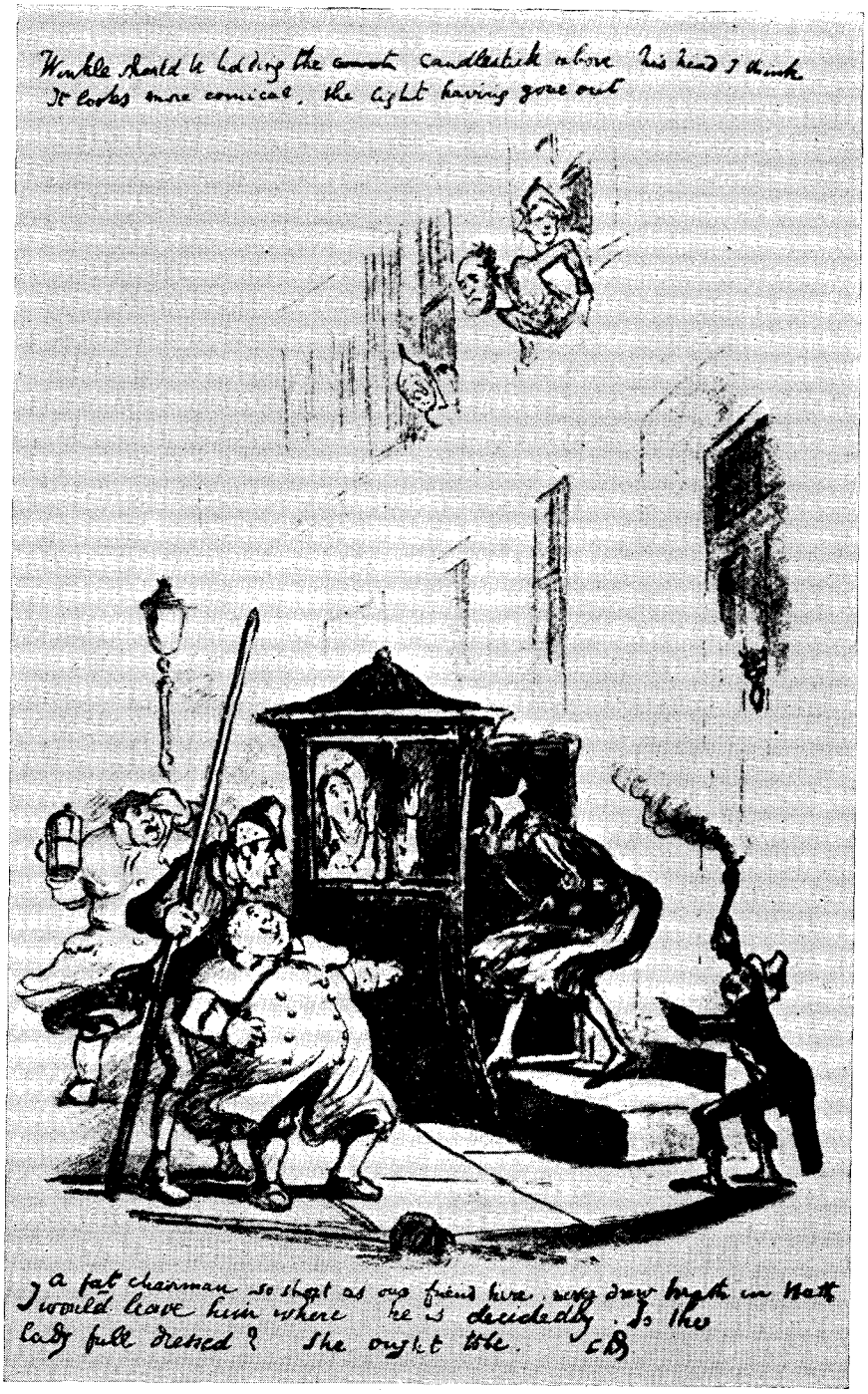

The first draught of one of "Phiz's" illustrations to "Pickwick", with Dickens's suggestions in the margin for making it "more comical".

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DICKENS IN BOSTON

A portrait made when Dickens first came to America in 1842, by a Boston artist, Pierre Morand. The picture emphasizes how great a dandy the young Charles Dickens had become since his success, a characteristic much commented on at the time by those who knew his humble origins.

We mean to stay here a month, and to return, please God, for another month in the beginning of September.

For occasional manly sports in July and August, I shall endeavour to find some queer cabin at Cobham in Kent.

Meantime verbum sap. Every Saturday morning at 9 o'clock there is a Ramsgate Steamer leaving London Bridge Wharf, which, being boarded off this place by a boat belonging to it, will deposit you in the family's arms. On Monday mornings you can leave here either at 8 or 9, and be in town as you please at about ½ past 3 or ½ past 4.

Therefore, as I am very tired and just now going to bed preparatory to close work tomorrow, I hereby forward you these instructions, expecting by return of post a becoming assurance of your duty and submission.

My Dear Beard,

Heartily Yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

In 1841 Dickens writes to Beard to tell him that he had an operation. As to what it was Forster gives no hint, speaking merely of his "grave illness".

You will hardly believe it I dare say, for I can't, but I have been very ill for a week, and last Friday morning was obliged to submit to a cruel operation, and the cutting out, root and branch of a disease caused by working over much, which has been gathering, it seems, for years. Thank God it's all over and I am on the sofa again—rather lean, but filling the Doctor with boundless astonishment, notwithstanding.

If his illness was caused by overwork as he said, it was small wonder, for since the last letter he had devised the rather cumbrous framework of *Master Humphrey's Clock*, which so far as we are now concerned contained *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and had also finished *Barnaby Rudge*, which had been on the stocks for some while. Further, after more worry in bargaining with publishers, he had agreed to write *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Before he did so, however, he had decided to go to America, to which he had received many cordial invitations. On January 3rd in 1842 he sailed on the Cunard steamer *Britannia* with his wife and a maid, and landed in Boston on January 28th, after a terrible voyage in which the perils were very real and not merely of a landsman's invention.

The correspondence of Dickens with Thomas Beard is resumed next month with a long letter in which Dickens describes the hardships of the Atlantic crossing and his first experiences in America.

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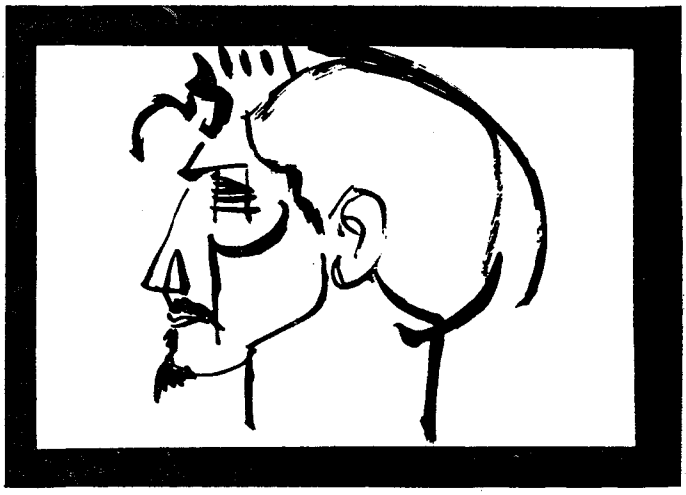

Sketch of Ezra Pound by Gaudier-Brzeska.

THE EZRA POUND PERIOD

by Iris Barry

WALKING across Wimbledon Common one autumn day, Ezra Pound gave me what was undoubtedly an illuminating and comprehensive account—a sort of bird's eye view for a provincial just arrived in the metropolis—of the state of literature and the arts in England in that year 1916. Though we had corresponded for some time, it was the first time I actually laid eyes on him.

The preface of his discourse was all about T. E. Hulme and how it happened that his poems were printed at the end of Pound's own *Ripostes*. Though much of this, at least, has since been recorded in Mr. Glenn Hughes's *Imagism and the Imagists*, I have never ceased bitterly to regret that of it and the rest I heard barely a word—no more than a few names out of what was certainly an invaluable and highly personal (as it was visibly a most dramatic) dissertation. But the wind was blowing hard. It hurled the words away from Pound's lips as they issued, across the landscape. Also, Pound talks like no one else. His is almost a wholly original accent, the base of American mingled with a dozen assorted "English society" and Cockney accents inserted in mockery, French, Spanish and Greek exclamations, strange cries and catcalls, the whole very oddly inflected, with dramatic pauses and *diminuendos*. It takes time to get used to it, especially as the lively and audacious mind of Pound packs his speech—as well as his writing—with undertones and allusions. I knew as little as a dog he might have been taking for a walk of even the sort of thing he was talking about: and, in addition, was too agitated to grasp much, now that I found myself striding along beside the Spirit of Revolt itself. Yet the whole incident was typical of Pound, of his friendly attitude and his impulse to impart and instruct in case instruction might fall sometimes on good ground.

At that time his name stood in England, along with that of the sculptor Epstein, for all that was dangerously different, horridly new. After all, ragtime had barely become

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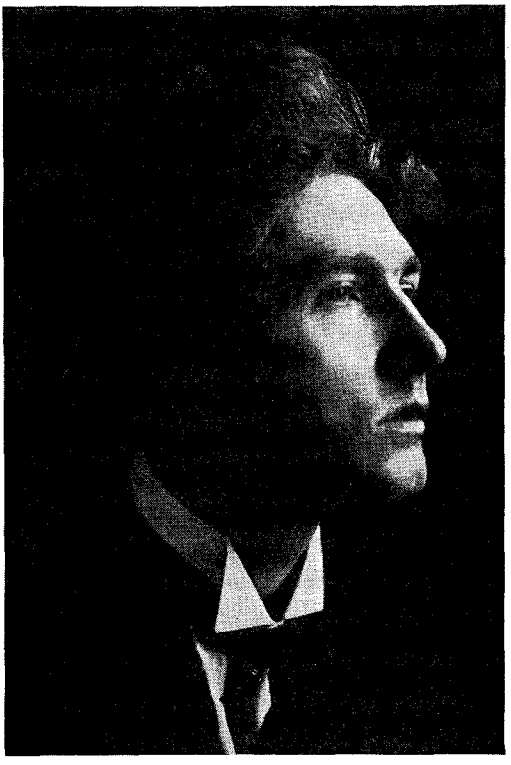
jazz then and skirts were still only creeping up. The general public had only vaguely heard of futurism, cubism, imagism and vorticism, all of which were thought vaguely to be identical and definitely to be sinister. A few ambitious young people had, however, gladly hurled aside their Maeterlincks and Kiplings and, with the enthusiasm and ignorance that combine to make the younger generation always so endearing, had lent their spiritual support if not their understanding to these new things. There was a feeling that something exciting had happened which belonged peculiarly to them. Pound's poetry, reprinted derisively in popular periodicals, immediately found for him a following. For fear of seeming to exaggerate now, I hesitate to say just what his poetry and that of his associates did mean to the rebellious minority at the time. Certainly from two to three thousand young persons between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five immediately set to work, often with deplorable results, attempting to produce other poems in the same manner and tone. That the effect was, in the end, an avoidance in prose rather than in poetry of the use of "seven words where three will do" is curious: but the influence of Pound was immediate and considerable, in the widest sense as well as in its more obvious effects, on a dozen writers now eminent in English and American literature. Since the "poisonous influence" of Leigh Hunt and his "Cockney school of poetry" there had been nothing quite like it.



An early picture of Ezra Pound, taken around 1910, before the "Ezra Pound period" began. Most of the pictures accompanying this article were made during the period itself.—Ezra Pound was born at Hailey, Idaho, in 1885. He studied at the University of Pennsylvania and Hamilton, travelled in Europe on a scholarship, and in 1907 became an instructor at Wabash College. After four months he left for Italy, and 1908 found him in London. The publication of two little books of poetry the next year opened the literary world to him, and in a short time his remarkable personal qualities began to exert the influence recounted here.

Partly because his own enthusiastic nature made him from the first—like Leigh Hunt—a teacher and propagandist, and partly because as an American he was not at that time called upon to take part in military activities, Pound played a very singular rôle then.

The belief seems to have grown up that from 1914 to 1918 no one in England had any interest save in making munitions, entertaining wounded soldiers, letting refugee Belgians camp in their parlours, or participating in active service abroad. Actually, to the generation most concerned with it, the war did not seem so very important most of the time. Young men got into uniform and went away; young women were better paid for jobs; but the war was never the whole of life. Rather, it was an increasing nuisance which somebody else was responsible for but the younger people had to deal with. The casualty lists in the newspapers provided the only reliable and therefore the only really

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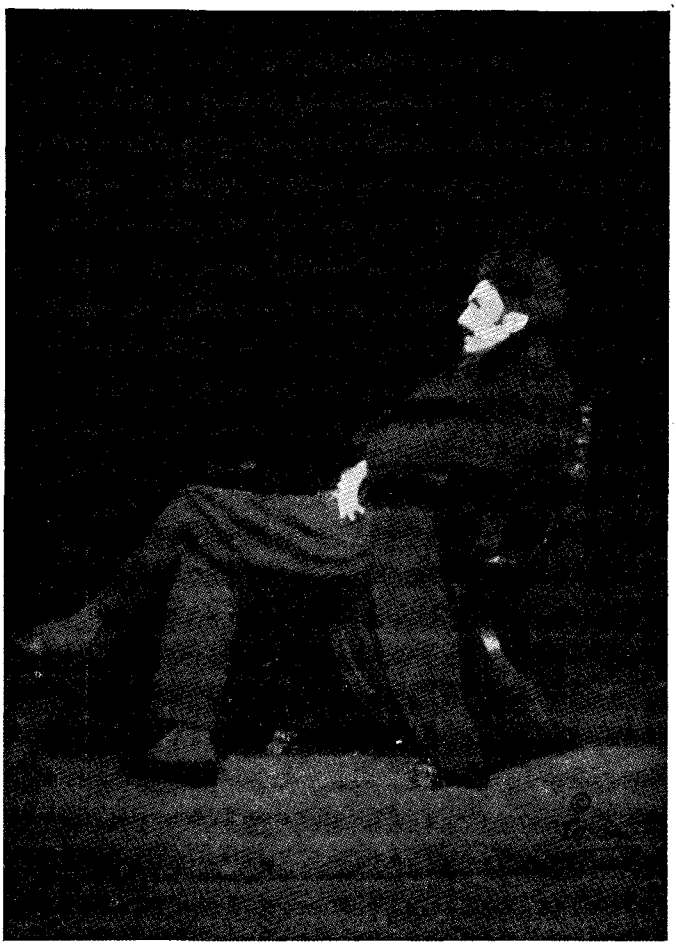

EZRA POUND

The camera portrait by E. O. Hoppé of London, used as the frontispiece to Pound's 1917 volume of criticism, "Pavannes and Divisions" (Knopf).

interesting information about what was going on "over there". Sixty thousand of England's citizen volunteers fell, dead or wounded, in a day; it was called a big advance, but I fancy we knew and wanted to forget what it meant. And one gets used to anything so easily. The men who survived to come home on leave proved passionately interested in the things that would have interested them in normal times. Gaudier-Brzeska did his carving, Siegfried Sassoon and the rest wrote poems even in the trenches. And it was only when it was all over that the war took definite shape or was recognized by the survivors as having been so disastrous or so abnormal.

The period in English art and literature which Pound and his associates expressed, and to which the war generation naturally contributed talent and adherents, antedated the war itself. It was well under way by 1912. The war killed some of its most promising contributors like Gaudier-Brzeska and Hulme and embittered others like Aldington and Graves. But it was not in the least responsible for the period and did little but intensify a "new" aesthetic and morality. Already when the war began, Joyce had written or was finishing *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Ford Madox Hueffer (Ford) had printed D. H. Lawrence in *The English Review*. Harriet Monroe had opened the columns of *Poetry* to rebels in verse. Wyndham Lewis had written *Tarr* and the

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WYNDHAM LEWIS

Co-worker with Pound in many of the new currents of 1910-20, and especially in "the magenta-covered Blast which had dropped like a bomb into drawing-rooms with its manifestos and post-cubist illustration". The first issue of Blast appeared in June, 1914. It was to be a quarterly, but only one other number was ever issued, a year later.

magenta-covered *Blast* had dropped like a bomb into drawing-rooms with its manifestos and post-cubist illustrations. Along another avenue, Freud had already lectured in the States. It is perhaps necessary to insist on this before also insisting that in 1916 there were those to whom the name of Pound meant more than that of Joffre. It was always possible to feel that wars come and go, but that civilizations are remembered for the liveliness of their arts rather than their military achievements. Certainly Pound himself never forgot it and he bravely helped others to remember it, too.

It has never been sufficiently recognized what heavy and important work he did for letters at that time. There were innumerable aspects to it. As literary adviser to *The Egoist* and London editor of *Poetry* (afterwards of *The Little Review*) he was forever combing obscure periodicals and tracking down new and unprinted manuscript. It was natural to him to encourage and groom young writers as though he—penniless enough himself—had been one of those patrons of the arts of whom Chesterfield spoke when he reminded his contemporaries that it was the "privilege of the privileged to assist the possessor of wit". Only the postman knew how many tons of manuscript poured into his

"THE LEWIS-BRZESKA-POUND TROUPE

"Blasting their own trumpets before the walls of Jericho"

A cartoon that appeared in the Egoist of July 15, 1914, greeting the first number of Blast. The dates refer to the era of Victoria, against which the pamphlets sounded one of its numerous large-type blasts: "BLAST years 1837-1900. CURSE abysmal inexcusable Middle class (also Aristocracy and Proletariat)."

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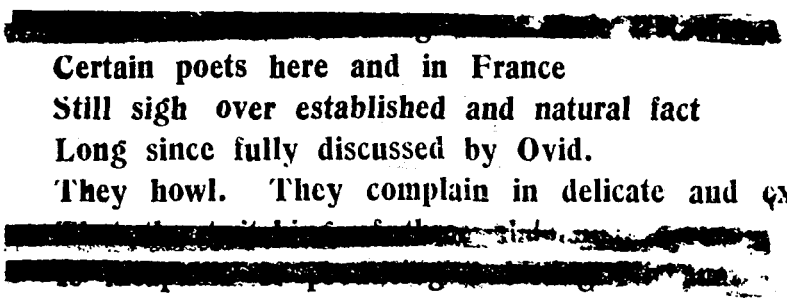
little flat behind the church in Kensington. Pound not only read it all, but, if there seemed the least promise anywhere, he commented on it and criticized it in explosive letters many pages long, blue-pencilled it, later received it back corrected and—often—urged the best of it on not always willing editors. Besides the writers who flocked to him through the post there were nascent artists, sculptors, musicians to encourage, to find patrons for, to find inexpensive rooms for, to find friends for, to find a meal for, to find mental stimulation and aesthetic education for, to render happy by placing them in a restaurant where the shadow of the great—Yeats or Arthur Symons, perhaps—might fall fruitfully upon them, or to be regaled with this anecdote or that pointed or as-yet-unprintable bit of literary gossip which must not be forever forgotten.

There was also liberty to uphold, injustice and Mrs. Grundy to combat and right to protect—the Leigh Hunt motive again. Something had to be done if possible, Pound felt, to discourage so regrettable a state of affairs as existed when Lawrence's *The Rainbow* was suppressed, printers refused to set up Joyce's novel, young maidens were employed to black out certain lines in *Blast*. "Something has got to be done," he said at the time, "or we'll all of us be suppressed, *à la* counter-reformation, dead and done for." So there were hundreds of letters to write, influential people to be stirred.

There were hundreds more letters to write so that people inhabiting the outlying regions of culture should realize they would be foolish not to buy copies of *Prufrock* and *A Portrait of the Artist*, at a time when neither Eliot nor Joyce had an extensive following. Something had to be done about Gaudier-Brzeska. The war had suddenly gone too far and killed this brilliant boy. His work must be preserved: an enlightened patron must take some of it and the rest must be looked after. Then another young poet was just out of prison, more than three-parts dead from hunger-striking as a conscientious objector: somehow it must be made clear to him that he had "objected" for something real, that civilization was not all chaos. Joyce in Trieste was in danger of going blind—had anything been done about that? Now the war was indeed going too far. A score of young artists and writers important to the future were in hourly danger. What to do? Who knew Asquith, or had any influence with anyone in the Cabinet or could persuade Lady Cunard to speak to somebody? Somehow or other, wheels were set in motion and by the beginning of 1918 a good number of the more promising young

FRATRES MINORES.



Certain poets here and in France
Still sigh over established and natural fact
Long since fully discussed by Ovid.
They howl. They complain in delicate and exhausted metres

"Young maidens were employed to black out certain lines in Blast." Facsimile of a poem in the first issue. Our reproduction was made from the copy in the New York Public Library: the scratchings apparently represent attempts to decipher the mysterious smudges.

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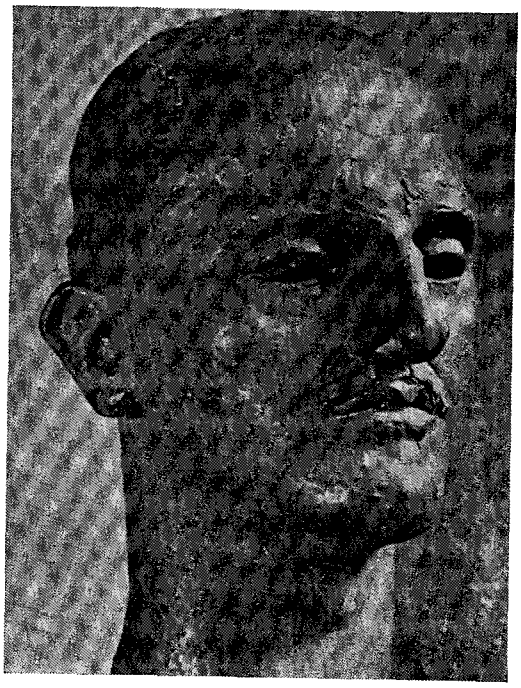

T. E. HULME

Until his death in the war in 1917, Hulme exerted a personal influence comparable to Pound's, and in fact was largely responsible for Pound's own beginnings in London: it was the group around Hulme that recognized Pound's qualities within a week after his first book had appeared.—Bust by Jacob Epstein, "whose name stood with Pound's for all that was dangerously different, horridly new".

men till then on active service had been brought back to England. Some were set to camouflage liners, others to paint war pictures (the results are now in Ottawa and at South Kensington). Others were removed from immediate danger.

With all these activities, Pound had his own work to do and a living to make. He translated the libretto of one or more operas at that time, besides the loving labour of translating Chinese poems and Japanese plays from the notes of Fenollosa. No one was ever busier, gayer. He began signing his letters with a seal in the Chinese manner that Edmond Dulac made for him; turned from cooking dinner (one of the things he does to perfection) wrapped in a flowing and worn fawn dressing-gown to the harpsichord Dolmetsch made for him; was always striding about the streets with his head thrown back, seeing everything, meeting everybody, as full of the latest gossip as he was of excitement about the pictorial quality of the Chinese radicals or a line of Rimbaud's or Leopardi's, and never forgotting how much he disliked dons, the Elizabethan influence, the technique of Byron, or how suspicious he was about "the Greeks".

It seemed to him essential that there should be maintained some sort of meeting place where all those with similar tastes and interests could gather occasionally. And so, at an inexpensive restaurant first in Soho and then—when the first proprietor could

"Tall, lean and hollow-cheeked, dressed in the formal manner appropriate to his daytime occupation in Lloyd's Bank—that was T. S. Eliot." Eliot has spoken often of his heavy debt to his fellow ex-patriate, and has written the best criticism of Pound's poetry.

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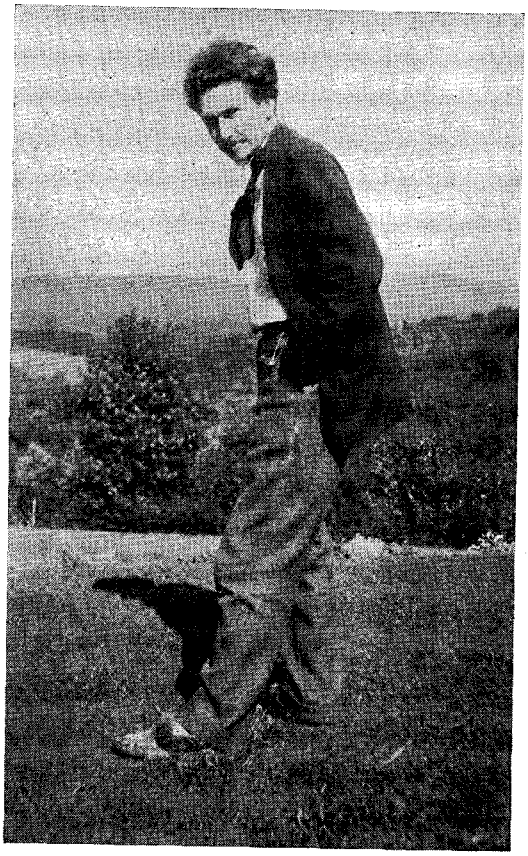
stand the air-raids no longer—in Regent Street, there were weekly meetings, informal in nature, where all those who had drawn round or been permitted to attach themselves to Pound used to meet, dine at their own expense and rub elbows.

One of the troubles about life is that at no stage are you given a program. To begin with no one knows quite who is who nor what to expect. By the time what was once the present begins to take on the more shapely form of the past it is possible to distinguish what was really and not merely temporarily interesting, it is already too late to listen, ask questions, get things straight and seize the moment on the wing. And so I feel that just as I missed that first opportunity to know "all about" everything in 1916, so also for the next two years I went on being deaf or blind. The weekly dinner group included during 1917 and 1918 what seems now the strangest assortment of people. Into the restaurant with his clothes always seeming to fly round him, letting his ebony stick clatter to the floor, came Pound himself with his exuberant hair, pale cat-like face with the greenish cat-eyes, clearing his throat, making strange sounds and cries in his talking, but otherwise always quite formal and extremely polite. With him came Mrs. Pound, carrying herself delicately with the air, always, of a young Victorian lady out skating, and a profile as clear and lovely as that of a porcelain Kuan-yin. Semi-monstrous, bulging out his uniform, china-blue eyes peering from an expanse of pink face, pendulous lower lip drooping under sandy moustache as he boomed through endless anecdotes of Great Victorians, Great Pre-Raphaelites, Henry James, and somebody no one else had ever heard of and hardly believed in even then, was Ford Madox Hueffer—of particular interest to some of us when we realized that he had once been the little William Tell boy in the Rossetti painting. A small lady almost always dressed in raspberry pink, with acute dark eyes and



EZRA POUND IN SURREY

A snapshot in the possession of the author of this article. It gives a better idea of the man than do most of the numerous more elaborate attempts at a likeness.

a crisp way of speech and sharpness of phrase that, somehow, one would not have expected from her at first sight, was May Sinclair. Tall, lean and hollow cheeked, dressed in the formal manner appropriate to his daytime occupation in Lloyd's Bank—that was T. S. Eliot, generally silent but with a smile that was as shy as it was friendly, and rather passionately but mutely adored by the three or four young females who had been allowed in because of some crumb of promise in painting or verse. Chattering with a sublime disregard for practically everything, distraught golden hair, obviously a beauty of the Edwardian era, Violet Hunt often proved

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"The young man in uniform who looked like a farmer was Richard Aldington, home on leave from France." A photograph taken in 1916 when Aldington was an infantryman in the British Army. Pound's influence had made Aldington the literary editor of the fortnightly "Egoist" at its founding in 1913, when he was only 21. In the same year he married H. D., whose picture is below.

disconcerting to some of these same young women, for the way she pounced on them and asked questions and was at once good-natured and sharp-tongued. The bust of Ezra Pound by Gaudier-Brzeska stood in her garden. We used to go and peep at it through the fence. Miss Hunt herself at those dinners was always mingling her complaints about the behaviour of a family of blue Persian cats that ruled her household with slightly distracted but amusing accounts of how often she had to go out and pick snails off this bust, how it weighed a ton and no one else would keep it, how the scarlet blinds in her drawing-room were a mistake because they killed the red in the paintings Wyndham Lewis had done for her, and equally inconsequent fragments about Ruskin and old Lord Somebody and how absurd Mrs. So-and-So had looked at her coming-out ball twenty years before. The young man in uniform who looked like a farmer was Aldington, home on leave from France. Taller and more silent even than Mrs. Pound and looking, somehow, haunted, was his wife, the poetess H. D. A dark young man in Italian uniform who appeared once or twice must have been a Mr. del Re who afterwards went to Tokio, and the other dark young man in the Artillery with highly polished leggings who talked so forcibly was Anthony Ludovici. I forget now why they used to

H. D.

Hilda Doolittle, an American girl who went to Europe for the summer in 1911 and never came back, having been drawn into the Imagist movement by Pound. He sent some of her poems to Harriet Monroe's "Poetry", her first work to be published.

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come; the connection is vague. And I never knew what drew Edgar Jepson to the group either, except that both Pound and his close friend Edmond Dulac (a regular member of the group) were both passionately fond of jade, and Jepson collected it. He used to pass pieces of it about the table: Pound would finger each piece long and lovingly. Another regular diner was Mary Butts, with her long white Rossetti throat and vermilion-red hair strikingly like her ancestor, Henry VIII's tutor, and just married to John Rodker at the other end of the table. Arthur Waley, pale and scholarly in appearance, with almost inaudible, clipped speech and incredible erudition, was there almost weekly—he had just begun those fine translations from the Chinese and Japanese that show the influence of Pound so clearly. Someone else from the Russian ballet. Next to him the young woman who married and went to live in a ruined castle abroad; and with her the other young woman who (like Victoria Cross from the days of *The Yellow Book*) afterwards descended to popular journalism. And who was the lady sitting up so very straight with her severe hat and nervous air—she might have been a bishop's daughter,

"Another regular diner was Mary Butts, with her long white Rossetti throat and her vermilion-red hair."

"The immensely larger-than-life-size head of Pound by Gaudier-Brzeska is presumably still sinking into the ground of Violet Hunt's garden." Gaudier-Brzeska, about whom Pound wrote a book when the sculptor was killed in the war in 1915, is the subject of the recent best-selling biography "Savage Messiah", by H. S. Ede (Knopf).

perhaps? *That* was the lion-hearted Miss Harriet Weaver who printed Joyce when nobody else would and who, indeed, I believe made it possible for Joyce to enjoy sufficient leisure to write *Ulysses* at all, though she had never even seen him; who printed T. S. Eliot and Wyndham Lewis and Amy Lowell when nobody else did . . . and published *A Portrait of the Artist* and *Tarr* and *Prufrock* and *Ulysses* (until prevented by

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the law). Save under extreme pressure or when business and nothing else made it essential and then only in the lowest tones and with unutterable detachment, she was never known to speak either of herself or of anything to do with that very remarkable publishing activity.

Now and then other figures appeared—Lewis, back from the Front, ghastly pale under his black hair and after silences that seemed, at least, to denote some suspicion of his fellow creatures, proving full of in-

The Man Ray portrait of Ezra Pound

imitable conversation, riotous song, and an unequalled play of humour. Now and then Yeats appeared with his famous lock falling into his eyes. He was devoted to Pound, who had once been his disciple and with whom now he had just finished reading the entire Landor. Arthur Symons, very frail and elegant, just out of a sanitarium, came once or twice. Round the table went the story of Miss Lowell's amazing descent upon London, of the opening of London's first night club by Madame Strindberg with her troop of little monkeys, of what young Nevinson had said to annoy in the Café Royal, of Saint Augustine and his mother's death, of Rihaku and Catullus, of Keats and the *Edinburgh Review*, of the big munition works which (so rumour had it every month or so) had been blown up by Zeppelin bombs overnight. Mixed in would be someone's account (Pound's, I think) of a row of houses discovered intact in Earl's Court outside the front door of each of which was a pair of stone dogs, large as life and no pair alike or even of the same species. There would be news of a restaurant where you could get more meat than ration cards properly allowed. There was mourning for the theft of the Dulac dog. To the accompaniment of air-raids without, we younger ones heard for the first time of Proust and the Baroness Elsa von Freytag Loringhoven, of Negro music and Chinese poetry, of the Oedipus complex and Rousseau the Douanier and Gertrude Stein.

The effect, all too little realized at the time, was as though something that mattered very much had somehow and rather miraculously been preserved round that table when so much else was being scattered, smashed up, killed, imprisoned or forgotten. It was as though someone kept reminding us that the war was not perpetual (as it certainly seemed by then) and that it was in the long run more important that there should be new music and new and fresh writing and creative desire and passionate execution than that one should believe angels descended at Mons or that the population of Germany had from inherent vileness taken to consuming margarine decocted from boiled corpses. It was, for the hours the gathering lasted, less important that so many were being killed and more that something lived: possible to recall that for every Blenheim there is a Voltaire and that the things that endure are not stupidity or fear.

Pound did "believe" in the arts as other men from time to time have "believed" in

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patriotism, or liberty or the suffrage or religion. He was at his most personal when he wrote: "Artists are the antennae of the race, though the bullet-headed many will never learn to trust their great artists". When he continued: "Peace comes of communication. . . . The whole of great art is a struggle for communication" it is all in line with the weekly dinners and with his belief in the "continuous present", his insistence that "It is dawn at Jerusalem while midnight hovers above the Pillars of Hercules. All ages are contemporaneous. . . . The future stirs already in the minds of the few". The underlying passion for communication and continuity, for the verbal tradition and personal contact, comes out characteristically in

VIOLET HUNT

"A beauty of the Edwardian Era." Both the pictures on this page are from Violet Hunt's autobiographical book, "I Have This To Say" (Liveright, 1926), in which several chapters are devoted to Ford Madox Ford.

FORD MADOX FORD

in uniform. Ford was an early admirer of Pound, and published some of his first work in "The English Review" in 1909 and 1910.

his "London is itself a larger university, and the best specialists are perhaps only approachable in chance conversation". *That* was why it seemed so important to him to have those weekly dinners, cheap enough for the poorest members of the ever-changing group. *That* was why a handful of them—obscure, awkward, provincial, irritating though they might be—must afterwards be shepherded to Yeats's Monday evenings and be allowed to sit in the candle-lit room and hear Yeats with his "Oi remember", and gather what they could from the conversation of their elders, and rub shoulders with the past and each other. *That* was why he would waste an afternoon on the unpleasant and conceited youth who had come up from the country to see him after writing a poem or two, or a morning writing a long letter to advise an uncouth young woman how to behave in lit-

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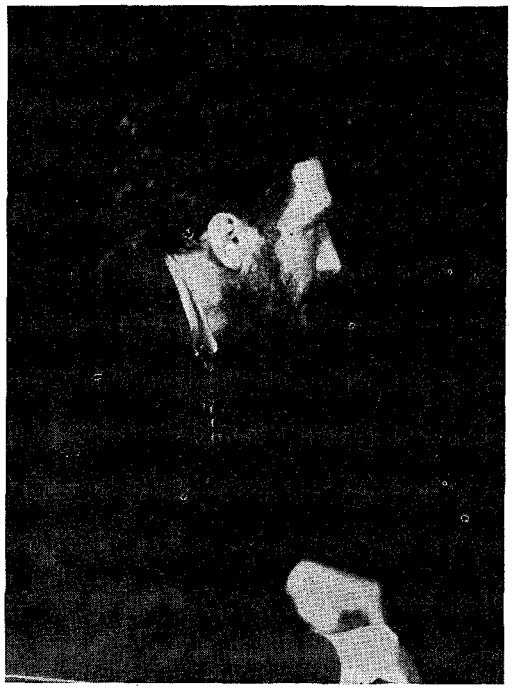

We are not sure just which part of the Ezra Pound Period was the Heavy Beard Period.

erary society, or an evening typing a long letter on the Whole Art of Writing which, if digested, might perhaps help to turn one disciple into a tiny contribution to the general stream of letters. *That* was what made him so passionately support Joyce and Eliot and Gaudier-Brzeska and Lewis and George Antheil. And that, above all, was why he himself has always drawn so enthusiastically on Romance literature, Cockney slang, Chinese poetry, and why at first glance his own work seems so allusive and derivative. It attempts to tap everything, to draw everything together while being in fact highly personal.

To challenge as much as he does, to stand for something so definite and non-popular, to be so energetic and devoted, is not the way of peace. I suppose nobody living has had more contemptuous or more angry things said and written about him than Pound—all of which he has heartily enjoyed. He expressed himself vigorously and often unconventionally, especially in correspondence. To this day, for instance, there hangs in the vestry of the Kensington church overshadowing his old flat a highly abusive letter which Pound addressed to the vicar when he felt himself unable any longer to bear the endless ringing of church bells over his head. The letter was in Latin and the vicar had a sense of humour. Also, by no means all those who were his associates and disciples at the time I speak of have remained on terms of friendship with him. For that matter, by no means all of them have remained on speaking terms with each other. But all of them do certainly remember him with gratitude, affection, no matter what frictions have rendered acquaintance difficult since then. Pound often got people quite wrong, misunderstood their motives, believed firmly that they were the kind of people they were not, had done things that never occurred to them. He spoke and behaved to them accordingly. His own manner was often baffling in the extreme and sometimes terrifying. Mrs. Ernest Rhys once related with reminiscent affection but not without a trace of the consternation natural at the time, how Pound during his first year or so in London came to dine with her and her husband in Hampstead. The young American with the flaming hair and flowing clothes refused food, but snatched a handful of petals from the roses in a bowl in the center of the dining-room table and munched them as he talked. When they got up from table, he seized a large carafe of water, emptied it at a single draught and afterwards—according to his hostess—flung himself full-length upon a sofa where he reclined, gurgling internally, for the rest of the evening.

Violet Hunt, who always had a fine gift for invention, announced once in a moment of irritation that Ezra was really the offspring of wandering Red Indians who had abandoned the child which contrived, however, to keep itself alive (until handily rescued by a delightful old gentleman from the

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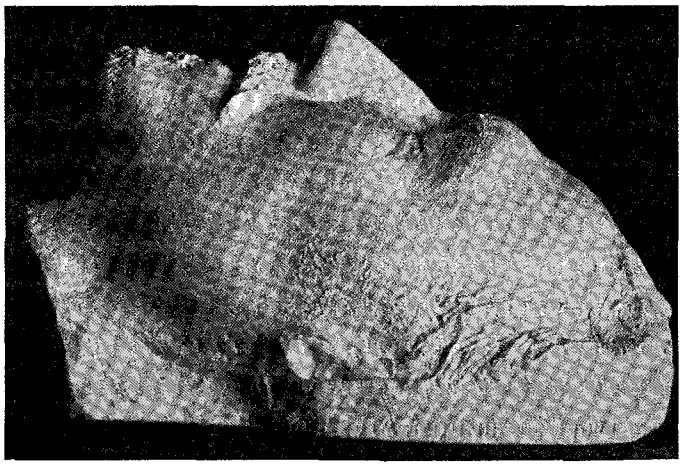
Middle West who never loses any opportunity of referring with amused pride to his strange foundling) by sucking the kerosene from a tin that this strange babe found lying somewhere in the vast American deserts. I hope both of them will forgive my repeating this, but it somehow has much of the essential, inflammable Ezra in it. The portrait that Wyndham Lewis painted of Pound even better seized the essential Ezra. A little larger than lifesize, sculptural face (the cat-look is, after all, that of an Egyptian cat), hair in long tongues of fire, the grey coat having wonderfully that perpetual air of majestic flowing and billowing, the inevitable ebony stick, the quizzical expression, the force and dangerousness and simplicity of the man were all in that. Lewis claimed that he accidentally lost this portrait: that he had summoned a taxicab, loaded the painting into the open back of it, and paying the driver in advance, sent it off to some art dealer's shop or other to be varnished, and that it had never turned up at its destination or been heard of since. Lewis himself is a pretty good inventor and yet it is possible that that huge portrait did vanish. Otherwise, why is it not in some gallery or museum or other? The immensely larger-than-life-size head of Pound by Gaudier-Brzeska is presumably still sinking into the ground in Miss Hunt's garden. Pound himself is invisible and, save for his own poetry, comparatively inaudible nowadays. He pontificates rarely, has few disciples, as though with that immense effort of his from 1912 to 1919 he had done all that (had in truth done more than) could be expected of anyone and were glad of the years from thirty-five onwards to till his own plot.



"Death Mask" of Ezra Pound by Nancy Cox McCormack. Not a real one, of course, Mr. Pound being very much alive.

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THE MATRIX OF MARK TWAIN'S HUMOUR

by Bernard DeVoto

In his old age, Samuel Clemens remembered a glamorous incident, one that symbolized the picaresque boyhood of young Sam and of the Tom Blankenship who grew into Huckleberry Finn. He remembered that the boys needed money and possessed one coonskin, whose value was ten cents. They took it to Selms's store at Wild Cat corner, where they converted it into cash. Then, going round to an open window, they stole the coonskin and sold it to Selms again. They repeated the theft and sale till "John Prince, Selms's clerk, said: 'Look here, Selms, there is something wrong about this. That boy has been selling us coonskins all afternoon' ". Search revealed only one coonskin in the store. And "Selms himself used to tell this story as a great joke".

Remembrance of this incident brought back to the aging Clemens the flavour of his youth. The data were circumstantial: names, places, dialogue all gave it reality. He perceived that it was truth and convinced his biographer, so that the story appears in Mr. Paine's *Mark Twain*, from which the quotations here made are taken. And yet, detail for detail, the story was old in American folk-lore when Samuel Clemens was born, had been told of every sharp-dealing personage whom the folk elevated to heroism, and had reached print in tales of Davy Crockett.

The story has a double interest in the study of Mark Twain. It shows the unreliability of his memory, almost the only source of biography for his early years. But also, what is much more important, it shows the immediate relationship of his humour to an American folk-art. The story was a product of frontier humour, an item in the folk-lore to which Sam Clemens was born. He was so instinctively a part of that humour that he unconsciously appropriated one of its legendary anecdotes and bestowed it upon himself.

Frontier humour passed from folk-lore to print by means of frontier newspapers, from which it radiated over America. At the age of twelve Clemens became an apprentice on a frontier newspaper, and for the next nine years he practised a trade which kept him constantly in touch with this emergent art. The importance of this experience, which developed and shaped the characteristic humour of Mark Twain, has been wholly ignored by criticism.

John Marshall Clemens, Sam's father, died in March, 1847. About fourteen months later Mr. Joseph P. Ament moved his *Missouri Courier* from Palmyra to Hannibal, and at some undetermined, still later, time young Sam became an apprentice in the *Courier* office. The circumstances in which this apprenticeship occurred are not recoverable and would be wholly unimportant except that Mr. Van Wyck Brooks has made an untrustworthy account of them the cornerstone of his amazing and untenable theory about Mark Twain. The elderly Clemens, dictating his *Autobiography* and giving Mr. Paine the

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data for the official life, remembered three separate and contradictory versions of the apprenticeship. Mr. Paine selected the most romantic one—it seems to be derived from the gothic fiction of the day—and printed it as the authentic account. It is clearly wrong, for it makes the apprenticeship to Ament immediately depend on the death of John Marshall Clemens, events separated by at least fourteen months. Yet Mr. Brooks accepted the Paine version, ignoring the other ones (which were available in Mark Twain's books), and based his theory on it. Interested readers will find this passage in melodrama in both Paine and Brooks: here it is enough to declare it untrue.

The circumstances of the apprenticeship are unimportant, but the fact itself is extremely significant. In 1848, not yet thirteen years old, Samuel Clemens became a printer on the *Courier*, a frontier newspaper. Two years later he went to work for his moonstruck elder brother Orion, who came back to Hannibal and in the course of the next three years published four newspapers there. In June 1853 Sam left this employment and went to St. Louis. During the next four years he worked on newspapers in St. Louis, Philadelphia, Muscatine, and Keokuk. In April 1857, then a job printer in Cincinnati, he grew tired of the trade and set out to make a fortune in the Amazon country. On the trip down river, however, he met Horace Bixby and decided to become a pilot. Piloting put an end forever to the printer's trade. Thereafter he was to work for newspapers during nine years, from 1862 to 1871, but always as a reporter, an editor, or a correspondent. After April 1857, he did not again stand at the case, but the trade had had almost exactly nine years of his life. And, because it kept him constantly in touch with popular newspaper humour, it had given him a career. This newspaper humour, a product of the frontier, taught him a style and provided him with forms and themes. It was the matrix of Mark Twain's humour.

We are concerned, for the moment, with the Hannibal *Journal*, whose masthead announces that it is "published by O. Clemens, on Hill Street, near Main, a few doors west of Selmes' Building", and whose terms were "One Dollar, if paid In Advance; if not paid within Six Months, One Dollar and Fifty Cents; if not paid within Twelve Months, TWO DOLLARS". Sam was fifteen when he first went to work for Orion; he was nearly eighteen when he left Orion to begin his experience as a tramp printer. This is the period of the slight, exuberant, sandy-haired boy singing at the case, "If I ever git up I'll stay up if I kin", smoking furiously, sparking the maidens of Hannibal, serenading them to a guitar, writing, *Love Concealed* to "Miss Katie of H——l" and *The Heart's Lament* to "Bettie W——e of Tennessee", and lampooning "Local" (probably Ament's successor) in paragraphs signed "A Dog-be-Devilled Citizen" and "W. Epaminondas Adrastus Blab". It was the period of adolescent growth, to which may well be assigned the memories of Jim Wolf and the tomcats, Alexander Campbell and the "Jesus H. Christ" episode. It is the period when he first took notice of the life around him and of its infinite resources for the wit of a young printer's devil who had listened thoughtfully and had a flair for words. Most significant of all, it is the period when he undertook to show the larger world that the youth who amused Hannibal had his qualities.

II

Mr. Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber was the author of much verse which fluctuated between a mediocre archness and a nauseous sweetness. He was also the creator of Mrs. Ruth Partington, a Yankee widow whose comments on the times endlessly amused America. At this distance, Ruth Partington —together with her mischievous son Ike and such intimates as Professor Wideswarth and Mr. Blifkins—seems intolerably depressing.

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Her literary parentage was Charles Dickens and John Neal. She was a product of the Yankee moralizing that eventually achieved Dr. Holmes's Autocrat and of the verbal atrocities put in the mouth of Mrs. Malaprop. To read her today requires an indurated doggedness, but in the fifties she was famous. America found infinitely laughable such whimsies as this instruction to Ike Partington: "You should learn, dear, to bemean yourself before folks; because, without good behavior, a man may be ever so imminent for debility, but will never be inspected".

A great part of the widow's career was conducted in the pages of the *Carpet-Bag*, a humorous weekly which Shillaber published in Boston from 1852 to 1853. The periodical, though short-lived, had an extensive popularity. Its circulation was national and it was particularly well received along the rivers. It had wholesale agents at Cincinnati and Louisville and was distributed in St. Louis by R. E. Edwards and Co., and R. Cheney and Co. The village papers joyfully accepted it, filling their columns with quotations from it, acknowledged and unacknowledged. Among the printshops where it was a permanent exchange was the Hannibal *Journal*. Orion Clemens found much of it amusing enough to furnish out his own columns.

Shillaber himself wrote a good part of the contents of the *Carpet-Bag*. So did his associate, Charles Graham Halpine, who was to become the creator of Private Miles O'Reilly. He had the support of Boston's tiny—and only—Bohemia, and drew contributions from their prototypes at Pfaff's, then giving New York its first experience of light reading. It ranged still further afield, for the Southerners sent in their notes on native scenes, and from California came sketches by Captain George Horatio Derby, "John Phoenix". Finally, in 1852, the *Carpet-Bag* employed a young compositor from Skowhegan, Maine, named Charles Farrar Browne. Young Browne also contributed sketches to the *Carpet-Bag* under the pseudonym "Lieut. Chub": he had not yet invented the exhibitor of moral waxworks whom he was to call Artemus Ward.

Browne probably set type for some of the issue of May 1, 1852. This number contained an unsigned drawing by John Phoenix, called "The New Uniform". There was a typical bit of Southwestern humour in a sketch by Colonel Tuggs called *The Maine Law Out West*, whose denunciation of enforcement agents has a poignant familiarity in 1931. One C. B. B. added to our literature's extensive collection of tales about amateur productions of Shakespeare. "Snooks", probably Shillaber, reported "the great speech of Mr. Batkins of Canberry Centre, concerning the unconstitutionality of doughnuts". This was bucolic humour, Yankee variation, and produced laughter by such spellings as deown, reout beer, passel, and catawampously. But also there was a sketch called *The Dandy Frightening the Squatter*. It dealt with Hannibal, Missouri, and it was written by someone unknown to the *Carpet-Bag*, someone who signed himself, "S. L. C."

This is the earliest bit of literary work by Samuel Clemens yet uncovered. It precedes by four months the Dog-be-Devilled Citizen's attack on a rival editor, and by an even year Rambler's poems "To Miss Katie of H——l" and "To Bettie W——e of Tennessee". If the fragmentary files of Orion's newspapers discovered by Mr. Armstrong are ever completed, the missing numbers may be found to contain still earlier sketches, but it seems likely that *The Dandy Frightening the Squatter* was the first appearance of Sam Clemens outside the family paper. He remembered and described to Mr. Paine two humorous anecdotes which he wrote in 1851 and which were published anonymously in the *Saturday Evening Post*. These can never be identified, even if his memory was exact, and in my opinion, as well as Mr. Franklin J. Meine's, that memory referred to this appearance in the *Carpet-Bag*.

The Dandy Frightening the Squatter in-

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troduces Hannibal when it was "little more than a wood-yard". A steamboat stops there, and "a spruce young dandy, with a killing moustache" observes a "tall brawny woodsman" leaning against a tree. Desiring to amuse the passengers, the dandy thrusts a bowie knife into his belt, takes a horse pistol in each hand, and strides ashore to accost the squatter. " 'Found you at last, have I? You are the very man I've been looking for these three weeks! Say your prayers!' he continued, presenting his pistols, 'You'll make a capital barn door, and I shall drill the keyhole myself' ". The heroic squatter looks at him for a moment, then knocks him into the river. The dandy is rescued but sneaks away; the squatter takes the knife and pistols. As the dandy leaves, the squatter shouts, "I say yeou, next time yeou come around drillin' keyholes, don't forget your old acquaintances".

Samuel Clemens's first literary effort is a humorous sketch contributed to a humorous newspaper. Its material is the characteristic frontier life of Hannibal. It is typical of the newspaper humour of the South and Southwest that was the first vigorous realism in American literature. It was the sort of thing that Sam Clemens, printer's devil and journeyman printer, had seen flourishing in the little weeklies that came to the exchange desk. It was the native expression of the frontier. He began writing it in his first experiment and he continued writing it all his life. This art of the frontier requires examination.

III

The frontier, according to Messrs. Frank, Brooks, and Mumford, had no folk-art. Of the folk-arts developed by the frontier, perhaps the richest was its stories. We deal here with a shy thing, which can be perceived, in the twentieth century, only where a traditional, wholly oral form of narrative is set down in print. Printing, of course, immediately and irrevocably changes the art. It gives the stories sophistication, polish, and the strange new shape of type. The border ballads of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries suffer the same alteration in the broadsides, Percy's *Reliques* and their innumerable successors. We are at the disadvantage, then, of dealing necessarily with a different and sometimes a lesser literature. Yet much of the true folk-form can be perceived in its printed memorials. Italics faintly suggest the intonations of these legend narrators, who learned their art from their companions and predecessors. The printed form reveals the careful structure of narration cunningly devised for pause and emphasis, for the slow preparation of climax, for the point that becomes a dénouement, a resolution, or a coda. It was an infinitely versatile art-form; and, what is more important, an art sharply and autochthonously American—unique. To the eyes of anyone but a theorist, and especially to anyone who reads American literature, however superficially, the American is universally a storyteller. How the observation has escaped recent critics and historians of our literature remains, in 1931, the most amazing of all literary puzzles. For, from the beginning, it did not escape the hundreds of travellers among the Americans—who universally set it down first of all in their notes. It did not escape our own writers when they first presented Americans in plays or in essays comfortably imitated from the *Spectator*. It did not escape those writers whom even the intellectual read, Cooper, Paulding, Hawthorne, Melville, Simms, Kennedy, Cooke.

The literature was redolent of the frontier. It was born of frontier leisure and frontier realities. By campfires on the shores of lakes and rivers or on the plains, among the forests, or under the shadows of peaks; by the fires that blazed in skin tents, log lean-to's and cabins, sod huts, and trading posts; in the taverns, stores, groggeries, and meeting houses of the frontier continent; on the decks of rafts, scows, flatboats, broadhorns, and steamboats—wherever frontiersmen met for

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conversation, this literature flourished. It obeyed the laws of folk-art everywhere: in so far it was a universal literature. It had a corrosive humour—not the humour of the Mabinogion or of Tyl Eulenspiegel, its nearest analogues, but a humour derived from an instinctive realism: in so far it was an American novelty, something new and unique. It created folk heroes—not a great many but its own. Some of these it elaborated from historical fact: Girty and Boone of the forests, Mike Fink and Colonel Plug of the rivers, Hare and Murrell of the outlaw trail, Colter and Hugh Glass and the lost trappers, and Jim Bridger, Jim Beckwourth and Kit Carson of the fur trade; Davy Crockett, Old Hickory, and Honest Abe of the hustings. Some it created whole from its own fantasy: Annie Christmas, Paul Bunyan, Jim Henry, Pecos Bill, even Frankie and Johnny and their myriad followers. Yet the existence of heroes must not distort one's ideas of this folk-literature, whose overwhelming emphasis is upon the folk themselves. It is a literature of oral anecdote, whose purpose is the embodiment of character and the revelation of a point, whose aim is the entertainment of listeners, and whose origin is the life immediately at hand. The literature exists for drama, for humour, and for satire. It is the frontier examining itself, recording itself, and entertaining itself. It is a native literature of America.

Through the three decades of the common man following 1828, this literature reached its height. It was enormously male—emphatic, coarse, vivid, violent, uproarious. A great part of it, too, was bawdy. It had its conventions and technique. It had its channels of transmission, and it had its immortality. One specimen only, for the type and process. Among the earliest emergences from oral tradition into type was one already mentioned here, David Crockett, member of Congress from west Tennessee. The backwoods newspapers endowed him with scores of anecdotes already traditional in the folk literature, and by 1833 it was possible to make a book of them. Those who care to look may find in *Sketches and Eccentricities of Col. David Crockett* legendary anecdotes by the dozen which have clustered about other, later notabilities. One frontier tradition was the humour implicit in calling a man ugly. The features of frontiersmen had been comic from the Kentucky Licks to the Three Tetons, where such diverse heroes as Daniel Boone and Jim Beckwourth celebrated the convention. Crockett, being a folk hero, must have his ugliness. As Bardolph's nose had saved Falstaffe a thousand marks in links and torches, so Davy Crockett's paralyzing grin economized powder and lead. He could bring down a 'coon by grinning at it. But on one occasion the paralysis seemed unavailing; he grinned for a long time without bringing down his coon. His record remained secure, however, for investigation showed that he had mistaken a knot in an oak tree for a coon and had grinned all the bark off it.

The leisurely, frontier, waterside village of Hannibal was everywhere permeated by this anecdotal humour, which derived from the realistic observation of character. It was the frontier's experience and the frontier's idiom. All family firesides, all meeting places of men, and in particular all stores and wharves made stages for its exhibition. The rich life of America, and of the common man who composed it, was refracted through a fine lens which was no more than an anecdote that richly drawled a narrative of the frontiersman in action, paused for suspense and enjoyment, and built up a climax toward the laughter of an audience. Samuel Clemens was born to this humour, realism, and philosophy. All his life he was a story-teller in the manner and idiom of the frontier. He entertained audiences from the platform; more richly and less chastely he, like Lincoln, entertained the audience of his private friends. It was his drama, his life; and Mark Twain, its creation, was a riverside frontiers-

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man who, for the world's entertainment, exhibited a frontiersman's observation of the world.

Samuel Clemens went to work for the newspapers of Joseph P. Ament and Orion Clemens. The exchanges of the whole frontier and most of America besides came to the printshop, and he saw this oral literature set in type. There is no need, here, to list the ephemeral papers that, coming to a Hannibal printshop, impressed on Sam Clemens's mind the idea that the oral literature might be also a printed literature—that these observations and this humour looked well in type. They sprouted like fungi, like Orion's own papers in the villages of two states, and after a few months or a few years they died. They mightily boomed the real estate of a hundred Herculaneums and Constantinoples. They made a mechanism for the common man's politics, battling to the death over conflicting platforms and the morals of candidates. They warred upon each other. They perished—but meanwhile they set down the literature of the frontier. Let them be anonymous here, since only an occasional St. Louis *Reveille,* New Orleans *Delta* or *Picayune*, Arkansas *Intelligencer*, or Nashville *Union* left any mark on the national life. They may be satisfactorily anonymous, since the most noteworthy of them is available to students. It was the *Spirit of the Times*, a sporting weekly edited in New York by William T. Porter of New Hampshire, that, fostering this genre, developed highest and spread farthest the literature of the frontier.

The first interests of the *Spirit of the Times* were those of a country gentleman, "the turf, agriculture, field sports". But, in the course of chronicling these activities, it began also to set down the life in which they existed and so came to the "literature and the stage" of its sub-title. Its circulation was na-nal but was topheavy in the South and the l Southwest. The literature which it spon-ed naturally reflected the interests of these tions. Porter might, for dignity, pirate the serials of Dickens and Thackeray only a few weeks tardily, but his enthusiasm was the frontier literature of his friends, hunting companions, and most numerous subscribers. Under his direction the *Spirit of the Times* fostered the humour of the newspapers, brought it to focus, multiplied its production, and became its principal mouthpiece.

The emergence of Davy Crockett into print has been noticed. It made a formidable model. An even more influential, and surely a finer, model for the transference of folk literature into deliberate art, was provided in 1835 by Augustus Baldwin Longstreet's *Georgia Scenes*, which appeared in the *States Rights Sentinel* of Augusta and other Georgia newspapers beginning in 1832, and which achieved book form in 1835. Longstreet, a frontier editor, a college president, and a parson, was—inevitably—a frontier raconteur of widespread reputation. So far as any man may be credited with the discovery that this realistic humour of the backwoods was the material of literature, the distinction is Longstreet's. He, at any rate, finally set down his yarns and observations in print. They were enormously popular, running through many editions in the succeeding thirty years; they became the source and the model of innumerable successors. They were, too, enormously good: in some respects, Longstreet's successors never equalled him, in many respects they never surpassed him, and his book remains today vital and absorbing—the frontier's first permanent work.

"With *Georgia Scenes*," Mr. Meine says, "Longstreet established a pattern that had a profound influence on all subsequent humorous writers of the South." They swarmed at once into print, following his lead. The newspapers bristled with their works, anonymous hundreds, pseudonymous other hundreds. By February, 1845, Porter could write, in his preface to the first collected anthology of them, "A new vein of literature, as original as it is inexhaustible in its source, has been opened in this country within a very

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few years, with the most marked success". He rightly asserted the preëminence of his own paper in this development, saying that "The correspondents of the *Spirit of the Times* comprised a large majority of those who have subsequently distinguished themselves in this novel and original walk of literature".

IV

The importance of this literature for history is its complete embodiment of frontier society. No aspect of the life in the simpler America is missing from it. The indigo tub and the bearskin rug are here, as well as the frontier gentry's efforts to speak French. In the solitude of the upper rivers, trappers practise their ferocity on Indians or notably slaughter elk by running them to death; in the solitude of hither-Illinois, Ole Bull meditates on his art. Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Benton, Taylor, Tyler, Douglas, and such worthies entertain the electorate; so do such humbler worthies as Big Bear of Arkansas, Kit Kuncker, Dick McCoy, Billy Warrick, and Cousin Sally Dilliard. The panorama of religion passes: camp-meetings, christenings, Millerism, Mormonism, spiritualism. So does the comedy of the land—claim jumpers, false locators, regulators, auctions, surveyors, roof-raisings, husking bees—and of the law courts, the bench and bar, sheriffs, muster days, legislatures, election campaigns. The folk boil over in Texas and the literature swarms with dragoons and infantry, recruits, West Pointers, and Rangers. Itinerants pass by, strange travellers from abroad, peddlers, actors, prophets, mesmerists, census takers, circus clowns, bear leaders, accordionists. The folk labor at their vocations in the fields and woods, the doggeries, the still houses, the swamps, the bayous; at the spinning wheel, the loom, the churn. They frolic always, and if Betsy Smith, the Fair Offender, isn't married to John Bunce, "why, jedge, we oughter been, long ago". . . . Cataloguing is futile. Here is the complete life of the frontier.

The importance of this literature for criticism is that, humble as it is—a sort of rudimentary art on or just below the threshold of literature—it finally ripened in Mark Twain. In 1860, a young Ohioan whose kin had piloted steamboats on the rivers but who felt that the one palliative of the West was its two contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly*, made obeisance in Concord before the author of *The Scarlet Letter*. Mr. Hawthorne perceived young Howells's shame and expressed great interest in the West, desiring to see some part of the country on which the damned shadow of Europe had not fallen. Books had usually more being in Hawthorne's mind than men or landscapes, and what he truly wanted was a book which had escaped that damned shadow. Howells had shuddered away from this humble literature; Sam Clemens had not. From his earliest days he read books which were a continent away from the damned shadow of Europe, and, a continent away from the shadow, he lifted the genre into immortality.

It is not only that Mark Twain never became anything but a humorist, realist, and satirist of the frontier: he never desired to be anything else. His earliest writing was a natural, an inevitable expression of this small art. It expressed him and the life he saw. He went on to the bucolic contests of editors in Hannibal, and in due time he wrote the Snodgrass letters in this form. From the pilot house he mailed frontier whimsicalities to the New Orleans papers. Then he was in Virginia City, and the Mark Twain who gigantically amused the readers of the *Enterprise* and became the Wild Humorist of the Pacific slope merely grew out of the printer's devil at the Hannibal *Journal*. It was the same printer who finally brought a machinist into Arthur's court, filled St. Joan's France with Mississippi witticisms, and made the angel Satan a companion of Joe Harpetic Eselberg. But it was also the Hannibal ol er who wrote *The Adventures of* so *berry Finn.* se

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ON TRANSLATION

PART TWO

by Hilaire Belloc

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*In the first part of his paper, published last month, Mr. Belloc dwelt on the importance of translation as a social force, particularly in the matter of spiritual unity among nations, and took up the general rules governing translation in both prose and verse. Among other points he insisted that the translation should always be made into the language of the translator, and that the translator should be emancipated from mechanical restrictions as to length and as to form. He now, in conclusion, takes up the rules governing the two principal divisions of literature.*

Now what particular rules attach to the two particular departments of prose and verse?

In the translation of prose I find these special points:—

(1) The translator should, I think, not plod on, sentence by sentence, still less word by word, but always "block out" his work. When I say "block out" I mean that he should read over his material at large to grasp it as a whole in the original before he undertakes the translation, and after that, when the translation is under way, he should take it at least section by section, paragraph by paragraph, and ask himself before each what the whole sense is which he has to render, what the effect of the unit as a whole may be, before reproducing it in another tongue.

In connection with this occurs a necessary warning upon the use of the dictionary. However well a man may possess the original tongue from which he is translating into his own, there will arise—unless he be completely bilingual, which I have called a drawback to translation—occasions when it is necessary to verify the exact meaning of a particular word, and for that service the dictionary is essential. It is equally necessary that the best book of reference, of which there is not usually more than one, be used. But to rely upon the dictionary continuously is fatal. It argues either an insufficient knowledge of the original, or an insufficient confidence in oneself, which, for translation as for any other creative work, is an evil. If you are fairly certain from your experience that a particular meaning is intended do not fear to give that meaning although the dictionary has it not; for remember that all dictionaries are made by translators and that every translator is like yourself, an imperfect being. Your own experience, when you are sure of it, is a sufficient guide.

(2) It is of high importance to render idiom by idiom; and idioms of their nature demand translation into another form from that of the original. The Greek exclamation, "By the Dog!" is in literal English merely comic. An Englishman does not ejaculate, "By the Dog!" as a natural emphasis and ornament to conversation, although the worship of the dog is a religion which the Englishman holds and the Greek did not. I

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should propose here a transposition of letters, and I suggest that the harmless phrase, "By God!" is much nearer to "By the Dog!" than anything else you could get. It is the same thing with the idiom of the question, both rhetorical and definitive, and with the idiom of the historic present.

Thus in translation from French into English we must remember that the French use of the question not for purposes of inquiry but for the regulation of the prose is not native to the English tongue, and the same is true of the French historic present. Whole pages of French matter will be written in the historic present which, if they reappear in an English form, should be thrown into the past. The most sober of French historians will continue in paragraph after paragraph to represent an action in the historic present, and the prose will follow quite naturally. The effect in the original will not be strained. Put the same into English and you get at once an exaggerated effect. So with the question, rhetorical or definitive. The ample use of the rhetorical question is native to ordinary French prose, not to English. It is also native to French prose to define a proposition by putting the data of it first into question form. It is not native to English to do this. It is rather native to English to put the data into statement form. Thus for a French phrase such as *"Que demanda-t-il? Demanda-t-il une solution financière ou une solution politique? Il demanda bien une solution financière, mais une solution financière subordonnée à la solution politique"*, I should not write in English, "Yet what was his aim? Was he considering a financial or a political solution?" et cetera. I should rather say, "The solution he was seeking was essentially political, and in so far as there was a financial element in it, this was subordinate to his political aim".

In this same connection of idiom you have a multitude of points, of which I will select only this: the sentence without a verb. It is native to French idiom; it is not native to English. The sentence without a verb can be, and sometimes should be, used in English, but rarely and with great discretion. It is forceful only because it is unusual; in French it is ubiquitous.

(3) You must, in rendering a foreign phrase, render intention by intention. A neglect of this rule leads to absurd results. The intention of a phrase in one language may be less emphatic than the form of the phrase, or it may be more emphatic. It always leans a little one way or the other, and when you are rendering a foreign phrase into your own tongue you must consider whether the usual form it takes in your own tongue exaggerates on the one side or the other. Thus a French political writer speaking of some law of which he disapproves will say: *"Voilà ce qui a perdu le pays"*. Should you translate this into "That is what destroyed the country", you quite miss the original intention. The French exaggerated phrase was not intended to say that the country was destroyed by the law; obviously it was not destroyed: it means, "was hurt", "was weakened". The corresponding English phrase would be normally too low pitched rather than too high pitched, and one would rather say, "This law had grievous consequences for the country". Conversely, there are many French phrases which are the other way about, which say less than they mean where the English one says more. An excellent example is the journalistic and Parliamentary form, *"parfaitement incorrect"*, which does not mean "quite inexact" but rather "utterly false". It is a very strong expression indeed, put in studiedly pale terms. When an Englishman says "you can't believe a word he says"—which is manifestly nonsense on the side of over-emphasis, yet a very common phrase—a Frenchman would probably put it: *"On ne peut guère toujours le croire"*. I should not wonder if the tradition of the Duel had something to do with this under-pitching of the personal statement.

In this effort to render intention by inten-

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tion it is often necessary to conform to the idiom of one's own tongue by adding some word not in the original. For instance, I would translate La Rochefoucauld's excellent remark on funerals something after this fashion: "I like a funeral, for I come away from it saying to myself, 'I have got rid of another of them, anyhow' ". The word "anyhow" is not in the original; I think the English form needs it to express the savour of the French.

(4) When we translate prose in these late modern times of ours, following upon so many centuries of varying use in words, we must be very much upon our guard against words of similar form in the two languages, that one from which we are translating and that one into which we are translating; and we must equally be upon our guard against taking an early meaning to be the same as the later meaning of the same word. Both dangers have a similar source. Each proceeds from the fact that with the passage of time a word changes in meaning while retaining its form. There has been no more fruitful source of historical error (not only in constitutional discussion but in what is more important, theological discussion) than this. Fustel de Coulanges did great service when he pointed out that the word "*cum*" meant quite a different thing in a Merovingian document from what it would have meant in a classical one. "*Rex cum proceribus*" did not mean, for Dagobert, "The King *together* with his magnates"—as the man familiar only with classical Latin would think it meant; it meant rather, "The King *in the presence* of his magnates". It in no way connoted the necessity of assent by the magnates. The Merovingian king was heir to the Roman Emperors, not to tribal chiefs. Similarly, in all the mass of discussion upon the Eucharist, the verb "*repraesentare*", given a modern meaning, not only vitiates but contradicts the earlier use; which earlier use did not connote a symbol but the exact opposite, the actual transference of the thing named.

In translation from the Teutonic languages into English the danger takes one form, in translating from the Latin languages another. A word similar in spelling, nearly identical or even actually identical, may, as we all know, have a very different meaning in English from what it has in the original German. And the danger is all the greater because, in the case of the Teutonic languages, those English words which are of Teutonic derivation are at the very core of the speech. The use of "bitter" during the war is a good example. The odiously un-English term "bitter fighting" nearly passed into the language. But it is in translating from the Latin languages and particularly from French that the warning must be emphasized. There are hosts and regiments of words, most of them branching out from the Renaissance, others of earlier origin, but all entering directly or indirectly from Latin, which are similar or identical in spelling and which, if rendered as equivalents, make a translation wholly false.

Examples will occur to every one. One of the most obvious is the word "deception", which in French means today a disappointment, in English a deceit. Another less known one and one most important to remember in daily work is the criss-cross of "magistrate" and "judge". In French the former word stands for the greater office, in English the lesser one. I cannot help recalling an instance of this danger which we had immediately after the Great War. A politician —English-speaking but not, I am glad to say, English—was roused to indignation by the presence in a French document of the word "*demande*", which he thought equivalent to his own familiar word, "demand": an error comparable to mistaking a salutation for a blow.

(5) Transmute boldly: render the sense by the corresponding sense without troubling over the verbal difficulties in your way. Where such rendering of sense by corresponding sense involves considerable amplifi-

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cation, do not hesitate to amplify for fear of being verbose. For instance, if you come across the French word "*constater*", which in point of fact you do in nearly all official documents with which you may have to deal, you must always replace it by a full English sentence, even so ample as, "We note without further comment", or "We note for purposes of future reference", or in another connection, "We desire to put on record". In the same way there are whole French phrases which should justly be put into a shorter form in English. Take such a sentence as this: *"Il-y-avait dans cet homme je ne sais quoi de suffisance"*. The right translation of this would not be: "There was in this man I know not what of self-sufficiency"; the right translation is rather, more briefly, "There was a touch of complacency about him". Sometimes, even often, a whole passage must be thus transmuted, a whole paragraph thrown into a new form, if we would justly render the sense of the original; and the general rule should stand that, after having grasped as exactly as possible all that the original stands for, with the proportion between its various parts, the distinction between what is emphasized and what is left on a lower plane, we should say to ourselves, not "How shall I make this foreigner talk English?", but "What would an Englishman have said to express this same?" *That* is translation. *That* is the very essence of the art: the resurrection of an alien thing in a native body; not the dressing of it up in native clothes but the giving to it of native flesh and blood.

(6) Lastly, I would add this epigrammatic counsel: never embellish. You may indeed embellish if you are desiring to produce a work of art of your own, careless of what happens to the vile body which you are adapting, just as you may melt down some silver spoons and fashion with the material an elaborate cup. But if your object be sincere translation never yield to the sometimes considerable temptation of making the new thing (in your own eyes) better than the old. It is a counsel of perfection, and I grant that had it always been observed some of the best work done by man would never have appeared, for some of the best work done by man has been struck out in the rendering, or at any rate after a first reading, of some foreign thing by the reader who was inspired to make something better in his own language. But that is not translation. It is as much an error in *translation* as the converse error of rendering what was noble in the original into something base.

I might here, had I the space, digress upon the very interesting question whether the translation of some dull foreign writer be not the master-test of the translator's art. I mean the translation of a dull foreigner so that his original insufficiency shall appear in the new form. There is a pleasing irony about the subject. I leave it with regret, in the hope of returning to it elsewhere.

For the translation of verse and rhetoric three main rules suggest themselves to me:

First, that translation must here be almost wholly occupied with spiritual effect; next, the consequence of this, that verse should normally be translated not into verse but into prose; and lastly, a negative rule, that one should abandon the effort to translate the untranslatable.

(1) As to spiritual effect—especially in rhetoric—there is of course no rule for obtaining it in its myriad forms, but there is the rule of making it one's supreme object; and a triumph it is to achieve that object and rarely is it achieved. Great rhetoric and verse, which in its highest form we call in modern English *poetry*, has upon the mind of man an unmistakable effect, separate in its quality of emotion from all other. It is that effect which the translator must attempt, half despairing, to reproduce: or at any rate it is that effect to which he must approach. Unless he bring in something at least of that magic he has not translated at all. A translation even of good verse, let alone of poetry, which does

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not convey something of the thrill, which does not grasp something of the poignancy proper to the original, is as it were the negative of translation, it is a minus quantity, it is worse than nothing. For instance:

τῷ ὃ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἕποντο

translate this, "He was followed by forty black ships", and you had much better have spent your time playing Patience. But translate it, "Forty dark ships followed him", and you are some miles behind—but still in the wake—of the fleets that sailed to Troy.

(2) It is, I say, from this truth that there follows the injunction to translate *as a rule* verse into prose and not into verse. I know that the very greatest renderings of the most famous poems have commonly been themselves in verse. Yet I think that is to be regretted. Let me take an example and a justly famous one. These lines:

Τῆλε ὀ'ἀπὸ κρατὸς χέε θέσματα σιγαλόεντα
Ἄμπυκα, κεκρύφαλόν τ', ἠδὲ πλεκτὴν ἀναθέσμην
Κρήθεμνόν θ', ὅ ῥά οἱ δῶκε χρυσέη Ἀφροδίτη
Ἤματι τῷ ὅτε μιν κορυθαίολος ἠγάγεθ' Ἕκτωρ
Ἐκ δόμου Ἠετίωνος . . . (*Iliad* χ, 467-71).

It would require scholarship which I do not possess to decide upon the exactitude of translation from the Homeric poems. But it requires no more than a sense of English, which I claim to possess, and a love of the original, which I also feel, to judge whether this be not as excellent an abbreviated rendering as was ever given. It is, in my ears at least, better than anything that has been done in verse that I ever read, in those efforts men have made to put the original hexameters into English lines.

". . . and from her head dropped the net and the wreath and the diadem which golden Aphrodite gave her on the day when Hector of the glancing helm took her from the house of Eetion [to be his bride]." I do not think this effect would have been produced in verse. Chapman does not produce it, grandeur though he has, nor Pope, the common criticism of whose obviously un-Greek method has always seemed to me beside the mark. Pope was a great poet and Chapman a great translator, but a little book which I shall treasure all my life called *Church's Stories from Homer* does the trick better than either of them.

The rule of not translating verse into verse is indeed a hard commandment. For verse inspires by its rhythm, and the temptation to reproduce the effect in rhythmical form under the air of one's own tongue is very strong. Moreover, I must admit that, especially with short things of precise form, the temptation has been yielded to with advantage, often with real success; and sometimes I think with a success which would not have been achieved in any other way. This is particularly true of epigram, as for instance the epigram of Anacreon:

Love's self is sad, love's lack is sadder still,
But love unloved, oh that's the greatest ill.

A translation rather of verse than of poetry. But no one has sufficiently put into verse what may certainly be put into solemn prose, the loveliest of the laments from the *Anthology*, Meleager's Δάκρυα σοὶ καὶ νέρθε (vii. 476).

That sometimes even a whole sonnet can be retranslated into sonnet form we know from the high success of Du Bellay, some of whose greatest work was an adaptation from the Italian (and that in its turn from the Latin), and oddly enough it was Du Bellay himself who gave the opportunity for one of the finest exceptions in this line, I mean Mr. G. K. Chesterton's translation of the famous sonnet upon *Lyré*, which, as a model of what can be done in this fashion, I will take the liberty of reading to you now, first reading Du Bellay's fourteen lines and then those of his English compeer.

Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau
voyage,
Ou comme cestuy là qui conquit la toison,

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Et puis est retourné, plein d'usage et raison,
Vivre entre ses parents le reste de son aage!

Quand revoiray-je, helas, de mon petit village
Fumer la cheminee: et en quelle saison
Revoiray-je le clos de ma pauvre maison,
Qui m'est une province, et beaucoup d'avantage?

Plus me plaist le sejour qu'ont basty mes ayeux,
Que des palais Romains le front audacieux:
Plus que le marbre dur me plaist l'ardoise fine,

Plus mon Loyre Gaulois que le Tybre Latin,
Plus mon petit Lyré que le mont Palatin,
Et plus que l'air marin la doulceur Angevine.

* * *

Happy, who like Ulysses or that lord
That raped the fleece, returning full and sage,
With usage and the world's wide reason stored,
With his own kin can wait the end of age.
When shall I see, when shall I see, God knows!
My little village smoke; or pass the door,
The old dear door of that unhappy house
That is to me a kingdom and much more?
Mightier to me the house my fathers made
Than your audacious heads, O Halls of Rome!
More than immortal marbles undecayed,
The thin sad slates that cover up my home;
More than your Tiber is my Loire to me,
Than Palatine my little Lyré there;
And more than all the winds of all the sea
The quiet kindness of the Angevin air.

If I may introduce the personal note I will admit that in that translation of *The Song of Roland* which I fear I shall not live to complete but which I most desire to accomplish as a task, and which of course I have undertaken in prose, I could not forbid myself the admission of verse here and there, so powerfully was I possessed by the lyric form of the original. Thus I cannot but translate:

Hauts sont li puys et tenebreuses et grants
Et dans li vals sont les eaues courants.

High are the hills, and huge, and dim with cloud,
Down in the deeps the living streams are loud.

And again:

Ami Roland, prud'homme, jouvente bele.

Roland, my friend, young gentleman and brave.

No, one cannot kill the desire to render verse by verse. But one must not let it run away with one, and one must preserve the canon that in general and especially for the longer flights and more especially for the epics, verse should be rendered into prose.

(3) I added, "Do not try to translate the untranslatable". The negative commandment is perhaps the hardest of all. Were it too much impressed upon men no good flash of poetic translation would ever be struck out. But it is true that if you find a thing quite untranslatable, if you discover your effort to be wholly unworthy of the original, it is far better for two good reasons to burn it than to let it stand. The two good reasons are, first, that by publishing it you traduce the poet; and second, that you commit that unforgivable crime of making a fool of yourself. I defy any man to translate into English verse or prose the perfection of Gauthier:

. . . et par la petitesse
De ses mains, elle était Andalouse,
et contesse.

I would conclude with a certain unhappy warning for what threatens translation as a whole in our time. I would not like to end without that warning, because it is very much needed and the evil in connection with which I make it is increasing every day.

Translation—of a sort—swarms today on a scale unknown to the past. Our popular press is filled with renderings of things said and written by men of other speech, and though we do not sufficiently translate foreign books into English, at least, not the best foreign books, yet of this work also there is a very great deal. That is because the time in which we live is one in which all men read —whether for their good or their ill let others determine.

Now the time in which we live is not only one in which this mass of translation is con-

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tinually going on, but also one in which it is worse done than ever it was done before. It is worse done today than it was yesterday, and it looks as though it would be worse done tomorrow even than it is today. The bad results of such a state of affairs are manifest. In our own particular province which is but one of many, the province of the English-speaking world, bad translation not only cuts us off from our peers and fellows in a common civilization but what is worse, ministers to isolated pride. For who shall believe that there is great work done in any other tongue than his own if whatever appears in a foreign tongue is put before him inadequately?

The cause of this rapid deterioration in translation is not only the huge inflation of reading which today we suffer or enjoy, but also what is in the very blood of our time, the commercial spirit: the motive of gain. And coupled with this the vast increase of what may be called the "intellectual proletariat", of whom we may say that their intellectual quality is relative, but their proletarian quality positive and certain.

Under this combination arises a state of affairs where thousands think they know enough of a foreign tongue to translate into their own, and where those thousands are equally confident that, because they can write in one sense, they can write in another. Everyone is taught to write, and most think that the setting down of words on paper is a sufficient definition of the art of writing. Hence a sort of translation can be had for next to nothing. Hence does the owner of a newspaper—and even the editor thereof, who is commonly a better educated man—accept almost anything by way of translation; hence does the publisher make out his costs for a translation upon a lower scale than he would ever allow for even the meanest of original work. There are places called Translation Bureaux where you can take any piece of French, German, Russian, or Japanese (but not, I am glad to say, Latin), and get an English rendering of it neatly type-written in a few hours. And the spirit of the translation bureau is upon the whole trade. There is only one remedy, and like the remedy for every department of our modern disease, it must be slight in its effect and probably fail if it be attempted; that remedy is to create a social consciousness of what translation means; to aim—at least in important cases—at real translation, and with that object to pay translation at better rates and to give that other half of the writer's wages, which is fame, to the translator as well as to the original writer.

Failing this, you have to depend upon the chance labour of love, such as the late Scott Moncrieff's work or the excerpts recently published by Mr. Maurice Baring. Now the proportion that such work, done from enthusiasm and with the enjoyment of leisure, bears to what might be and ought to be done is almost negligible. We must pay translation better and we must praise it more; or pay the penalty of further isolation and of further self-sufficiency—at the end of which is the death of our culture. For no province of Europe can stand alone.

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A MONTH OF THE THEATRE

THE FIRST OF THE SEASON

by Francis Fergusson

HEYWOOD BROUN'S *Shoot the Works* and Earl Carroll's *Vanities* show how different two entertainments may be and still call themselves revues. The amiable, humorous personality of Mr. Broun dominates his dim little stage, tricked out with a few borrowed flats and curtains, and thinly inhabited by chorus girls and boys in economical costumes. Mr. Broun's show is coöperative, and coöperative shows have a bad reputation on Broadway, in spite of *Precedent*; but Mr. Broun enlists a string of guest stars. Thus his audience takes pot luck; it is sure of the host, but the bill of fare varies. Mr. Broun makes a very good host—easy, friendly, and alive. He has some good ideas for staging, not too original, but well within his personal idiom. In fact, Mr. Broun has made a stage character of himself; a sort of cross between Will Rogers and Pantalone—a fat man who likes the girls, a Don Quixote of politics and social reform. This likable clown may be identified as a sort of inept brother to the incomparable Chaplin. He is a caricature which no one takes too seriously, and which does not in the least interfere with his author's real convictions. The rather improvised and amateurish flavour of this potpourri is refreshing after what one knows as Broadway, and what I suppose one will now have to know as Earl Carrollism—at least until the Rockefellers have established Roxy in the forthcoming Babylonian bonbonnière of Radio City, which promises to reach new lows in popular culture.

But as for Mr. Carroll, in the meantime—he is as bright and mechanical as a traffic light. His metallic pseudo-modernism ("there must be a first time for everything", he warns us in the program), his patchwork of black and orange triangular interior decoration, the audience of sharp, ocular people, like macaws, parakeets, and other harsh jungle birds, that he gathers under the trying glare of his trick lighting; the mob of travelling salesmen which the police are still dispersing nightly from the stage-door, "portal of the most beautiful girls in the world"; above all, the silly, gaudy show which is the new bait in his new theatre, will give you pause, till the next showman-Messiah comes along. I reported the *Follies* (for which, by the way, he charges only $5.50 instead of $6.60, as stated last month) as a pretty swollen spectacle, but the hard impudence of the Earl Carroll Theatre and the relentless stupidity of his *Vanities* make poor dear old Flo Ziegfeld look shabby and scholarly, positively rueful and *gemütlich*. It is the difference between Ziegfeld's eight friendly pink-eared elephants, and Carroll's scientifically correct forty-ton dinosaur.

Cloudy with Showers

Turning, bruised and battered, from Mr. Carroll and his dead gewgaws, to find the

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new comedy by Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell, is almost enough to make one lose one's bearings. So humour is still possible in the theatre! And good acting! The authors, perhaps especially Mr. Dell, argue a bit too grimly about seduction, which is no longer so fashionable as a means of salvation; but one forgives them that because of their shrewdness, their comparative quietness, and their character sketches, especially that of Professor Hammill, played by Mr. Mitchell himself. We learn that Hammill, teaching in a girls' college, does not know women, until one of his pupils, with the aid of an Italian road-house keeper, makes a husband out of him. The Italian (Adrian Rosley), the college girls, and the apostolic young vamp (Rachel Hartzell) are good performances; but it is really Mr. Mitchell who makes the Freudio-collegiate plot palatable by using it for his own comical purposes.

Theatrical Norm

I am sorry to say that the other early openings seem to show our bewildered producers trying to get down to the lowest common denominator in popular taste. Whether the depression has frightened them, or their chronic dearth of ideas has left them no choice, they seem determined to produce things that *anybody* would understand. In this effort they show poor judgement. For one thing, it seems probable that the theatre, if healthy, would lead public taste almost more than it would follow it. For another, there is no popular norm for producers, even with the best intentions in the world, to appeal to. There is vaudeville; but when it reaches Broadway, and falls into Earl Carroll's hands, it loses its life and spirit, and degenerates into noise and glare. There are, or were, German, Yiddish, Italian, Spanish-American theatres with a kind of staple fare that their audiences could be pretty confidently counted upon to take. But the other types of theatrical entertainment invoked by producers who aspire to play safe—thrillers, sob stuff, human documents, chronicles of the home folks—all appeal as novelties, and have no more permanent a drawing power than the current scandal featured by the tabloids, which will give place, tomorrow, to a new one. Nobody, as yet, has managed to "get the number" of our vast, restless population on small salaries, which has forgotten its foreign or small-town origins without discovering where it belongs in the city. Pitying itself, caught between the mechanical servitude of its jobs and the envied luxury of those who are a little richer, it craves sensation, newness. But those who try to give it what it wants are lost (so quickly does sensation stale) before they even start, if one takes at all the long view.

Three Times the Hour

Mr. Brock Pemberton, who has been hunting for a successor to *Strictly Dishonorable* which should have the indispensable quality of novelty, at last comes out with this melodrama. It is the story of a murder which occurs on the third floor of a Fifth Avenue mansion. The first act shows us what happens on the first floor between eleven and twelve; the second act, what happens on the second floor during the same period; and the third act, the murder, which occurred at midnight. The first act is disorganized, the second act is better, and the third exciting. It may be recommended to very tired business men.

After Tomorrow

Mr. John Golden, for his opening blast, presents the blood-brother of Mr. Patrick Kearney's kitchen dramas, *Old Man Murphy* and *A Regular Guy*. It was written by Hugh Stange and Mr. Golden himself. It is about two exemplary young people who want to get married, but whose parents, for financial and other reasons, are always getting in the way. Elsie Taylor is a stenographer, her father is a fairly unsuccessful insurance man, and they all live in a basement in the

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Bronx. When I tell you that Donald Meek plays the father, and is heartrending with his semi-hysterical sufferings, you will see that this is another case of happy tears all round, another poor relation of *Abie's Irish Rose*. What I object to in plays of this family, is not that they are laid in suburban flats, it is the flat suburbanism of their authors. And if this quality brings the authors nearer their audience, so much the worse for the audience.

Just to Remind You

When Mr. Owen Davis takes pen in hand and sets out to show up the gangs, it is a comparatively happy day for the persistent playgoer. Mr. Davis is the author of *Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model*, of a Pulitzer Prize play, and of three hundred and some other theatre pieces, which, if read consecutively, would reveal the whole cycle of popular preoccupations during the last thirty years. The refreshing thing about Mr. Davis is just that he is no more interested in gangs as such than he is in cloak models; but he is a showman of great gusto, manipulator of clichés of plot and character, who can simulate a fine moral passion at a moment's notice if that is the rousing thing to do. And so the audience cannot help loving his young laundryman, poor but honest, and the sweet girl who shares his troubles: they shudder when bombs explode and pistols are flourished, they hiss the villain, and they weep with indignation at the pity of it all. Paul Kelly and Sylvia Field are excellent as the laundryman and his girl, and Edward H. Robins is heartwarmingly hateful as Judge Higgins, the Hypocrisy of the Powers That Be.

The Horse Ate the Hat

One may now see René Clair's adaptation for the movies of Labiche's famous old farce, *The Italian Straw Hat*. René Clair, you remember, is the French cinema director whose *Le Million* showed him as interested in utilizing traditional comedies for the screen. In this silent film with English sub-titles, he has gone back to his sources with a difference, with a slightly ironic slant on Labiche himself. In this country we have seen plenty of old-time thrillers burlesqued, at least on the stage, but that is not quite it, either. For M. Clair's tintype style, his music-box tinkle and rhythm, heighten the very effects inherent in Labiche's play, while placing the play itself, situating it quaintly among furbelows and mutton-chop whiskers. He is not uniformly successful—sometimes not enough happens for cinema slapstick as we understand it—or perhaps it is that his actors were not quite up to the very difficult task he has set them, which is really to produce a continuous quiet chuckle of character, seldom the loud laugh. In any case, you are advised to see it. It is a new slant, which seems to promise a way of resuming old theatre pieces without either vulgarizing them or killing them with solemn antiquarianism.

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FICTION

FOUR HANDSOME NEGRESSES *by R. Hernekin Baptist* (CAPE & SMITH. $2.00)

AT LEAST half a century ago the French had begun exploiting potent mixtures of sex, cruelty, and elegant writing to jar the jaded reader and enhance their own reputations. Today we seem to be catching up, a bit tardily it is true, but surely. And no doubt we shall now be asked to rejoice that at last we are as sophisticated as the Parisians were in the *fin de siècle*.

In this country the time seems at length ripe for the exploitation of decadent effects. Our naïve and complacent idealism was destroyed by the war and the critical realists. The latter, leading writers of the twenties, used heavy weapons to bludgeon our sentimentalities; they were crudely and healthily in earnest; and despite their hatred of "Puritanism", in many of them were detected an ill-concealed Moral Purpose. But the younger sophisticates of the thirties have profited so well by their example that they lack the inbred moral impulse which their elders could not entirely eradicate from themselves. They feel more at home in an unmoral and meaningless universe where pragmatic experiment is the only guide to life. That man is an animal whose life, though brightened by flashes of imaginary beauty or lit by lurid lust, is short, dirty, and brutish, is a point of view which does not shock them greatly because they have never fancied otherwise. And since cruelty is a condition of that life as they have always seen it, they can exploit cruelty as a surgeon can dissect living flesh, with steady nerves and intellectual satisfaction, if not with actual enjoyment. Such at least seems a partial picture of the tendency which Mr. Canby, writing particularly about William Faulkner, called recently the School of Cruelty. And these reflections are especially applicable to *Four Handsome Negresses*, a first novel by a writer whose real name, we gather, is probably not R. Hernekin Baptist.

The story is suggested by the record that "four negresses were taken aboard off the Guinea Coast on one of the pioneer voyages of the Portuguese in the Golden Age of their maritime achievement. They were . . . to be well tended, richly dressed and left ashore at various points of the African coast as emissaries of trade and, presumably, of Christian missionary enterprise. . . ." Actually the tale is of forcible abduction, rape, lust, filth, murder, and suicide. The attempt is made to point out with elegant irony that the cruel Christian is infinitely inferior to the noble savage. Ever since Montaigne speculated whether the "cannibals" of South America were actually worse than his French contemporaries this ironical contrast has been dear to the romantic tradition; but with the development of anthropology we fancied that it was an exploded myth. Our author does, it is true, recognize the necessity of conceding at the beginning a few snakes in his primitive paradise; but these are easily ignored once the author gets under way in his luscious descriptions of native nudity, primitive virtue, and innocent happiness in a garden where the Tree of Knowledge was unknown.

The civilized men on board the *Santa Maria* are a vile lot. The governor is a lustful brute; the priest a lustful hypocrite; the Jewish merchant a sordid money-grubber; even the youthful poet an ineffectual dreamer. The savage girls, brought clean, innocent

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and healthy from their sea-bathing, are progressively defiled and tortured in a series of events narrated with scientific naturalism and courtly, ironical objectivity. The style and treatment give the impression that the author is wearing rubber gloves and sterile garments, and that behind a gauze mask he is faintly smiling with satisfaction at his neat execution. But perhaps we do him injustice. His detachment is less than he would have us believe.

The style is a bit too self-consciously elegant; the beauties of primitive nakedness are a bit too much detailed; the horrors are dwelt upon a bit too gustfully. The author may make airs of detached irony and cosmic disillusionment if he will, but we do not believe him. He is clever enough almost to impress us; but what we bring away with us is not an objective work of art but a revelation of a decadent romantic dreamer and his dream of lusts and horrors. And that, because of the author's manifest abilities, is a misfortune.

SEVEN DAYS *by Andreas Latzko* (VIKING. $2.50)

THE beggar who becomes king is an old theme for romance. In this novel, by substituting a proletarian who becomes capitalist, Mr. Latzko adapts the theme to contemporary German society. The theme is rich in possibilities—of comic or satiric social contrasts, of fantasy or melodrama obviously, less obviously of tragic effects. The difficulty with Mr. Latzko's treatment seems to be that his interest has been divided among these possibilities with the result that the book lacks a unified central interest.

The possibilities for melodrama are seized upon by the publishers in describing the work as "an exciting tale with action as its primary interest". In this aspect one might describe it as not only melodramatic but cinematographical, since it involves such "surefire" ingredients as intrigue in high society, startling social contrasts, and two violent deaths, one by an outraged husband, one by gunmen. But the love-interest is too much subordinated; the ending is unhappy; and for the cinema fan there are too many philosophical discussions.

Nevertheless the interest in plot for its own sake is considerable, and detracts from the story's tragic and sociological aims. With so fantastic a plot one would hardly expect an author to seek the effects of tragedy, which depend on probability and elevation. It would be far easier for him to give body to his tale through satire or high comic treatment. Yet beyond melodrama it is difficult to discover any other aim—so far as the novel is a story and not a tract.

But to a considerable degree a tract is just what the story is. The author's heart is evidently less in the intrigue or the tragedy than in the opportunities the plot gives him to point out social injustices and to indulge in Wells-like discussions about them. A philanthropic Jewish physician serves him for *raisonneur*, and is allowed to talk wittily and mordantly for many pages. Communism is condemned as erring into violence; the capitalist is condemned for cruel, unimaginative indifference. The chief trouble with mankind, says the doctor truly, is its lack of imagination. The doctor himself, giving up an immense fortune on principle, spends his days succoring the poor; he is quixotic and impractical but noble-hearted; and he is rewarded by gunmen's bullets. Before his death he half-converts the owner of the great Mangien motor works, whose imagination has been quickened by his short experience among the poor; and we may hope that some good will come of the conversion. As a matter of fact the author raises Karl Abt from sullen poverty not because the change is romantic but because it points a social moral; he has him killed to enforce a social moral; and for the same reason he has Baron Mangien forced to live among the proletariat, and the noble Dr. Landau assassinated.

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But we cannot have everything; and because the novel affects us by turns as melodrama, tragedy, and tract, it fails fully to be any one of them. The interest is not centered on any one character but shifts from Baron Mangien to Karl Abt to Dr. Landau and back again. The lover of adventure will find the philosophizing irritating. The admirer of tragedy will find the material unsuitable and the result a failure. And the reader intelligently interested in social problems, though he may find much to attract him here, as in Mr. Wells's similar writings, may reasonably prefer his sociology straight, or at least abstracted into a preface like Shaw's.

ALAN REYNOLDS THOMPSON

CHILDREN AND OLDER PEOPLE *by Ruth Suckow* (KNOPF. $2.50)

RUTH SUCKOW is an Iowan who has neither gone to Los Angeles nor to New York in protest. On the contrary, judging her philosophy in a vigorous article she wrote for *Scribner's Magazine* last year, she challenges the "intelligentsia", if they have any creative imagination, to stop huddling together in colonies—in New York, in Carmel, San Francisco, New Orleans, with their imported traditions, or carefully built up "folk" art, and to go into their home communities, recognize—in the booms, Rotaries, chain stores, college spirit, and the easy friendliness with which the waitress in a small Western restaurant asks "Have you folks had all you want to eat?"—a robust and various life that will be the source of any vital American art. The trouble, she finds, is that the real "folk" ways in America are the ways of "the folks". And this is too intimate a relation. Our rebellious young intellectuals can appreciate the picturesqueness of a countryman if they can see him as a Thomas Hardy rustic, but they suffer tortures if their own families are socially anything but impeccable. So the life of "the folks" goes on booming, branching out in a hundred directions, but our self-styled "civilized minority" is out of it. And how, she asks, can the seeds of beauty flourish in any soil where the very people who cherish the principle of beauty leave the seeds to the random cultivation of the very people who do not cherish them?

The children and older people who make up the present short stories are not sketched to prove this social philosophy, any more than Katharine Mansfield's or Selma Lagerlöf's characters have an ulterior motive for being. Miss Suckow is too individualistic to be a violent propagandist. She has seen with extraordinary clarity into the conscious or unconscious motives of her Iowa country and small-town people. She is too close to the soil to be cynical, and, while no frailty is too small to escape her notice, the sum of weaknesses and strength is in such honest and untheatrical proportions that generally if not admirable the characters are at least memorable as human beings—Susan, the bank clerk, who for four years has given herself in secret to the doctor as they wait for his freedom from caring for an invalid mother (she loses in the end to a fresh young girl when the mother dies, and, no matter what her feelings may become, the women of the town will never cease to feel sorry for Susan); married people in minor crises, in eternal small frictions, or in increasing comprehension of one another at the end of life; a young woman whose lover has died, trying to find something on which to build out of the immeasurable blank; *A Great Mollie*, independent and masculinely strong and self-sufficient; Toldine, the inherently cold, small and methodical spinster, who, with her cat, asks no more (and gets much more) than to be let alone.

Boys and girls on the threshold of the teens; the "little kid" in her envy and desperate effort to keep up with her sister and the rest of the "big kids"; the child in a new school who puts a valentine in the box for herself because she couldn't face acknowledg-

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ing to the others that she didn't get one; the city child's first awed wonder at the beauty and violence of life and death on the farm; a boy prematurely made the man of the family by his father's death; torture and triumph of eminence as the star at the Sunday School Christmas play; games on the vacant lot after dark; school picnic; indulgent, protective, uncomprehending parents—the whole world of childhood is recaptured in the child's own language, sense of values and humour.

Here is an unsentimental picture of ordinary people who are living natural and hence rather sentimental lives. There are no violent passions, ambitions, crimes; none of the elements of small-town life that "nice people" would not know about. Yet here is what at least most women would find to build upon if they went back to their home towns and belonged to the women's club. To this New York emigrée it brings back a picture too well remembered to be a serious challenge. But Miss Suckow revives memories that are pleasant, and for moments of nostalgia these and others of her stories are commended to the attention of not too earnest and not too civilized readers.

CATHERINE ROYER

MARTIN'S SUMMER *by Vicki Baum* (COSMOPOLITAN. $2.00)

SOMEONE should give a copy of this novel to Bernarr Macfadden on his next birthday. Frau Baum has so heavily endowed her man of brawn with all the attributes specified by the exponents of Physical Culture that you can fairly see him posing for his picture in a leopard skin. If Martin Heil had been a mere wasp-waisted chorus man he would never have had the summer job as bathing instructor at the lake resort of Fraunensee; would never have found half the female population taking lessons from him long after they had learned to swim; would never have been able, towards the end, to philosophize as follows: "He had been exposed to the importunities of young and old, of the straight and the crooked, of the deaf-and-dumb and the loquacious. He had come through it all . . . and treated everyone with consideration". Yet it became increasingly difficult to concentrate in any one direction because, as a particularly tenacious admirer told him: "You are one of those men that women don't give up to others".

Although accepted in Frauensee as an "amateur sportsman"—who had to eat three meals a day—Martin was really Dr. Martin Heil, a scientist waiting all the while for word that one of his inventions had been patented. When the good news finally came, Martin escaped with the most persistent of his ladies, leaving behind him a deserted beach and a trail of broken hearts.

Inconsequential in the extreme, *Martin's Summer* is an amusing light novel turned out by one who shows that she is no novice. A trite plot is saved by the grace of original handling and the *mise-en-scène* is colourfully rendered. There is, however, little of the life, fire, and rapid dramatic movement, or the undertone of emotional sympathy, that won a wide and special hearing for *Grand Hotel*. Martin is hardly more than a glorified stage prop, and his affairs are but the flimsiest of Summer philanderings. It is unfortunate that Frau Baum did not follow her auspicious American début with a worthier successor.

THURSDAY APRIL *by Alberta Pierson Hannum* (HARPERS. $2.50)

IT is no simple matter to break into a literary field dominated by such figures as Thomas Wolfe, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Maristan Chapman and Vardis Fisher. Yet the circle must be widened to admit Alberta Pierson Hannum. Despite its title, so obviously derived from Julia Peterkin, her first novel *Thursday April* is a fresh and original piece of work in no way imitative of other fiction of the same genre. Mrs. Hannum draws her

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mountaineers with such fidelity that their quaint and often humorous words carry honest conviction and even their most unexpected actions have the clear, sharp ring of inevitability. The ultimate tragedy seems less an invention of the novelist than a catastrophe implicit in the body of the narrative from the very beginning.

Joe Duly, hardy, taciturn North Carolinian, gave no word either of praise or of blame to Thursday April, his wife and mother of his nine daughters. Her problem, therefore, was much like that of other women who love deeply but in return receive no sign of love. The only hope of winning him, she thought, was to give him a strong, stalwart son, but when the tenth child was born it was another girl and its twin, although male, was a poor scrawny little creature with legs like kindling splinters. Not in this wise was Joe to be won. So after long days when "her mind had gone in plodding circles like an old horse around a grinding-stone", Thursday April shut love out of her heart and resolved to live for the twins, Phoebe and Cripple Square, who might have saved her. The years passed and at fifty Thursday April was an old woman, "wrinkled and brown like a potato in Spring". She had nursed her crippled son to a self-reliant manhood and contrived that her youngest daughter should have a modicum of ease and luxury her mother had never tasted. So great was her preoccupation that contentment seemed to settle over her. Then the blow descended without warning; Square's life and Phoebe's love were snuffed out like a candle in the wind, and on the old shuck bed under a faded patchwork quilt Thursday April lay down to die "like a crumpled bag of corn to be ground". Only Joe was with her—the Joe whom neither sorrow nor death could keep her from loving to the last.

Although the "godless" Grahams, Dolsy Shaney, an aging scarlet sister, "revenooers" and other picturesque mountain folk people the story, the eldest Duly girls are conspicuously absent. Where are they? What do they do? Why don't they get under foot? Do they never come home? The reader may ask himself these questions, but they are never answered. Obviously the author has eliminated the young ladies in order to focus full light on Phoebe and Square, but can nine strapping country wenches be made to vanish like genii? This, however, is a minor point, for the book as a whole disarms criticism. The characters live, the scenes have definite shape, and the local idiom is effectively rendered. What many first novels lack, this one possesses in full measure—the virtue of "underwriting".

DALE WARREN

A RICHER DUST *by Storm Jameson* (KNOPF. $3.00)

This volume completes the trilogy which Storm Jameson began with *The Lovely Ship* and continued through *The Voyage Home*. It is a better, a deeper, book than its predecessors, and for a quite understandable reason. Hitherto, in writing of Mary Hervey, the strong-willed woman who rose in Victorian times to be head of a great Tees-side shipbuilding concern, Miss Jameson has had sociology on her conscience. She has sought to understand Mary Hervey, and she has succeeded. But she has also sought to bite off the story of the rise and fall of England's most important industry, that of shipping, and her divided interests have resulted in novels that have somehow failed to reconcile and synthesize the two interests. *The Voyage Home*, for example, wavered between being a novel of intension and a novel of extension, between concentrating on the tragedy of Mary Hervey's failure to hold her children, and painting a vast sociological canvas. *A Richer Dust* has the same tendency to waver, but Miss Jameson has found a way of making her novel less spare.

She has, here, attempted a simpler feat, and one that comes closer to her own times.

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Mary Hervey is present, but it is as an old woman, nearing the end of her rope. She has one desire: to see the Garton shipyards fall to Nicholas Roxby, her grandson. But, as is the case with dictators and autocrats, she has not taken into account the fact that changing times witness a change in ideals. Nicholas wants to choose for himself. He marries foolishly, against his grandmother's wishes, and he enlists for service in France. He comes through the war, but the prospect of devoting his life to building ships and making money for which he has no psychological need is too much for him. His grandmother weathers the last disappointment, gets out of her business at the height of the war boom, and dies.

Miss Jameson still has a trick of skimping her big scenes. But in her concentration more or less upon one individual, Nicholas Roxby, she has produced a novel that has more continuity than her more ambitious Victorian narratives. Through Nicholas she has been able to suggest the various stages of the decline of England, through Edwardian times, through the War, and through the low-percented years of the Versailles peace, a peace which she regards—or Nicholas regards—as an infamous betrayal of England's soldiers. And every so often, as Mary Hervey lets memory get the better of her, we get a sharply illuminating contrast between the England of the present, and the England of the high tides of the fifties, sixties and seventies—a time when men were flushed with hopes, success, progress, and all the Victorian bright lexicon of youth.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

SILHOUETTE OF MARY ANN *by J. E. Buckrose* (STOKES. $2.50)

SILHOUETTE is the *mot juste* for this brief, quiet narrative bearing the subtitle *A Novel about George Eliot*. It is an excellent silhouette, as near a likeness, probably, as a silhouette can be. The author has caught something about George Eliot, something fleeting, elusive, yet definitive, which is worth having. One catches glimpses of the outward pedantry and inward passion, of both the high pride and the self-mistrusting sensitivity, of the independence and the weakness, of all the contradictory aspects of the woman which are so clearly revealed in her portraits. One understands a little better why George Eliot so often wrote in the stilted manner of the savant while seeing and feeling with the spirit of the poet.

The story is slight and moves swiftly. The author is sympathetic toward his subject without being adulatory. Strangely enough, the early chapters of childhood, intellectual awakening, and revolt from the church are less interesting and less well handled than the account of the plunge into the vortex of London journalism. Perhaps it was felt that George Eliot herself had covered the early ground in her novels so thoroughly as to make more than a brief tender outline unnecessary. Her friendships with Chapman, Spencer, and Lewes are frankly and convincingly fitted into the story. Mr. Buckrose sees Marian Evans constantly reaching out for love but always failing to find it to the extent that her own ardour called for. She could not inspire a passion, only esteem and respect followed by sincere friendship. To the mind of the author, Lewes loved his famous partner in life; but he was never actually *in love* with her. And the difference implied by that distinction in phrasing marked all George Eliot's relationships.

The unsparing picture given us of the famous Victorian novelist in her old age when, married to a young man, she becomes acceptable in all conventional circles, is not without its ridiculous and pathetic aspects. Mr. Buckrose is to be particularly congratulated on his historical sense for the Victorian era and in devoting proper space to the work as well as to the personal life of an extraordinarily hard-working great woman.

FRED T. MARSH

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A NIGHT OF DEATH *by Marie Bregendahl* (KNOPF. $2.00)

At sunset Anne Gram, the wife of a Danish farmer, is surrounded by her eight small children, talking and playing with them; an hour later they are sent to their grandmother's down the hill and Anne takes to childbed; before morning she is dead. For at least the older children this one night marks the end of innocence and their first contact with knowledge and sorrow and death. Stealing up from their grandmother's, Lisa and Helga and their two cousins witness the bustle and movement in the house where their mother lies dying; and finally the younger children are awakened and the entire family, together with the servants, the midwife and the doctor, are gathered in the bedroom. Then Anne Gram dies and the people disperse.

The simplest and most fundamental emotions succeed one another here, and mingle. And with birth and death and love and family ties plain handling will always do; one is satisfied with any writer who recognizes these things and respects them for what they are. Miss Bregendahl knows where to stop: she does not fall into a vulgar sentimentality nor attempt high tragedy. She gives us a picture that is real, a picture the more honestly pathetic because it includes all the prosaic detail of a farmhouse world which, even in the face of death, must remember all the trivialities of living. And she has a certain, if limited, knowledge of children. For it is through the minds of the children that most of this story is told—children whose moods are mercurial and who, at the same moment they are overcome by the thought of their mother dying, can speculate on the advantages of being motherless. It would perhaps have been better had Miss Bregendahl given us the whole story through the eyes of the children; her frequent shifts in point of view rob us of an established level for witnessing the story, and make us conscious of a hand operating from outside. One objects, in much the same way, to the author's habit of taking us into the future now and again, after providing her story with a set unity of time and place: twelve hours in a farmhouse. Surely it is not pedantic to insist that taking such liberties against form has an irreparable if not easily diagnosed effect upon the story. Something seems muddled here, and only the inherent dignity of the material staves off disaster. Disaster, at any rate, is staved off; and this novelette—though far from a masterpiece and though jerkily translated—is touched warmly with life.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

THE GARDEN *by L. A. G. Strong* (KNOPF. $2.50)

In the early 1900's Ireland was an enchanting place. Dermot Gray and his mother went there every summer from England, for a visit with his grandparents. Paddy-monkey became his friend, and the business of collecting snails in his grandmother's garden proved profitable until the supply grew low and Dermot had to write: "Dear Granny, This is to say, about snails, that it cannot be done any longer at the price. Your loving grandson, Dermot". Dermot grows older, and the summers change. He discovers the charms of Delgany. The Irishman Paddy teaches him to fish from the rocks, and he leads an attack against a conger eel. Mona becomes his ideal, and remains remote. He goes on a jaunt around Ireland with his father, and in 1914 he is ready for Oxford.

The Garden is not written for the reader who must have a complicated plot and a series of dashing adventures. Very little happens in the story, and that little is most simply told, without any artificial attempt toward complication. Everything is seen through Dermot's eyes: situations which from the mature angle of an adult might be complicated, are developed without comment or in-

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terpretation, and this helps to validify the simplicity of treatment. It is only as Dermot himself grows older and more observant that the visits of his father seem trying, and the attitude of the Delgany relatives becomes apparent. The book ends as Dermot approaches manhood, and there is little opportunity for a sophisticated point of view.

It is a varied group that Mr. Strong gathers together in *The Garden*: Dermot's grandmother, who clips a fresh verbena leaf for every family prayer book on Sunday morning; his grandfather, who talks of "Cath'lic blagyards" and refuses to do away with two stray cats; Miss O'Killikelly, weeping and sniffing; Paddy, and Long Mike, a thorn in the side of the Salvation Army; Eileen, who understands boys; Con, always ready for a great "divarsion"; and the O'Dowda, that charming, brilliant, almost legendary figure who possesses "to his own life-long comfort, the gift of instantly and carelessly flattering every person whom he meets". Mr. Strong presents a wide range of characters, carefully drawn.

The prose is so straightforward that it saves a simple story from being a dull one. The author is obviously in close sympathy with his characters, and he is sometimes a little sentimental over them, but the directness of his approach generally keeps the novel from being over-fragile. There is a simplicity in development that often defies analysis, but the cumulative effect is one of delicacy and beauty.

MARJORIE N. BOND

TWO SYMPHONIES *by André Gide* (KNOPF. $2.50)

THE first of the two stories in this book, *Isabelle* (dating from 1911), tells of a young scholar who stops at a decaying château and there comes upon the mystery of the absent daughter. He falls in love with her from a miniature shown him by her illegitimate son. Through various discoveries, his love proceeds to become a decidedly different emotion. The tale shows the characteristic evasiveness of Gide at its best—or its worst. We feel some larger meaning is hidden beneath its seeming simplicity, but we cannot say with any decision what that meaning is. The problem may be solved in either of two ways: we may, like Rebecca West, see in *Isabelle* a Freudian phantasy, full of sexual symbols, explicable in the light of Gide's defense of homosexuality, or we may, as the present reviewer would prefer, see in it proof that Gide can neither tell a good story nor uncover, nor "suggest", any profound truths of the mind. The tale is full of loose threads; several pages are devoted to the fact that the son is not being properly educated by the Abbé Santal but is being put to writing out four copies of a thesis the Abbé is doing on Averroës. The narrator learns this; he speaks of it to the Abbé; and that is the end of the matter. If Gide were writing a social work exposing the incompetence of priestly tutors, we should expect no further development, but since the tale is obviously not propaganda, we can only call it such a slip as might be committed by an unpractised hand. Yet the deceptive superficial smoothness of Gide's work impels the reader to ascribe the fault to himself, and make excuses for the author by attaching some significance to the incident which he, the reader, has missed.

The second story, *The Pastoral Symphony* (1919), is the journal of a Protestant minister who finds a blind girl living in a dirty hovel in a state of no more than brute consciousness. He takes her home with him and teaches her to speak, read and write, tells her of the beauties of the world and of religion. The dénouement of the story comes when her sight is restored. Gide's philosophical questings are more open here, though hardly essentially original—it is the old contrast between the Christianity of Christ and that of Saint Paul. It would seem that the religion of Christ rests on an ignorance of sin, that at its center lies a radiating happiness and a joy in

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the world. The religion of Saint Paul, in the eyes of such as Gide, is quite the converse. When the girl's eyes are opened to sight, they are further opened to the existence of pain and sin, and calamity ensues. Perhaps this is as comprehensible a thing as Gide has written; yet, aside from some passages describing the unfolding consciousness of the blind girl and the rather clear emergence of the minister from his journal (which, after all, is accomplished by the subterfuge of making the reader feel superior to the journalist), this story brings us nothing new nor does it more ably restate old truths.

But, it will be said, Gide's popularity must be explained by something more than his ability to put less in his work than meets the eye. That can be done: Gide's amoral attitude, whether sincere or affected, gives his work an appearance of honesty, a resolve to follow the human mind into every one of its recesses and tell all, but Gide only *seems* to penetrate these recesses; there is no true honesty; it is not integrated in the work in which it appears; it is nothing but the mildly startling thing we did not expect to be said. If André Gide is truly *advocatus diaboli*, we might well wish the Evil One a disciple whose works can bear more thorough scrutiny.

GEOFFREY STONE

PRISONER HALM *by Karl Wilke* (BOBBS-MERRILL. $2.00)

ALL of the writers who have given us records of prison-camp experience have portrayed its sordid ugliness, the brutality and callousness of jailers toward human suffering and helplessness. Karl Wilke undertakes in *Prisoner Halm* to give us a detailed understanding of that life of degradation and insult, a realistic record of conditions, events and emotions; at times his writing swirls to a furious wave of hate and, if his record is true—and there is no good reason to doubt it—one cannot blame him for his bitterness toward his French jailers. Heinrich Halm was captured with other members of his company in the last weeks of the war, after long service at the front. He and his companions were marched an exhausting distance to a muddy wallow fenced with barbed wire. They were placed under the command and "care" of profiteering French commandants and former members of the German army, Poles and Alsatians, who used their new power to vent their hatred upon their former comrades, now become "Boches".

The starvation program, the gruelling work, exposure, punishments and epidemics of influenza and dysentery, killed a great many; brutality, vermin, disease, remained constant factors of life. Halm and his companions are as diversified a group as are the men portrayed in Remarque's *The Road Back*, and their varied experiences in living death and their hopes and despairs and intellectual exchanges make a novel that is interesting and a record that could make apes thank Heaven they are not men.

COLEY TAYLOR

THE PURE IN HEART *by Franz Werfel* (SIMON & SCHUSTER. $3.00)

THE story of Herr Werfel's latest novel to be done in English spreads out like the ripples of the mysterious object dropped into the ocean by Dr. Ferdinand R., the ship's doctor, while the *Assuan* is passing Cape Matapan. As we begin, after this prologue, the résumé of Ferdinand's life, we become conscious of this broadening of experience and interest, steadily, up to the end, where the object is identified and its casting away is explained.

The narrative of *The Pure In Heart* concerns the growth of a stoic and ascetic. It is developed in a series of "Life-Fragments", long divisions broken up into episodes of varying length. Here we see Ferdinand as a small boy, then as a schoolboy, a student of theology, a candidate for a

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physician's license, a volunteer who becomes an officer in the course of the war, a participant in the revolution which led to the overthrow of the Austrian Monarchy, and finally at the beginning of his career as a physician. It is possibly this ending which causes one to make the comparison, but the novel bears a strong resemblance to Maugham's *Of Human Bondage* in its irony, its straightforward manner of telling, its scope, the number of characters involved; in the eccentricity of many of them, and in the absence of any predetermined moral. It might almost be described as a continental version of the English novel. The most striking aspect of the latter book, Philip Carey's deformity and its effect upon him, is here replaced by the influence of a pious, simple, devoted woman, Ferdinand's nurse and foster mother, Barbara. Ferdinand's experiences, like those of Philip, seem to have no definite effect upon the course of his spiritual growth, until at the end we see him as a doctor, resigned to an insignificant life.

Barbara's part as the prevailing influence in Ferdinand's career is not on the whole successfully demonstrated. The reader forgets her time after time, so does Ferdinand, which is only natural, and so, I suspect, does the author. In compensation for this partial failure, which has no effect upon the novel's interest, we have the successful portrayal of the monarchy's downfall, a careful unfolding of a major event centered upon the activities of a group of radical intellectuals. In individual scenes the writing is poetic, the handling of scene and character brilliant. There is a slight lack of emotional warmth, on the whole preferable to sentimentality, and the eccentrics, if that term may be used to describe the unusual members of the cast, are occasionally a trifle thin. Yet this huge novel—some 180,000 words in length—maintains its interest from beginning to end. The translator, Mr. Geoffrey Dunlop, has done exceedingly well.

ROBERT MOLLOY

DANCE TEAM *by Sarah Addington* (APPLETON. $2.00)

HERE is a novel written in the modern manner with the objectionable features eliminated. Though its characters—the cheap dancers of Broadway—speak the language of their group, live and love unconventionally, and seesaw between prosperity and adversity with pagan abandonment to fate, they have that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

Jimmy Mulligan, whose composite ideal expressed itself in the terpsichorean careers of Castle and Maurice, wandered from Chicago to New York that his gifted feet might find an audience. Poppy Kirk learned to dance in a little town in Indiana, where genius like hers was destined to languish for lack of appreciation. On Broadway Jimmy and Poppy found each other and organized the team of Mulligan and Kirk. Following the little "hoofers" as they dance their way toward the small recognition that represents the sum of their ambition, the reader is introduced to a cross section of New York. At Mrs. Crumpett's theatrical rooming house, where Jimmy and Poppy consumed the contents of tin cans or the wares of the delicatessen and practised their steps to the accompaniment of a squeaky graphophone, were assembled vaudeville and radio performers, acrobats, troupers, unrecognized dancers—all the lower stratum of entertainers, in fact, except ventriloquists and snake-charmers, against whom Crumpy nurtured unreasonable prejudices.

Poppy and Jimmy, moreover, were children of no special Providence. Though the team won several cups in contests, which brought short engagements for exhibition dances and mention in *Variety* and the Bronx *Home News*, Jimmy was frequently forced to swallow his pride and play the gigolo, and Poppy had to earn a few dollars dancing at Roseland with men whose business in the city did not require the presence

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of their wives. During torrid days when there were more dancers than paying guests at the halls, Jimmy was reduced to the unprofessional status of hot-dog roaster in Luna Park, and Poppy in a red-and-gilt chariot sold tickets to The Venetian Love Ride. Yet, when Fall came again, the team danced in Wong Lee's restaurant in the "forties". At last, however, arrived the glorious days in a night club that brought prosperity to Mulligan and Kirk and almost ended the happiness.

The story, though carried almost entirely by sparkling dialogue, moves with cinematic rapidity. In the novel form Miss Addington has not lost the adroit handling of humour and pathos and the sympathetic character treatment that have always been features of her short stories. With no attempt to idealize, she makes her ignorant little Poppy and her bragging, cock-sure Jimmy lovable urchins despite their follies and apparent faults.

EUDORA RAMSAY RICHARDSON

A WOMAN OF FASHION *by Marion Strobel* (FARRAR & RINEHART. $2.00)

THE North Shore suburbs of Chicago are so lovely, the life that goes on there so pleasant, that it is surprising how seldom they have been chosen as the setting for novels. Miss Strobel knows her North Shore and her Chicago, and uses them well as a background.

Perhaps it is ungracious to lay primary emphasis on Miss Strobel's satisfactory use of a locality, but in some other points her book is less successful. She has chosen to write the story of a young widow, whose brief marriage left her still adolescent and unmoved, who falls in love at last with one of those ghastly young egotists who seem a perpetual challenge to modern authors. Heaven knows they exist in the flesh, but a kind Providence, masquerading as abysmal selfishness, usually sees to it that they do not marry. Yet writers seem endlessly fascinated by the game of guessing what, if they ever *did* marry, they might be like.

This egotist is dreadful; so dreadful that his charm never quite comes out of the pages at all. And he loses his job, so that his wife may go to work as a model and justify the title, which is far too trivial for the real merit of the book. If Miss Strobel had not been so extremely successful in the most difficult work that she set herself, this captiousness about a book which is, with all its faults, interesting and well done would be the height of ungenerosity. But in her study of a proud, inarticulate girl very deeply in love—so deeply in love that she willingly comes to any terms with her pride to stay with her lover—she has gone far beyond being merely skilful or convincing, and can hardly be praised more highly than she deserves.

MIRIAM COLGATE

THE DELICATE SITUATION *by Naomi Royde-Smith* (HARPERS. $2.50)

ARISING almost at the same time, A. J. Cronin's *Hatter's Castle* and Miss Royde-Smith's latest novel offer something of a portent. Here, one might say, is the conjunction of Mars and Venus, at an opportune time and in a curious quarter of the sky; for while the two are very different—the one noisy, the other calm, the one tragic, the other romantic—both are curiously allied to the methods, attitudes and style of Victorian fiction. (The fact that both are laid in the last century is of no very great account: to take one instance of a hundred, Miss Storm Jameson also writes of the Victorian era and yet remains serenely in her own time.) As for *The Delicate Situation*, an English reviewer has called it a daring experiment—but a daring experiment in the Victorian manner, I should have thought, could only issue in sentiment or satire or caricature. It seems far more likely that Miss Royde-Smith has at last come to terms with herself as a writer; that she has found herself to be quite in accord with what is good in Yonge or Gaskell; and that, so far from being itself an

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experiment, *The Delicate Situation* is the solution of whatever experiment she was conducting in her previous books.

It would be impossible to retell the detail of this book: it is all the life of a self-important mid-Victorian country town, told with a quiet wit and a great understanding (sometimes, too, with the sly airs of anthology, but never with condescension). In this town there live two maiden ladies, Miss Lena Quibbell and the eccentric Miss Christina Martin, who keep a library and a very genteel shop. They are leading quiet and contented lives when from Switzerland there comes Mary Paradise, Lena Quibbell's niece and ward; she proceeds in the manner of innumerable heroines of fiction who walk out of nowhere into the life of quiet country towns—she makes a change, a disturbance, in everybody's fortune. She is a curious combination of innocence and secretiveness, which very naturally worries Miss Quibbell and Miss Martin: then, because there is a handsome future duke in the neighbourhood, he must set about her seduction. In spite of all the two ladies can do, there is an elopement, a false marriage—and Mary Paradise only comes home to die of a broken heart.

But Mary Paradise is not the real heroine —the real heroine is Lena Quibbell, the lady who was "indelicate" and independent enough to reject marriage with a baronet and enter into what, for all its gentility, was a commercial partnership. And Mary Paradise was not what she seemed, the daughter of a Bristol merchant: she was the illegitimate child of Lena's sister and Lena's ex-fiancé. Mary was the child that Lena should have had and therefore Lena could never completely love her; but in Mary's passion Lena saw the fulfilment of her own frustrated love and therefore she could not wholly condemn her. If the delicate situation was outwardly that a future duke should be compromising a young governess, inwardly it was the situation forced upon Lena Quibbell —the terrible compromise she had to make with morality. So Mary's beauty, Mary's passion and Mary's tragedy are only not artificial because they are always seen through Lena's eyes, and with her understanding or through her confusion. Perhaps this is the most remarkable thing about the book—that the story should be Lena Quibbell's and the plot Mary Paradise's; that the fictive and somewhat familiar element in Mary Paradise should be absolved and justified through the reality of Lena Quibbell; that the book should keep faith with the sweetness and insipidity of mid-Victorian romance and still remain a piece of vital fiction.

This, I think, could only happen because Miss Royde-Smith has finally come to terms with herself. At the very heart of all her books there is a delicacy of sentiment and idea which in the past has been made to suffer either through lack of organization or because it had to cope with an indigestible theme. *The Delicate Situation* (like *Hatter's Castle*, only more certainly) seems to prove something which needs very little proof—that the virtues of Victorian fiction were not conditioned by Victorian morality, the Victorian outlook, or the Victorian idiom.

Contemporary fiction is frequently inclined to run a feverish or a subnormal temperature, to be either too remote from or too near to life; and while nobody would propose the methods of Victorian fiction as a panacaea, they might well be a restorative. Perhaps the favourable conjunction of *Hatter's Castle* and *The Delicate Situation* is just so much theory; for, watching the skies of literature, we are always tempted to say that a new planet has swum into our ken when in actual fact there was no planet to swim. Perhaps Miss Royde-Smith's novel *is* a daring experiment which she would not dare repeat; perhaps Mr. Cronin's book is no more than a casual and disconcerting phenomenon. But I offer the suggestion that if we are to have a neo-Victorian school of fiction, we might all be the better off for it.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD

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BIOGRAPHY

LIFE OF CARDINAL NEWMAN *by Gaius Glenn Atkins* (HARPERS. $2.50)

THE steady stream of books on Newman by American and European writers is proof of the abiding influence of the great Oratorian. Dr. Atkins's study is the seventh in the last half-dozen years (there may be more), and all attempt to interpret him to our generation in terms of personality, literary skill, or theological significance. The present study belongs to the *Creative Lives Series* and its author is Professor of Homiletics and Sociology in the Auburn Theological Seminary. His ultimate interest lies in weighing Newman's unquestioned influence in the church of his youth, that of his adoption, and in the Protestant communions. He reserves this question for the final chapter of his book, the main part of which is devoted to a biography of Newman whose obligations to Ward's official *Life* are admittedly large.

The central fact of all is of course Newman's "secession" to the church of Rome, and the Newman student's interpretation of the causes which led up to it is the supreme test of his insight, sympathy, and delicacy. Newman's was a complex personality. He was subtle, exact, penetrating, capable of viewing everything, even his own emotions and impulses, from all angles, spiritually minded beyond any other Englishman of his age, and possessed of certain overmastering convictions: among them that there were two and two only luminously self-evident beings, himself and God, and that only the unseen realities were enduring. To miss these qualities and convictions—or any one of them—is to miss Newman; to throw them ever so slightly out of balance is to picture a Newman who never lived. A brilliant French coreligionist, the Abbé Brémond, attempted to penetrate to the center of what he called "the mystery of Newman", but something vital in the complexities of the great Oratorian eluded him.

Dr. Atkins's aim is otherwhere, but he finds the secret of the Newmanian mind and soul too alluring to pass by and he attempts it in numerous *obiter dicta*. But he discovered no "open sesame"; the hidden chamber remains unlocked. Dr. Atkins brought to his task some admiration for Newman the man, much for Newman the spiritual force, and most for Newman the literary master. His researches were considerable, and he tried earnestly to see an extraordinarily complex man with eyes of understanding and sympathy. To explain his failure in detail would require unwarrantable space; it must suffice to point out its cause. Dr. Atkins's attitude is fatally uncertain: he never definitely made up his mind whether to approach Newman with reverence, with Arnoldian "superiority", with irony, or with entire detachment, and, in his mood, he tries each in turn. This wavering, in itself unfortunate, reveals Dr. Atkins's fundamental error: he failed not merely to construct in his own imagination the authentic Newman but even a coherent, vital, convincing Newman. Thus he falls into odd confusions, underestimating Newman's psychological insight and the passionate nature that burned beneath his cool restraint, failing to understand Newman's "blessed vision of peace" had nothing to do either with his personal grievances or with the Pope's loss of temporal power, misconceiving some of the nicer points involved in the controversy with Kingsley, and—crowning misconception, relic

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of an outworn fallacy—denying Newman's intellectual courage.

So far as Dr. Atkins has made an actual contribution to Newman literature he does so in his final chapter. He declares that Newman influenced both the Communion he entered and the one he left; that through the Oxford Movement he was virtually the father of the Anglo-Catholic group; that he curbed intolerance in England, gave beautiful utterance to universal truths of the spirit, and still strengthens the faith of those who ask what Dr. Atkins calls "only a mystic assurance". Most of these influences require elucidation and qualification. As they stand in Dr. Atkins's concluding chapter they are as unsatisfying as the portrait of Newman which he has laboured so hard and, I regret to say, so inadequately to present.

JOSEPH J. REILLY

STRAFFORD *by Lady Burghclere* (MACMILLAN. $10.00)

IN these two handsome volumes Lady Burghclere narrates the tragic and dramatic story of that Thomas Wentworth who became Earl of Strafford, and was beheaded because the King he trusted was untrustworthy. There have been other lives of Strafford written, but this new one contains many excerpts from previously unpublished letters in the collection of Strafford's descendant, Lord Fitzwilliam. Many of these are extremely interesting, and they throw much light on the character of the remarkable man who suffered even more perhaps because for his good qualities than for his bad.

Much has been written concerning Strafford's "apostasy". It is an undeniable fact that he who was a leader of the Commons in the matter of the Petition of Right became one of the most determined and powerful supporters of the King. Lady Burghclere agrees with Sir Charles Firth that Wentworth never changed his political creed, never believed, as others did, that there could be a side of the King and a side of the People. To him, the well-being of King and People was necessarily one and the same, their best interests undivided and indivisible. And to promote that well-being as he saw it, he spent himself and his money lavishly. There was nothing mean, nothing stingy about Wentworth. Certainly no man has shown greater generosity than he displayed in that memorable letter to Charles, wherein he bade the King assent to his execution, if that execution were needed to procure "a right understanding" between King and People.

Lady Burghclere devotes much space to Wentworth's work as Deputy in Ireland. He found the country bankrupt, the Church contemptible, disorder everywhere. He restored the finances, replacing a deficit with a surplus, brought peace, gave the poor and humble not only a chance to voice their grievances, but a good hope of having them redressed. He made many highly influential enemies, among them the frivolous and meddlesome Henrietta Maria. Himself keen-witted and capable, he had small patience with stupidity; "corruption he loathed and fought", and the corrupt as well as the stupid hated him, and forgot their differences to bring all sorts of contradictory and trumped-up charges against him at that trial which was so complete a travesty of justice. Joined with them were upright men who hated Strafford because he stood for loyalty rather than so-called liberty, hated him, above all, because he was the strongest and ablest supporter Charles possessed. And Strafford was no model of virtue; he was high-handed at times, stern, ambitious. He emerges from these pages a brave, energetic, highly intelligent man, strongly endowed with common sense, and gifted with a literary ability which makes many of his letters delightful reading. Very wisely, Lady Burghclere has allowed him to tell, so far as possible, his own story in these letters, which range from the affectionate ones written to his children, to the frank, often indignant outpourings to Laud,

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to whom at times he expressed himself with no little violence, and the careful, anxious missives to the unstable King he worshipped. Lady Burghclere quite frankly holds a brief for Strafford; her defense is always interesting, often eloquent, and to anyone not blindly prejudiced in favour of Pym and his party, usually convincing.

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

NELSON *by Clennell Wilkinson* (LONGMANS, GREEN. $3.50)

"IT is impossible to say anything new about Nelson" but he "should be written about freely and often—not only as an exponent of naval tactics, or as the lover of Lady Hamilton, but for his own sake. He should be written about for modern readers in the modern way. He should not be taken too desperately seriously."

There one has Mr. Wilkinson's apologia for his new life of England's greatest naval hero. And although Nelson remains a hero to his biographer, and although that biographer does not approach his hero from any psychological slant (he makes a good deal of fun out of Shaw's theory that Nelson was so brave physically because he was such a coward at heart), one has only to compare this volume with Southey's classic biography to realize how very modern it is. But it is more than merely modern. If it be not (after the delightful first chapter) so brilliant as its predecessor of over one hundred years ago, this book contains, undoubtedly, the best, most reliable, and most accurate running account of the life of Lord Nelson for the contemporary lay reader that we have. It is well written in a smooth flowing narrative style; the author's decisions on matters of controversy are logical and sane; and, most important of all, he has the historical sense and is able to apply it to Nelson's period.

The story of Nelson the commander is more important to Mr. Wilkinson than the story of Nelson the lover of Lady Hamilton. He does not believe in the picture of the little Sampson of the seas shorn of much of his power and honour by the Delilah of Naples. To Nelson that word which was always on his tongue, "duty", which probably really meant ambition or devotion to his career, meant more than any other. And in his story of Nelson the commander, Mr. Wilkinson is intent on showing his hero as more than a swashbuckling hero of the John Paul Jones type, as a great admiral, *the* Great Admiral, the great artist in the field of naval tactics, the man who has left his mark on the British Navy down to today, bequeathing it "the Nelson touch". One could scarcely hold a contrary view in the face of Admiral Mahan's great *Life*, but it is pleasant to read a popular, competent, contemporary biography in which a man's life work is given the proper weight in the balancing of his story.

FRED T. MARSH

THE MEMOIRS OF GARIBALDI *edited by Alexandre Dumas* (APPLETON. $5.00)

ENAMOURED of glory and of adventure, gifted with poetic insight regarding the sources of popularity, and of enduring popular loyalties, Giuseppe Garibaldi has no rival among nineteenth-century Italian men of action. The labours of Mazzini toward the resurrection of Italy were largely propagandist. The achievements of Cavour, though vital and supreme, were in the sphere of diplomacy and statesmanship. Garibaldi fought with his hands, exposed his body to the impact of swords and bullets, undertook and carried through arduous campaigns of guerilla warfare.

He reminds one of the fictional creations of Dumas, his friend. The latter was once asked to describe him. He said, "Garibaldi is, in appearance, a warrior Christ; in character of two hearts, the one of an angel, the other of a lion". Discounting the romantic manner, it is nevertheless true that Garibaldi

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touched emotional springs which were and are inaccessible to lesser men.

The career set forth in these pages is less varied than one might imagine. The early days of political radicalism in Italy and France, the sentences of exile and legal death, the episodes of hazard and escape, culminating in the formation of an Italian Legion at Montevideo and the establishment of a personal reputation for gallantry and disinterestedness—these are not altogether unique.

But, like Cochran, the British naval hero, Garibaldi employed a reputation gained abroad to rehabilitate himself at home. Landing at Nice, upon his return from Uruguay, Garibaldi was uncertain whether his welcome would be imprisonment by the civil authorities, or friendly acceptance by renascent liberalism.

Garibaldi's ultimate historical significance, his right to the Italian halo, as Liberator, really began with the campaign in Lombardy, attained recognition during the defense of Rome, reached maturity in the triumphs of Palermo and Naples. Cavour's and the King's initial distrust of him and later appreciation, were threads in the gorgeous tapestry of events. Cavour's ultimate regard for Garibaldi's moral and military genius was not reciprocated. The man of thought could in due time evaluate the man of deeds; but never the contrary. Garibaldi's passionate upbraiding in the first national parliament, had more than a little to do with Cavour's fatal break in health.

A picture of revolutionary life, in South America and in Europe, is here rendered with unquestionable worth. The union of interesting facts with characteristic personal feeling is enough to constitute a biographical document of the most revealing character. Dumas's own comments upon Garibaldi are instructive; as are those of George Sand and Victor Hugo. The translation is lucid and lively. It is entirely successful in communicating the vigour of the original manuscripts.

ARMAND BURKE

PLAIN ANNE ELLIS *by Anne Ellis* (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. $3.50)

It may be explained at once that the title of this book proceeds from no disposition of Mrs. Ellis's part to advertise herself unduly. The phrase was suggested by an error on the part of her printer, who, when he asked what name should be displayed on her electioneering cards, misunderstood her answer, "plain Anne Ellis". Needless to say, the slogan proved a popular one, and Mrs. Ellis won her campaign for the county treasurership.

This volume continues the memoirs which were begun in *The Life of an Ordinary Woman*, that gallant and rather humorous chronicle of Mrs. Ellis's youthful struggles against the poverty and loneliness and ugliness of a Colorado mining camp. The narrative is resumed here after the death of her husband, when she is working to support herself and her two children, sewing, catering, cooking for construction gangs, and campaigning for county office. It is a simple and very human story, told without ornamentation. Through the years of work and grinding poverty, Mrs. Ellis never loses sight of her ambitions and dreams. She schemes to make her children popular, to procure invitations for them, to send them to college. For herself, she reads avidly in the intervals of her crowded days, maps out the indefinite future, lingers over the image of a Prince Charming who may come riding. *Plain Anne Ellis* is a history of bitter poverty, of illness, of disappointment, but never of discouragement or defeat. The motto set at the head of one of her chapters might serve equally well to characterize the whole: "Life is a great adventure; live every hour of it. Don't be buried until you are dead".

The story ends rather dramatically at the moment of Mrs. Ellis's triumph, when she learns that her first book has been accepted for publication, after it had been planned for weary years, written while she was fighting

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for breath in the grip of an attack of acute asthma, revised and rewritten endlessly. *Plain Anne Ellis* is not always a pretty tale, for Mrs. Ellis, like most writers of memoirs, is animated by an occasionally unlovely egotism. But it has great graphic power, and a sincerity which no one can doubt.

MARGARET WALLACE

THE EARLY ESSAYS AND ROMANCES OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE *edited by G. C. Moore Smith* (OXFORD. $6.00)

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE seems to have been a man of lively tastes, charming and fine qualities, high-spirited and loyal. But both his character and his achievements as the agent of important diplomatic missions have been overshadowed by his connection with two more enigmatic personalities who were for a time members of his household—Swift and Stella. Of them the reader will find little in the present volume. It is a miscellany, containing, besides the early essays and romances of Temple a brief life of him written shortly before his death by his sister, Lady Giffard, a charming "character" of him by the same devoted hand, two unpublished occasional poems of his composition, and two poems of unknown authorship (one attributed by the editor to Swift) on a well-known "Cave" on Sir William's estate at Moor Park, Herts. The volume is principally of use to scholars, in making accessible interesting source-documents never before published, or published only in part and inaccurately. But of course it is of interest also to any general reader who may have a particular liking for Sir William Temple, and it preserves very fresh and charming memorials of a man of lively temper, devoted to letters, patient in private griefs, and with instincts of integrity that prevented him from being comfortable in the public service of his time.

I have spoken of the charming little "character" of Sir William by his sister. His own romances are curious, rambling, artificial tales freely based on a French source. Their characters are Altamonts, Alidors, and Chlorizanders, and they of course precede by almost a century the rise and development of prose fiction as we know it in the modern sense. It would be fruitless here to discuss the literary influences responsible for this forgotten *genre*. Of more interest is the fact that the tales were written to Dorothy Osborne, with whom Temple was ardently in love, and from whom he had parted to go to Paris while she remained with her brother and her father at St. Malo when Temple's own father became alarmed at his protracted stay within her sphere of influence. The world knows Dorothy Osborne by her letters to Temple, an edition of which has been published by the editor of the present volume. Temple finally married her despite opposition and despite the ruin of her beauty by smallpox.

If the artificial romances are not without a breath of freshness and youthful spontaneity, which we may trace to Dorothy Osborne as object, perhaps, as much as to Temple as author, the early essays are not without genuine merit and sagacious reflection, often expressed in easily pointed language and with engaging humor. Excerpts from them received Macaulay's praise, and deservedly. They apparently owe much to their author's admiration for Montaigne; but they carry discursiveness to an excess, and the editor has not added to the reader's pleasure by copying Temple's negligent manuscript slavishly, even to beginning the sentences with small letters.

It is interesting to find "A description of Mother Ludwell's cave" attributed to Swift, but hardly worth cracking critical skulls about, for the poem contains only one good verse that I can discover. That, however, happens to be an oddly fascinating and harmonious picture of a young girl's walk: "that soft and swift Camilla-like advance". Incidentally, a Baconian would need no further proof that the poem is by Swift!

THEODORE MORRISON

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BEDFORD FORREST AND HIS CRITTER COMPANY *by Andrew Nelson Lytle* (MILTON, BALCH. $3.50)

MR. LYTLE has written the first epic of the "poor whites" who fought the Confederate war in the interest of the slave magnates who wished to retain their patriarchal privileges. Nathan Bedford Forrest stood first among these in temperament and achievement. One of a pioneer family—of which the father was of small account, and died young, leaving Miriam Beck, his widow, with nine children—Nathan Bedford, was born twin with a sister, and was soon head of the tribe. His first exploit at sixteen was to hunt down and kill a panther that had attacked his mother. This graduated him into manhood. Single-handed in Memphis he rescued a youth, charged with a killing, from a mob three thousand strong, the leaders of which had the noose around the youngster's neck. He became a trader and dealt successfully in slaves, but he felt the odium, and gave it up to become a prosperous grower of cotton, clearing thirty thousand dollars from his first crop. His repute rose high. He had even been elected alderman in Memphis, but resigned after a year in office.

In 1861 he enlisted as a private, but leading citizens of Memphis secured his commission as a Lieutenant-Colonel from Governor Harris. Moving into Kentucky, he smuggled equipment out of Louisville under the noses of the Federal authorities. Next he was a colonel under Albert Sidney Johnston, to become after the fall of Forts Donelson and Henry the most important of independent Confederate commanders. His courage and audacity made him dreaded. Sherman vowed he would take Forrest if it cost him ten thousand men. The ten thousand were expended but Forrest was never taken. Victory after victory was his. Mr. Lytle asserts that had Jefferson Davis not been bewitched to fight his war in the East, the Southwest could have forced a different conclusion. At any rate Forrest never lowered his colors. Even his battle flags when his force disbanded were cut into bits and divided among the men.

"I have never, on the field of battle," he said in his farewell, "sent you where I was unwilling to go myself, nor would I now advise you to a course which I felt myself unwilling to pursue. You have been good soldiers; you can be good citizens. Obey the laws, preserve your honour, and the government to which you have surrendered can afford to be, and will be, generous." But the "government" to which he had surrendered ceased to be with the death of Abraham Lincoln. There came instead the rule of a partisan Congress, and Forrest became the chief of the Ku Klux Klan, with its night-riding, masked intimidators. Forrest died October 29, 1877, at the age of fifty-six, and was buried beside his wife in what is now Forrest Park, Memphis. His statue in bronze, mounted on a splendid horse, stands over the graves.

"Fifty years later", says the writer, "a motor car passed the park. In the back seat was an old negress, Georgiana, a little boy's nurse. . . . As her mistress drove by the statue, she grunted:

" 'Humph! De General's hoss sho is gittin' poe.'

" 'What do you mean, Georgiana? That horse can't lose weight. It's bronze.'

" 'Well'm, I seen 'em when dey put him up dair, and I see him now—and he sho is poe.'

" 'How in the world could that happen, Georgiana?'

" 'I don't know'm. I reckon de General must ride him of a night.' "

After reading the book it is easy to believe this might be true! A red-blooded biography of a first-class fighting man!

DON C. SEITZ

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POETRY

HARMONIUM *by Wallace Stevens* (KNOPF. $2.50)

THERE are fourteen hitherto unpublished poems in this new edition of a familiar book, but nothing to surprise Mr. Stevens's fit audience though few. The tropics of his imagination have not escaped from the control of New England. A natural luxuriance is unsparingly pruned. The machete knives that cut paths through the jungles of Ecuador and Yucatan are still made in Connecticut.

Mr. Stevens renders the mood of thought rather than thoughts about mood. He escapes into intellect, and his obscurities are due to excess of light—match-flames invisible in a dazzle of sunshine. He thinks more than he feels, and so life remains for the most part a comedy. The hard surfaces of his thought take no soilure from emotion. He is clean of the soaking melancholy of Aiken and the despair of Eliot, to name two poets whom he superficially resembles. Such excess as he allows himself is never emotional. Occasionally he wallows in colours, as in *Sea Surfaces Full of Clouds*, or gloats over gorgeous vocables, as in *The Load of Sugar-Cane*; but much more frequently his restrained good taste errs, as he himself admits, on the side of foppishness, like that of Beau Brummell. He avoids violence the more easily, it would seem, because he is seldom tempted to it, and there is little eloquence in his book, unless perhaps in *Sunday Morning* and its superb fourth stanza. In more senses than one he seems most himself in a moonlight which is at once opulent and cold.

This poet is often amazingly expressive. In *Peter Quince at the Clavier* he follows the overtones of the one chord struck through the total range of the instrument and makes us hear the ninth echo of an echo. *Sunday Morning*, too, is rich in secondary and tertiary significances—besides which it is all a thoughtful music, quieted, or a music just emerged from quiet. One wishes that Mr. Stevens would now let us take his wit for granted and write us more of such things as this:

> Illuminating, from a fancy gorged
> By apparition, plain and common things.

But perhaps he still suffers too much from the "malady of the quotidian", or fears at least that the virus of it is still in him. He may never attain the heights of a simple, direct, unself-conscious art, or feel that he has put far enough behind him "the bawds of euphony" so that he can begin at last to sing. (Did he not stem from the Imagists in the Ezra Pound era? I think I first read his *Peter Quince* some sixteen years ago.) One may have deep respect and keen relish for this "idiosyncratic music" that

> will not be transported
> In an old, frizzled, flambeaued manner,
> But muses on its eccentricity, . . .

and one may joyously agree that

> Rationalists, wearing square hats,
> Think, in square rooms,
> Looking at the floor,
> Looking at the ceiling.
> They confine themselves
> To right-angled triangles.
> If they tried rhomboids,
> Cones, waving lines, ellipses—
> As, for example, the ellipse of the half-moon—
> Rationalists would wear sombreros.

Yes, but even those of us who already wear sombreros, or think we do, could do with a

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little more song in contemporary poetry, and not all of us agree that

> There is no pith in music
> Except in something false.

All of which is to say that if Mr. Stevens, who has much clear song thwarted in him, prefers to remain "a passionately niggling nightingale", that is his own affair, but his readers' loss. But how glibly we assume that he, and all the rest of us, can choose. He, at least, would not be surprised to find the words he writes about his own Crispin applied to him:

> It was a flourishing tropic he required
> For his refreshment, an abundant zone,
> Prickly and obdurate, dense, harmonious,
> Yet with a harmony not rarefied
> Nor fined for the inhibited instruments
> Of over-civil stops.

"A flourishing tropic." But Mr. Stevens lives, I believe, in Connecticut, where they make machete knives.

LOST BUFFALO AND OTHER POEMS *by Leonard Bacon* (HARPERS. $2.00)

THERE is one poem in this book that would shine in the pages of Emerson, if we should find it there. The lines entitled *Psyche* are vivid, beautiful, and wise. In short, they are poetry. They provide a bench-mark, therefore, from which to measure and trace Mr. Bacon's aberrations elsewhere in his oddly variegated volume. The man who wrote these lines has been a poet, and may at any time become a poet again, so that we are obliged—even against his own advice—to take him seriously.

If this is not an easy thing to do it is not because of Mr. Bacon's abundant and slightly derisive laughter at himself and the world in general but rather because it is hard to know just where to find him. On one page he is being witty, on another sarcastic, on a third angrily disgusted or epigrammatic or wistful or half-heartedly sentimental, and the total effect is somewhat like that made by an actor who, with a few swift changes of costume and make-up, enacts a dozen rôles in one evening. Versatility he has in a high degree, and such skill in impersonation that he would certainly make an admirable parodist. In time, one would say that he belongs to the seventeenth century, until he begins throwing up his cap for Pope or imitates the manner of *Don Juan* or, by a special effort and with some distaste, comes down to date. He can write a good lyric, an admirable sonnet, and satire that raises weals. Indeed it is his equipment as a satirist, which would be complete if only he had a definite core of firm belief, that makes one think he may yet do valuable, even necessary, work in our literature. His quiver is full of arrows tipped with poison for things that ought to die. Now he only needs to find a bow.

Thus far, he leaves one wondering whether he has even found himself, and so whether we can yet call him anything more than a very clever maker of verses. To be sure, his difficulties have been extraordinary, and it is much to his credit that he has not been stifled by the conflict in him of a dozen opposed tendencies. The present book is interesting and brisk and vigorous; the title-piece is a well told story in Byronic ottava rima liberally peppered with "American"; and finally, strange, sole, and oddly companioned, there is the poem *Psyche*, written by a poet who may at any moment revive and write again.

ODELL SHEPARD

EDEN TREE *by Witter Bynner* (KNOPF. $2.50)

THE man who speaks in this volume, if I read it aright, succumbs to a series of illusions, or to Illusion in a variety of forms; proves them all unsatisfactory; and disillusioned at last with the common devices by which life persuades us to allegiance, perceives that every brave and honest spirit must be solitary, and finds an austere com-

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fort in confronting the universe alone. Normal friendship seems to fall under the ban as well as abnormal lust; but in the end companionship is in part reconstituted as a fellowship of separate souls who face a common gulf of isolation. The tree of Eden is the necessary gate to disillusionment; knowledge of good and evil is induction into the very heart of illusion, which is but passion worshiping its object and believing it an ultimate reality. Hence the tree of Eden is the gate to the wisdom that Mr. Bynner has to offer. Hence the speaker in the poem identifies himself with Adam, with all men, with no man; hence the appropriate use of Lilith and Eve as symbols of two forms of illusion, the first lustful, the second domestic and commonplace, alike blinding to the perception of truth by the spirit.

Mr. Bynner is virtually describing the growth from inexperience to maturity. The emotional experiences which underlie the poem are familiar and potentially rich in significance. But the poetry is thin, tenuous, and shifting. Mr. Bynner makes use of rhyme in a verse-style that is often less richly harmonious than good prose. Moreover, the very fluidity of the poem is a weakness. Symbol merges with symbol, modern man is identified on closely succeeding pages with Adam (who is whisked off to China for some lines about Li Po), with David (who becomes the Negro David of the famous spiritual), with Christ, with Nature, and so on. He is disillusioned by Lilith in Eden and then all over again in Manhattan, nor does it add to the force or clearness of the poem that Manhattan Lilith is the common and familiar figure of a woman of the streets. Such extreme plasticity prevents any sharpness or permanence of impression. The reader who wants the core of Mr. Bynner's idea expressed in noble sound and rich poetic music might well turn back to the half dozen stanzas of Matthew Arnold's *Isolation: To Marguerite.*

THEODORE MORRISON

SELECTED POEMS *by Richard Rowley* (MACMILLAN. $1.75)

THE minor Irish bard, with whom we must rank Mr. Richard Rowley—the sort of versifier, I mean, whom the word "foam" will eventually and inevitably seduce into the belief that he is far from home or about to be—has long ceased to have very much excuse. The music halls that set his words to music for their patrons to weep over in the early hours, and the Thackerays who were their annalists, are no longer with us. He has lost what he once had—profanity and wit and a genuine sentimentality. I find no answering emotion to such a verse as this:

And if I were young I would go no more to the mart
To traffic for fabrics men weave of the flax or the fleece,
But calm as waters unstirred would I keep my heart,
And walk in the lonely valleys where God sends peace.

It is perfectly true, of course, that we cannot conceive Mr. Yeats in a cabin of clay and wattles; but at least we believe what he says about it. We can offer no such belief to Mr. Rowley.

Cucullus non facit monachum: you must be a poet indeed to dare to be as poetic as this, and hope for your reader to go on reading:

The leaves upon the beech are a green so light and clear
And the way the blackbirds whistle is a merry thing to hear
And if you cross the meadow, every tussock hides a hare,
Och, I wish I was in Mourne, now the Spring is there.

A sentiment so admirably familiar, in fact, hardly needs the support of verse, except that otherwise an astonishing third line would never have been given to the world.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD

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A VARIED SHELF

JOURNAL OF WASHINGTON IRVING (1823-24) *edited by Stanley T. Williams* (HARVARD. $3.50)

THIS hitherto unpublished *Journal*, painstakingly edited with scholarly notes, casts light upon many disputed matters in Irving's life, although it is itself without intrinsic literary value. The record covers about thirteen months during which Irving, at the height of his great fame, travelled through Germany, Holland, France, and England, thrilled at finding copies of *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall* translated into the languages of the countries he visited. It is interesting to notice that this latest evidence fails to support Flora Foster's claim that Irving's depression was caused by her sister's rejection of his love, that the tradition of his lifelong fidelity to the memory of Matilda Hoffman was a myth. Although he was friendly with the Foster family, there is, as Professor Williams remarks, "not one hint of an unhappy love-experience".

One is impressed, in reading this *Journal*, by the perhaps neglected importance, in relation to Irving's writings, of his social life—of his association with literary men such as Scott, Moore, and Murray, of their endless conversations and anecdotes, and of Irving's sensitiveness to the contemporary vogue of Scott and Byron. Indeed, the source of *Tales of a Traveller*, parts of which chord perfectly with Byronism, is revealed as being the conversation of Foy, the traveller and painter, who told him tales of Italy, while Colonel Aspinwall's tales of Captain Kidd suggested the form of a narrative miscellany.

In regard to Irving's literary background the *Journal* helps to dispel the time-honoured view, given vogue by Hazlitt, that Irving was an anachronism rooted entirely in the eighteenth century and trying vainly to out-Addison Addison. It furnishes fresh evidence that he felt the impress of the European romantic movement much more strongly than has generally been supposed. Everywhere we see his ardent devotion to "The Wizard of the North". Although he never met Byron, he listened hungrily to everything about Byron told him by the noble lord's friends. Indeed, it was to none other than Irving that Moore read Byron's *Memoirs*, about which there has been so much conjecture, before he gave them to the flames. The present *Journal* gives evidence more fully than any other record of the close friendship between Moore and Irving. Especially interesting, from a literary point of view, are the constant references to Irving's readings in the German tales of the supernatural; notably those of Schiller.

In regard to the disputed question of Irving's religious views, it appears that although he recoiled from the strict Presbyterian training of his youth he had considerable respect for the Anglican Church. As a decorous man of good taste and reserve, however, he appears somewhat embarrassed at the sort of clergyman who enters a social group, "makes a kind of voluntary sermon", prays for the family, and requests that "all kneel down and pray". In general, however, he appears to have associated with typical clergymen of the Church of England and to have liked their gentlemanly culture; he records not infrequently that he "went to church & heard a good sermon". In short, Irving, notoriously indifferent toward ethical and philosophic problems, his work distinguished for manner

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rather than for matter, had quite naturally only a languid interest in religion. Like Cooper, he confessed, "I have no relish for Puritans, either in religion or politics, who are for pushing principles to an extreme". In a letter of August 23, 1825, unpublished until 1926, Irving writes Emily Foster that his silence regarding religion is not because he feels "indifferent to it" but because it is a subject "about which I am disposed to think rather than talk". Although later he says, "when I was a child religion was forced upon me . . . until I was disgusted with all its forms and observances. . . . I have high feelings of reverence and veneration, which I believe to be, as far as they go, the religion of the soul".

In regard to politics Irving diverged somewhat from the general attitude of his fellow Knickerbockers, who inclined toward Federalism and a disbelief in the current perfectibilianism. He said he was "thoroughly republican, and attached, from complete conviction, to the institutions of my country . . . but I am a republican without gall, and have no bitterness in my creed". Like a good Federalistic son of a hardware merchant, he deplored the "acrimonious and disparaging attacks" on "the great trading and financial classes of our country". True, he had devoted the fourth book of *Knickerbocker's History* to a satire on the democrat Jefferson in the person of William Kieft. But he differs fundamentally from Cooper in his leaning toward perfectibilianism, in his attitude toward evil and a principle of control. He can say, "I do not think poor human nature so sorry a piece of workmanship as they would make it out to be; and so far as I have observed, I am fully satisfied that man, if left to himself, would about as readily go right as wrong".

Ultimately, is not Irving a sort of literary playboy of the Knickerbockers, longing, as he said, "to escape, in short, from the commonplace realities of the present, and lose myself among the shadowy grandeurs of the past"? Since he seldom takes his romantic dreams seriously, however, one may enjoy his work as a sort of "holiday literature"—to borrow Lowell's phrase—which is wholesomely entertaining. Let us be grateful for this mechanically perfect presentation of new evidence which should be useful to the scholar, when he appears, who shall write a definitive critical book on Irving with reference to his historical and literary value.

HARRY HAYDEN CLARK

BACK TO MONTPARNASSE *by Sisley Huddleston* (LIPPINCOTT. $3.50)

THE purpose of a book of memoirs is to present a living picture of a past epoch, of a certain group of interesting people, or of a particular class of society. Something more, then, than a group of potentially interesting recollections is demanded of the *mémorialiste* (as the French call a Saint-Simon, a Madame de Sévigné, or a Proust). Mr. Huddleston unquestionably has the recollections; unfortunately he lacks the art which would utilize them as raw material instead of serving them to us in their chaotic state. Montparnasse has an atmosphere quite its own, which, easy as it is to feel on the terrace of the Dôme or the Select, eludes description, especially at the hands of one who, like Mr. Huddleston, feels so sympathetic toward it. Peopled by unsuccessful artists and tourists drawn by the desire to see some real artists, the famous crossroad of the Boulevards Raspail and Montparnasse is characterized by a false cosmopolitanism, since the representatives of all nations immediately lose their peculiarities there and become Montparnassians. A cheap pretense, a forced desire to shock the bourgeois, and a vicious exhibitionism constitute the "charm" of that quarter of Paris. Like Montmartre, it has changed rapidly from a home for sincere and poor artists to a gathering-ground for charlatans and show-place for sightseers. Mr. Huddleston has sketched a history of the quarter but without the bit-

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terness which the subject deserves. Moreover he shows excessive indulgence to Montparnasse by associating with it the names of Sir James Frazer, Hilaire Belloc, George Bernard Shaw, Sinclair Lewis, D. H. Lawrence, and others who never had more than a passing acquaintance with its literary circles; essentially it is the home of the thwarted smaller fry, the *poseurs*, and the outcasts, most of whom pass their time in lazy inactivity, producing little or nothing. Mr. Huddleston's discussion of the magazines of the quarter is especially good, as is the distinction he makes between the character of Montparnasse and that of Montmartre, but most of his book forms merely a succession of names and unilluminating anecdotes.

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

THE CONTEMPORARY AND HIS SOUL *by Irwin Edman* (CAPE & SMITH. $2.50)

PERHAPS the chief value of Mr. Edman's study will be found to consist in its usefulness as a guide-book to contemporary thought, as a kind of philosophical almanac for the year 1931. With admirable detachment, clarity and urbanity, Mr. Edman surveys the various maladies with which the modern soul is affected, examines the different remedies which have been proposed for its recovery, and at the end offers something like a panacea of his own. Of necessity most of the ideas which Mr. Edman treats are already melancholy commonplaces to the contemporary reader; another rehearsal of them seems at first hardly worth the trouble. But it is soon apparent that Mr. Edman is possessed of a gift of style which makes his survey something better than a mere paraphrase. By submitting these ideas to a clear and orderly arrangement he provides a more systematic view of them as a whole than is to be obtained from any similar studies in recent years.

In his opening essay Mr. Edman states his thesis: that the problem of the modern man is none other than the mediaeval problem of the soul and its salvation. After a rapid sketch of the assaults on the soul by the scientific and industrial movements of the last few centuries, Mr. Edman explains the reasons which have recently forced the modern man to recognize the extent of his predicament. The chapter entitled *The Cult of Disillusion* is an excellent analysis of the special features which attach to the current psychology of despair and regret. The only objection that one might make is to Mr. Edman's use of such words as "cult", "fashion" and "vogue" to describe a mental attitude which is represented throughout as being pretty nearly inevitable in our time. In the succeeding chapters Mr. Edman performs a much more needed service by taking a canvass of all the principal schemes of recovery which have been offered and showing to what extent each of them is insufficient as a substitute for the harmonious faith of the past. For one reason or another each of the separate values or "faiths" indicated in the chapter-headings is found to be inadequate: *The Faith in Intelligence, Retreat to Platonism,* and *Flights to Action and to Ecstasy*. Hardly a single phase of recent thought is left undiscussed, and except in a few instances Mr. Edman's exposition is clear, informed and unbiased. One regrets the superficiality of the section on the neo-Thomist movement in England and France; and one cannot but wonder, after his casual indentification of Proust with the tradition of *fin-de-siècle* aestheticism, how closely Mr. Edman has applied himself to the text of the final volumes of *A la Recherche du temps perdu*.

After so drastic a stock-taking of other men's theories, Mr. Edman admits to a frank embarrassment in offering his own answer to the difficulties of our time. He remarks that most of the positive schemes which he has discussed represent hardly more than the wishful operation of a fantasy, "an imperious whistling in the moral dark". It is therefore with a feeling of mingled hopefulness and

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trepidation that one turns to the last essay in the volume, which is entitled *Note Concerning Salvation for This World.*

It must be reported at once that the title of this essay is more promising than anything in its substance. It is, essentially, a restatement of naturalism in contemporary terms. Mr. Edman is for an acceptance of nature and for a view of nature large enough to include all those conditions of modern industrial civilization which others have sought in various ways to escape. He is opposed to any dualism between the flesh and the spirit because he believes that the foundations of the spirit are to be found deep in the flesh. "It is because he recognizes himself as thus 'umbilical to earth' that the naturalist seeks to discover the morals implicit in, rather than to impose a morality upon, the nature of which his animal body is the expression." Mr. Edman's naturalism, however, is saved from the harsher consequences of nineteenth-century mechanism by a last-minute affiliation with a kind of new and revised hedonism. "The senses are truly the beginning of wisdom, or at least, they charge wisdom with vitality", Mr. Edman declares; and a rediscovery of sensuous vitality would be "an insurance and an antiseptic against a wallowing in sentimental history or wistful prophecy". Through some such happy and mysterious marriage between naturalism and hedonism, apparently, Mr. Edman believes that love and faith will be restored to the modern world.

In the last pages of this essay Mr. Edman's style, so admirable throughout, dissipates into a kind of minor poetry. The influence of Santayana is most regrettable. Here, where we should most expect to find a precise definition of terms, Mr. Edman indulges in what is nothing short of a rhetorical holiday. What Mr. Edman means by "love" and "faith" and "the good" is never made clear to the intelligence. Religion, for example, becomes synonymous with a certain mental state—"an intuition of immortal things". The distinctly nebulous program is referred to as a "challenge". In brief, Mr. Edman has been affected by the style of the author of *The Life of Reason* to the extent of repeating the same confusion in regard to the function of language—a confusion which consists in using language emotively in a work whose intention and purpose is presumably intellectual. In place of an adequately reasoned conclusion Mr. Edman sends us off with a thinly coloured penny-world of rhetoric. To the list of retreats from actuality which he has catalogued he adds another—the retreat to "style".

WILLIAM TROY

SCIENCE AND FIRST PRINCIPLES *by F. S. C. Northrop* (MACMILLAN. $3.00)

AFTER nearly three hundred pages of able and interesting exposition of the various philosophies of science from its early Greek beginnings to the present day, Professor Northrop arrives, with his "new theory of the first principles of science", almost exactly where he began; *viz.*, at the "extensive fact of stuff" (matter) of Thales, and the "flux" of it, of Heraclitus. But since these two principles are antithetical, he has had to introduce a third one, a "new physical frame of reference" which would synthesize his thesis and antithesis, which would give his theory a "metrical uniformity and constancy which measuring requires" while, at the same time, be consistent with the kinetic atomic principle.

Thus it follows from these premises, the author maintains, that everything in nature is basically physical and dependent on the primacy of motion, and that, since consciousness is inherent in all kinetic atoms, the only difference between animate (man included) and inanimate nature is purely one of "formal" structure, and that psychical qualities are nothing more nor less than "particularized" physically and formally determined experience.

It is obvious then, from this brief summary, that Professor Northrop's "new" physical

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theory of nature, is, with slight modifications, the monistic-pluralistic theory of atomicity and motion that Leucippus and Democritus evolved twenty-five centuries ago. This is, none the less, a stimulating, thoughtful and well-written account of theoretical science.

A HISTORY OF EDUCATIONAL THOUGHT *by Percival R. Cole* (OXFORD. $3.50)

DR. COLE (who is Vice-Principal of Sidney Teachers' College, Australia) tells us, in his introduction, that the work of collecting the material and writing this history of formal education in the Western world stretched over a period of twenty years; that he has approached his subject in a "scientific" spirit ("inductive method"), and that the scope of his research included the study of not only the education of the individual, *per se*, as the ultimate goal of education, but also the individual in relation to society at any given period in the history of "educational thought".

Since lack of space prevents us from even mentioning the many various ideals and methods of education aimed at by different men at different periods in history, we can only inquire here to what degree has Dr. Cole actually fulfilled what he has led us to expect in his introduction. In so far as he takes a bird's eye view of the whole field of "educational thought"—from early Greek and Roman times, through the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, to some "modern aspects" of it, without any exhaustive exposition or profound analysis of their comparative metaphysical values, he has, in the main, succeeded in presenting us with a clear outline. But as to whether this history, or any history for that matter, except perhaps one of "exact" science—where selection of material and emphasis so often depends on the predisposition or temperament of the evaluator—strictly complies with the canons of science ("objectivity"), that is another question. To us it falls considerably short of that mark. For instance, on purely historical grounds, we think that Dr. Cole has vastly overemphasized the theoretical and practical educational importance or influence of Anatole France's *The Book of My Friend*, charming as it may be as literature. Similarly, while he devotes whole chapters to Abélard, Dante, and Luther (as well as to France), either as precursors or symbols of their ages, he completely ignores the reforming force of Savonarola and Bruno. Nor, it seems to us, is he free of Nordic bias in overpraise of Teutonic ideals, methods, and influence in the history of education; while he sums up the "humanists" of the Renaissance as merely "concerned with language alone, or at best with ideas obtained through the medium of language"! Neither, in view of Dr. Flexner's recent exposé of our educational institutions, is the author convincing when he pronounces our American systems of schools "successful". Successful in what—in turning out wholesale intellectual mediocrity?

In view of these errors of judgement and omission, this history can hardly be considered as either "scientific" or comprehensive. Yet it has its value as a clear, concise school manual.

DINO FERRARI

THE HOLY LAND UNDER MANDATE *by Fannie Fern Andrews* (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. Two vols. $10.00)

THESE volumes are the fruit of prolonged studies which have already produced an important monograph on the mandatory system in general, and which, when completed, will include Syria and Iraq as well as Palestine. The book contains about everything that one would expect to find in a learned account of Palestine under the mandate system and in addition a great deal about the earlier history of the country. Interwoven with the larger historical or administrative topics is a mass of information regarding racial and

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religious conditions and controversies, the land system, village life, agriculture, schools and similar matters, together with an interesting record of Dr. Andrews's personal experiences on the railway journey from Cairo to Jerusalem, motor excursions about the country, and interviews, dinners and teas with people whom it seemed worth while to meet.

Into this great and orderly collection of material, invaluable to whoever wishes to learn the facts about modern Palestine, Dr. Andrews has studiously refrained from injecting much in the way of personal opinion. The method has its advantages from the standpoint of scholarship as well as from that of "safety first", but for a country burdened with the antagonism of three reciprocally hostile religions and three sets of "Sundays", a preponderant Arab population to whom the Jews were intruders backed by international agreement, a land and settlement problem of great complexity, and a mandatory system that is far from satisfying anybody, Dr. Andrews's absorption with data and documents will seem to many readers disappointing. A judicious appraisal of the situation is a thing greatly to be desired.

The one exception of importance occurs at the very end of the work, where Dr. Andrews allows herself to reflect briefly upon the future of the Palestine experiment. "Inherent in all the 'A' mandates"—the class to which Palestine, Syria and Iraq belong—"as envisaged in the Covenant of the League of Nations, is ultimate independence, which can be realized only when the population is 'able to stand alone'." The Palestine mandate, Dr. Andrews points out, "contains no time limit for the termination of British administration". On the other hand, with two populations to be considered, "ability to stand alone" cannot be determined by the condition of one. Before Palestine can become an independent state both of these communities "must be able and willing to coöperate in working out some kind of a plan for self-government". Unfortunately, as recent events have shown, the two peoples "are farther apart today than at any time during the eleven years of the mandate", and Dr. Andrews gives it as her opinion that not only is there "no way of even approximating the time when conditions may shape themselves favorable to independence", but that there is also no "adequate criterion for presaging the form" that independence may take. The Palestine question, accordingly, seems certain to remain a source of international disturbance for a long time to come.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

DANCING GODS *by Erna Fergusson* (KNOPF. $3.00)

THIS is the first popular account of the religious and ceremonial dances of the Pueblo, Hopi, Navajo, and Apache Indians. For the layman the book should also serve as an introduction to the Indians of New Mexico and Arizona, their history, their culture, and their daily life. It is a fascinating volume about peoples whose Americanism antedates those of the bluest of red-white-and-blue American blood; peoples whose culture, though savage and uncivilized, was far from negligible. It would seem as though the Pueblos were well on the way toward a definite civilization which might eventually have led to a great North American Indian Empire had the white man not interfered. The symbolic dance is, perhaps, the most significant manifestation of what might have become a great culture.

But the white man did come; and through the well-meaning efforts of the missionaries, the harsh methods of the military (Spanish, Mexican, and American), the activities of the traders, and the uncongenial influence of settlers and government officials, the progress of Indian civilization was forever stilled, while efforts to make of the Indian a good Anglo-Saxon have been, on the whole, unsuccessful. The result was inevitable, with no

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one to blame for it. The record of the army, even, is defensible. Many of the famous Indian fighters have known and loved the Indian and plead for him at Washington. But responsibility for the unnecessary sufferings of the Indian rests squarely on the successive governments at Washington. Granted that there was no way to solve the problem without bloodshed, the fact remains that the whole shameful story of the people of the United States in their dealings with the Indians makes sorry history.

But Miss Fergusson's book is not a tract. She tries, for the most part successfully, to avoid controversial matter. Her aim is to make her readers see and understand and feel with the Indian of the Southwest, who, she believes, is best understood through the medium of his ancient, involved, and symbolic dance ritual; through those dances which have attracted the notice of so many artists from varied fields—D. H. Lawrence, Ted Shawn, John Sloan. In her detailed descriptions of the dances and in her explanations of their meanings, Erna Fergusson seems to have got close to the core of the beginnings of an Indian culture.

The illustrations are photographs of paintings by some of the many moderns who have attempted to capture the glorious abandon which the Indians reveal in their dances. The excellence of these reproductions is in keeping with the tone of a valuable book.

FRED T. MARSH

ENGLAND'S CRISIS *by André Siegfried* (HARCOURT, BRACE. $3.00)

"WHAT is wrong with England?" is a question which has been so persistently asked and so variously answered during the past ten years, without producing much apparent effect on the steady course of England's supposed decline, that the whole topic of discussion has been in danger of falling flat. M. Siegfried has introduced new fire and vigour into it by a brilliant and penetrating diagnosis of England's condition. For him there is no supposition about the case at all—England is faced with a first-class crisis, the seriousness of which can hardly be exaggerated. Gathering together all the familiar weaknesses in England's economic structure and national character, he presents a realistic, and highly depressing, picture of the nation's dilemma.

According to M. Siegfried, England has not yet faced the fact that the conditions upon which her nineteenth-century predominance was founded definitely came to an end in 1914. "To turn the corner from the nineteenth into the twentieth century, there, in a word, is the whole British problem"—but this delicate transition shows no signs of being accomplished. England continues to rely upon the economic structure and organization which established her pre-eminence in the era of Cobden and Gladstone, and to hold fast to the ideas and principles which caused Shaftesbury to believe that "the safety of the English people is the special care of Providence". She is exhibiting a supreme, imperturbable inability to adapt herself which is rapidly landing her in the pit of disaster.

This thesis is brilliantly and mercilessly worked out to account for what the writer does not hesitate to accept as facts—the stagnation and confusion of England's domestic affairs and the ambiguity of her present international position. Dividing the book into two parts, he devotes the first to an analysis of the post-war crisis, the most obvious manifestations of which are the decline of one-fifth in exports and the existence of a "permanent million" of unemployed. These disasters are directly attributable to the high manufacturing costs of British industry which all present policies and circumstances are tending to aggravate. The deflationist action of bringing the pound sterling back to parity with the dollar, which keeps the general level of prices low to the disadvantage of the manufacturer; an out-moded indus-

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trial equipment and organization; a lazy and unenterprising attitude on the part of the "entrepreneur" class, and—most vicious of all—a policy of maintaining high wages and pampering labour through the "dole" and an elaborate system of social services, are making industrial recovery more and more improbable. At the same time, changes outside England and beyond her control are increasing her difficulties. Her former international monopoly is being undermined as industry becomes decentralized and "neo-protectionism" gathers force. Alterations in both the methods and objectives of world commerce and industry are working to her disadvantage. Coal and the steam-engine are being replaced by oil and electricity, and the old staple manufactures are declining in importance compared with the new products of mass-production. "It is on the American plan, not on the European plan, that the world is revising its conceptions and mode of life."

Examining England's international balance of payments M. Siegfried finds the nation's total economic equilibrium seriously upset. While exports have been shrinking, imports have steadily increased, from which it follows that England is living less upon the sale of her manufactures abroad and more upon her income from "invisible items" and foreign investments. In addition, her credit surplus is declining, leaving less available for new foreign investment while concurrently more capital is required to rejuvenate sick industries at home.

In the second part of the book the writer turns to discuss the remedies for these critical conditions and to discover what hope lies for England in some new international alignment. More concerned with describing the situation than with advocating cures, he deals with rationalization, inflation and protection without suggesting that any one of them would be effective in solving England's difficulties. Indeed, he discovers fundamental objections to all of them. Rationalization is confronted by the obstacles of inadequate capital and labour hostility, systematic depreciation of the pound is a policy which could not be lightly undertaken, and protection is equivalent to an admission of national defeat.

What, finally, are England's prospects of maintaining her wealth and prestige amid the "changing economic inter-relationship of the continents"? Four brilliant chapters describe the actual relationship between the Old Country and the Dominions, the Crown Colonies and the rest of the world. False shibboleths and weaknesses are relentlessly laid bare. The Empire as a closed economic unit is a vain dream; the growing interest of the Mother Country in the Crown Colonies may lead to difficulties with the Dominions, the orientation (in the name of Anglo-Saxon solidarity) towards the United States is fraught with dangers in view of the natural rivalries between the two countries.

Clearly and simply stated though its economic arguments are, this book appeals to a circle of readers far wider than those interested in strictly economic questions. Its constant refrain is that England will not change and refuses to adapt herself to the altering conditions so realistically described. Englishmen blame others for their own distresses, refuse to face facts and continue to put the ideal of the "gentleman" above mere business advancement. No section of the community escapes M. Siegfried's flail, though one suspects that it is Mr. Dersingham and his fellow Old Worrelians, exclaiming "I don't like to hear a man continually running down his own country. It isn't done, that's all!", upon whom it is mainly intended to fall.

That much of this criticism is thoroughly to the point and well deserved has been acknowledged by the English themselves who, recognizing the ability of M. Siegfried to pass judgement, have received his book with a good deal of enthusiasm. When, however, the writer turns from discussion of economic dilemmas and psychological deficiencies to criticism of current English politics

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he changes the line of his attack, and in doing so unconsciously reveals the main flaw in his central thesis. For, a conservative and an individualist by temperament, he does not hesitate to admit that politically England has changed, and is changing, tremendously. Democracy has arrived with full force. *Laissez-faire* and Gladstonian liberalism are conceptions of the past with respect to England's existing social arrangements—the "dole", high wages and all the other factors contributing to that higher standard of living which he regards as the main cause of the nation's economic crisis.

To many thinkers in England this change to a higher standard of living for the people as a whole is the greatest advance which the country has made since the war, and something good in itself to which other economic factors have somehow to be adjusted. The problems of adjustment are gigantic, and a great deal of traditional thinking persists to add to the difficulties in the way of their solution. M. Siegfried's analysis, which provides such an admirable comment on "the condition of England" question for onlookers, should also help to dissipate much of this traditional thinking within the country.

TERENCE O'BRIEN

THE HISTORY OF PEACE *by A. C. F. Beales* (DIAL PRESS. $4.00)

So much is written of the history of war that this study of the peace movement is a welcome change. Moreover it is an exceptionally able and scholarly treatment of the growth of the world organization against war and a book which both makes good reading and is itself a significant contribution to the movement it describes.

Before taking up a careful and detailed account of the first peace societies of the nineteenth century in England and the United States which paved the way for the world peace movement shattered in 1914, the author has an especially interesting chapter on the evolution of schemes for world peace. Long before the Great Design of Henry IV, the many peace proposals of the eighteenth century, or the Holy Alliance, we find Pierre Dubois advocating in the fourteenth century a Council of the Nations empowered to settle by arbitration the disputes among its federated member States. An important feature of this plan, however, which to many persons would seem as prophetic as its general conception, was that France was to be the dominant power in the Council.

With the collapse of the peace movement during the World War, the struggle for reorganization, and the emergence of far stronger international associations with the conclusion of peace, Mr. Beales deals most adequately. Naturally enough he lays great stress upon the fundamental division in the councils of all those who labour for peace: the idealistic conception of peace by moral power which is the goal of the pacifist, and the more practical point of view of the internationalist who would prevent war by building up definite substitutes for it as a means of settling international disputes. Of these two types of peace thought, we are told, the latter attempts "to insure the immediate future by utilizing past experience", while the former claims "to prophesy the ultimate future in terms of philosophical certitude". Internationalism, he declares, cannot guarantee that force will be abolished but only that it will gradually be supplanted by law. Pacificism, on the other hand, can guarantee nothing unless mankind is educated up to its ideal. In that event it can guarantee perpetual peace.

There are two somewhat paradoxical conclusions which may be drawn from this book. The first is that the peace movement has roots far deeper than we usually realize; the second is that its force today is so much greater than during the past century that we are embarked on a new era even though we can never be sure of its ultimate outcome.

FOSTER RHEA DULLES

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SOME RELIGIOUS ELEMENTS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE *by Rose Macaulay* (HARCOURT, BRACE. $1.25)

COMPARED with other studies of certain definite aspects of literature, this, the fourteenth of the Hogarth Lectures on English Literatures, is a small work. But brevity is no defect. Indeed, this volume seems a model which might well be followed by many literary historians who think prolixity a mark of learning. Miss Macaulay, aware of the fact that she is but skimming the surface of a vast field, likens her work to that of a fisherman who, diving into an ocean at random, returns with a handful of seaweed and pebbles. It would have been nearer the truth, however, to compare it to a handful of small, though beautifully coloured, sea shells.

Religious literature is as old as man himself. Ceremonies, myths and magic, all teeming with mystery, have always fascinated human beings. Every race has left some religious literature behind it, though in some instances it is brief and scanty. Sometimes the stories of their devils and gods have been left carved in stone and wood, but in whatever form they were left they serve not only the literary historian but the anthropologist as well.

Miss Macaulay has a theory that most religious literature is the result of some clash or conflict, and that upon it has been stamped the nature of that conflict, and the fusion, defeat or victory which was its outcome. This seems to be acceptable, except in the instances of devotional and mystical literature, where the writings are the result of an inward rather than on outward experience. With this theory as a basis, Miss Macaulay proceeds to discuss English literature from the eighth century through the nineteenth. The book, for the sake of convenience, is divided into five periods, each one of which has its own particular conflict. The first, which is the period of *Beowulf*, *Cynewulf* and Caedmon, is the conflict between the English and the Latin spirit. The second, which includes the writings of Langland, Chaucer, Roger Bacon, Gower, and the mystics, is the struggle between the English and the Norman spirit. The third, which takes in the Renaissance, is the conflict between Humanism and the Churches. The fourth, brilliant with seventeenth-century writers of prose and poetry, is the conflict between Anglican and Puritan. The fifth period is the eighteenth-century struggle between reason and passion.

Miss Macaulay seems exceptionally fortunate in her selections. These might easily have been dull and devout. Instead, they are interesting and unusual. This book is, as I have said, only a slight treatment of a vast subject. Yet, even in so small a compass, there is an abundance of material awaiting the reader. There is not an author of any note who is not mentioned, and the comments are concise and pertinent. Miss Macaulay, as everyone knows, writes with charm and urbanity, and frequently with sly wit. There are few other writers who could have written this volume without having been overwhelmed by its subject.

E. SINCLAIR HERTELL

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE, LIFE MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, IN COÖPERATION WITH THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF AMERICA

Of both the novels appearing in this month's score for the first time, it can be said that their prompt arrival in this record was inevitable. Nothing which either Mrs. Richmond or Miss Cather has written in the past dozen years has failed to become popular among library readers. Miss Cather's book finds its place here somewhat more promptly than is usual. In general, about three months elapse between the publication of a popular book and the growth of a sufficient demand for it in libraries to bring it into these lists. *Shadows on the Rock* was being asked for all over the country as early as mid-August, before the ink was dry on most of the reviews.
—F. P. S.

NOVELS

1.	THE ROAD BACK	*Erich Maria Remarque*	LITTLE, BROWN
2.	YEARS OF GRACE	*Margaret Ayer Barnes*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
3.	THE GOOD EARTH	*Pearl S. Buck*	JOHN DAY
4.	THE BRIDGE OF DESIRE	*Warwick Deeping*	MCBRIDE
5.	GRAND HOTEL	*Vicki Baum*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
6.	SEED	*Charles G. Norris*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
7.	FATHER	*"Elizabeth"*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
8.	RED PEPPER RETURNS*	*Grace S. Richmond*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
9.	IMPERIAL PALACE	*Arnold Bennett*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
10.	THE DEEPENING STREAM	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT, BRACE
11.	SHADOWS ON THE ROCK*	*Willa Cather*	KNOPF
12.	MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION	*Lloyd C. Douglas*	WILLETT, CLARK

GENERAL

1.	EDUCATION OF A PRINCESS	*Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia*	VIKING
2.	THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE	*Axel Munthe*	DUTTON
3.	GREEN HELL	*Julian Duguid*	CENTURY
4.	HUMANITY UPROOTED	*Maurice Hindus*	CAPE & SMITH
5.	RED BREAD	*Maurice Hindus*	CAPE & SMITH
6.	NEW RUSSIA'S PRIMER	*M. Ilin*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
7.	LITTLE AMERICA	*Richard E. Byrd*	PUTNAM
8.	JUNGLE WAYS	*W. B. Seabrook*	HARCOURT, BRACE
9.	MY STORY	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	FARRAR & RINEHART
10.	THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER	*Major F. Yeats-Brown*	VIKING
11.	DAWN	*Theodore Dreiser*	LIVERIGHT
12.	THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE	*Sir James Jeans*	MACMILLAN

*This title has not previously appeared in the Monthly Score.

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ABOUT BOOK-COLLECTING

by Wilfred Partington

End-Papers and Marginalia

London, September.

IN THE dispersal of the Thorn-Drury collection of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century literature, which has already been dealt with in these pages, were two items which recall a remarkable figure in literary history. These were *The Northumberland Garland; or, Newcastle Nightingale: a Matchless Collection of Famous Songs* (1st edn., 1793); and *Fairy Tales . . .* [with] *two dissertations: 1. On Pygmies. 2. On Fairies* (1st edn., 1931): and their author—Joseph Ritson, the antiquary.

Poor Ritson! I never see his name without a momentary feeling of sadness. There was not much of the nightingale or fairy about him, if we are to believe John Gibson Lockhart, who described him as a "half-crazy pedant, a narrow-minded sour and dogmatical little word-catcher". But then, Lockhart could lay it on thick, being a bit narrow-minded and sour himself. But why should he have been so ungenerous to one who was surely the most brilliant and learned antiquary of his time? Perhaps he had felt Ritson's claws; or perhaps it was because the antiquary "hated the very name of a Scotsman" as heartily as did that fine sonneteer of our time, T. W. H. Crosland. Literature was an exciting business in the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century; and when reviewed and reviewers assaulted each other in bookshops and fought duels the supposedly milder breed of antiquaries were not behind in the scrimmage and went for each other tooth and nail. Sir Walter Scott once wrote to a literary friend: "As for Mister Ritson, he and I still continue on decent terms; and, in truth, he makes *pattes de velours*; but I dread I shall see 'a whisker first and then a claw' ". But this was the particularly happy case where it was not so. Scott's kindness and genius won the heart of the antiquary, who put his marvellous learning at the disposal of the poet.

All the same, there were some heated scenes at Scott's home when Ritson met rival scholars. Lockhart tells an unpleasant story. One day at dinner, "Well knowing Ritson's holy horror of all animal food, Leyden complained that the joint was overdone. 'Indeed, for that matter,' cried he, 'meat can never be too little done, and raw is best of all!' He sent to the kitchen accordingly for a plate of literally raw beef, and manfully ate it up, with no sauce but the exquisite ruefulness of the Pythagorean's glances". A day or two later Scott, on returning home,

enquired for the learned cabbage-eater, who had been expected to dinner. "Indeed," answered his wife, "you may be happy he is not here, he is so very disagreeable. Mr. Leyden, I believe, frightened him away." It turned out that it was even so. When Ritson appeared, a round of cold

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beef was on the luncheon-table; and Mrs. Scott, forgetting his peculiar creed, offered him a slice. The antiquary, in his indignation, expressed himself in such outrageous terms to the lady that Leyden first tried to correct him by ridicule, and then, on the madman [it is Lockhart's account] growing more violent, became angry in his turn, till at last he threatened that if he were not silent he would *thraw* his neck. Scott shook his head at this recital, which Leyden observing, grew vehement in his own justification. Scott said not a word in reply; but took up a large bunch of feathers, denominated a duster, and shook it about the student's ears till he laughed —then changed the subject.

Those legendary claws of Ritson did some mighty work. They tore up first Warton's *History of English Poetry*; then Johnson and Steevens's edition of Shakespeare; then they dug deep into Isaac Reed and Malone. They exposed Ireland's Shakespeare and other literary forgeries; and Bishop Percy hardly had a rag to his episcopal back when they had done with his *Reliques*. And so it was with Pinkerton and his Ballads. It is amusing, in the light of the later-day knowledge of how Robert Surtees worked a spurious ballad into *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, that Scott dreaded to see first the Ritsonian whisker, and then the claw. Well he might!

These attacks by Joseph Ritson on the commentators of his time caused an extraordinary sensation. It is comparable to an unknown germ baffling the theories and practices of a nation's medical fraternity. It is only just to say that the commentators like Steevens, Reed, Malone, and Percy were wonderfully zealous scholars—pioneers of literary research. And it is not surprising that their contemporaries were scandalized by the fierceness and derogation of Ritson's criticisms. Even when the time came, over half a century later, that the writers of the *Dictionary of National Biography* and the *Encyclopædia Britannica* could sit back and view the matter dispassionately, there is still—in spite of a juster appreciation than Lockhart's —a sense of shocked surprise at the rabidness and vehemence of Ritson's critical writings. It may now be said, generally, that by the exposures of Ireland and Pinkerton, Ritson rendered to literature a most valuable service; and most of his corrections of the learned commentators were right and have since been adopted. It is probable that men like Bishop Percy and Warton copied from sources other than those used by Ritson; and that these differed as ancient sources usually do. But that was their misfortune, not Ritson's fault; and if he was ungenerous and unrelenting in his criticisms, he was generally right.

The point is important because whether the collector or researcher is following the Shakespearean trail, or pursuing old English poetry, ballads, and legends, he can hardly—and certainly should not—avoid the writings of Joseph Ritson, whose works occupy a goodly space in the British Museum Catalogue. Apart from his numerous editions of ancient popular poetry and songs, there are such contributions to learning as *The Office of Constable* (1791); *Cursory Criticisms on the Edition of Shakespeare* by E. Malone (1792); *Bibliographia Poetica: A Catalogue of English Poets* (1802); and *Robin Hood: a collection of all the ancient poems, etc.* (1795). No collection of books dealing with the considerable literature of Fairyland would be complete without his posthumously issued *Fairy Tales* (mentioned above, and which at the Thorn-Drury sale was "given away" at two dollars); and similarly no library of the literature of Vegetarianism should lack his *Essay on abstinence from animal food as a moral duty* (1802). When Ritson died insane his valuable literary manuscripts were sold with his goods and chattels by auction, to the keen regret of Sir Walter Scott, who tried for years to trace a set of papers, the antiquary's *Life of King Arthur*.

In a bound collection of manuscripts and portraits in my library is a rare and extraordinary contemporary print of Ritson. He is standing, with huge clawed toes protruding through his shoes; his hands are clawed, the

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right holding a quill dipped in an ink-well labelled Gall, the left on a MS. bearing such comments as "Warburton a fool", "Dr. Percy a liar", et cetera. On the floor is Warton's *History of English Poetry*, with a knife and fork stuck through the heart of the frontispiece portrait of the author. Behind Ritson are two packed shelves of books; and another shelf is loaded with vegetables guarded by a chained and half-starved bulldog, who is straining to get at a swarm of rodents. Behind the sinister looking antiquary, a cow has put her head through the open window and is munching at a dish full of cabbage leaves, which is standing on a paper bearing the antiquary's "Bill of Fare—Nettle Soup, Sour Crout, Horse Beans, Onions, Leaks". Below the engraving is the inscription: "Fierce meagre pale; no Commentators friend": followed by this Biblical quotation: "Let his portion be with the Beasts in the grass of the Earth; let his heart be changed from Man's; and let a Beast's heart be given unto him. And he was driven from men and did eat Grass till his hairs were grown as Eagles feathers and his Nails like Birds Claws"—*4th Ch. Daniel.*

The portrait is not more kindly than was the critic. But these were the days before the law of libel got a strangle-hold on rabid critics. And doubtless Ritson received with equal zest that which he gave. As I conclude this End-Paper I recall seeing, some time ago, a reference to an American professor who is engaged on a considerable work on Ritson. I have not his name or address, but if this should come to his notice and he will apply to me, I shall be pleased to send a photostat of the engraving here described; and also direct him to other material.

ON THE SHAKESPEARE TRAIL

In 1923 I had the happiness to produce a Special Number in celebration of the First Folio Shakespeare Tercentenary. When projected, it was considered by some as a useless, sentimental effort which would fail to be appreciated. Nevertheless, it was one of those ideas which would not be put down, so the Special Number was put out—in exclusive bravery, for no one else thus celebrated the Tercentenary. In the result it was a surprising success; and a lot of people all over the world were pleased. But I am not writing my reminiscences yet; and the object of recalling this Number is to mention one of its features, *Prospects of New Shakespearean Discoveries*—a subject of particular interest in America seeing that the latest Shakespeare discovery up to then had been made by Dr. C. W. Wallace, of Nebraska, and his wife, working under our noses. Under that title was gathered a collection of views, in answer to stated questions, contributed by leading Shakespearean scholars. Now men like Professor A. W. Pollard, the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson, Dr. W. W. Greg, William Poel, and Sir Sidney Lee, who have spent so much of their lives in Shakespearean research, were not likely to get excited or over-optimistic in discussing such a question. The Elizabethan field had been well ploughed; and in the last twenty-five years prior to the Tercentenary it had engaged undoubtedly the best-equipped set of scholars that had yet tackled the fascinating but most elusive subject—with some success, although not so much as perhaps had been expected. Yet when it came to writing these considered views, there was an almost unanimous opinion, though expressed with proper caution, that there were fair prospects of new information being forthcoming on the life, character, or achievement of The Poet; and some of these experts even suggested the sources. And now, nearly eight years later, Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach has caused some excitement on both sides of the Atlantic by being the first, since then, to reveal the prospect of new light.

Curiously enough, it was only a few months before these views of the experts were written and collected that Dr. Rosenbach carried off for $500 from a London sale-room

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(at the dispersal of the famous Britwell Court Library) a thin quarto volume of verse entitled *The First Rape of Faire Hellen* (1595), by one John Trussel. As is fairly well known by now, the importance of the work is due to the facts that it is the earliest printed plagiarism of Shakespeare's *Lucrece*; that Trussel's Dedicatory Sonnet is claimed to be addressed to Shakespeare; and that Dr. Rosenbach's researches at Stratford-on-Avon are stated to reveal Trussel as a neighbour of William Shakespeare, his uncle as a resident at Stratford-on-Avon, and his family as connected with the Shakespeares and the Ardens for many years. So much Dr. Rosenbach has made known; and Shakespearean enthusiasts have been appropriately concerned. Having got so far and no farther in the course of his nine years of research, Dr. Rosenbach (who is warmly to be congratulated on his enviable achievement) very wisely publishes his results, partly on the chance that other scholars, working maybe from new angles, will carry his discoveries farther. The position may be crystallized thus: it remains to be seen (*a*) whether it will be accepted that Trussel's sonnet *was* addressed to Shakespeare; and (*b*) whether the opening up of this Trussel trail will lead to new information about the Master Poet. Of these two possibilities the latter is by far the most important. Whether or not it is accepted that the sonnet *was* addressed to Shakespeare, the book is immediately of exceptional interest for being the earliest printed plagiarism of *Lucrece* (which was issued only the previous year), and for its obvious indebtedness to *Venus and Adonis*. But it is Trussel the man, rather than Trussel the poet, who is of first interest. It is at him we want to get; and through him, perhaps, to Shakespeare. Further researches will be greatly assisted by a facsimile of the whole book (of nineteen leaves, 6¾ x 4½ ins.) which I understand Dr. Rosenbach is preparing for distribution among Shakespearean scholars. Already a few minor clues have been offered: already there are two John Trussels in the field. The hunt is well started by Dr. Rosenbach after his great secret of nine years. It may be nine months or (more likely) another nine years, or even nineteen, before we know all that is to be known about Trussel and what he means to Shakespearean knowledge. But surely this unexpected appearance of his on the stage of Shakespearean research and controversy is another clinching argument for a complete and fully organized search of the Public Record Office in London where Dr. Wallace, working for a few years with his wife as his only assistant, made his great discovery.

The Demand for First Editions

Among the demands (on behalf of both American and British collectors) for modern authors during the last month were those from which the following table has been compiled. The table shows the average weekly demand in England; and the feature of it is the rise of Henty to the first position —probably temporarily, his books having been in increasing request for the last few months. Similarly, the demands for Firsts of Charles Kingsley bring that author into a hitherto unattained position. The wide opportunities offered by Kingsley's Bibliography (as yet, not compiled) have been already pointed out:

G. A. Henty	23
Kate Greenaway	20
Charles Kingsley	20
D. H. Lawrence	17
Lewis Carroll	14
Lord Byron	13
Leigh Hunt	13
Sir Walter Scott	12
William Wordsworth	11
Charles Dickens	10
Maurice Hewlett	10
J. B. Priestley	10
John Galsworthy	9

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